

# The Boy Who

Capercaillie

consider waking here in the heart of all the troubles  
where blood runs like wine  
in the rhythm of this city, man, he knows no pity  
just live and work and die

there's the boy who sells his dreams to buy a little time  
he's the boy who sells his pearl-ragged dreams  
in a land that breaks your heart with its bullets and its guns  
in a land that breaks your pearl-ragged dreams

oh these, they are my people, and this is all I know  
the longer this goes on, my friend, the stronger I will grow  
oh these, they are my people, and this is all I know  
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a raven circles high in a tapestry of blue  
swirling 'round and 'round  
its eyes glint like diamonds as if it knows the reasons  
of something I should know

and I would sell my dreams just to buy a little time  
searching for the refuge of unknown  
'cause this place would hold you down like a fever in your vein  
s  
and you would sell your pearl-ragged dreams

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