

When The Piper Calls

China Crisis

Water drenched people
Take me in from the rain
To a warm kind of heaven
Where it's shining again

I've seen some faces
Some old and some grey
But just like water
I let them slip away

And if I tumble
And if I tumble

When morning comes
I harvest my thoughts
They spread like plague
I hear them call

The bread in our mouths
The dirt on our hands
When she calls

And if I tumble
And if I tumble

I found a silent dream
And heald it for a day
But just like water
I let it slip away

When morning comes
I harvest my thoughts
They spread like plague
I hear them call