

Singing For The Pharaoh

David Gray

I'm singing for the pharaoh
And I'm setting out alone
Down a vast unending furrow
To the sound of pick on stone
Hiding from our essential natures yeah we
Shrink back from the bone
Well I'm singing for the pharaoh
But I'm sickening for home

Can this voice carry seeds?
Can I seal this heart when the creature feeds?
Can this voice carry seeds?

At night my dreams are full alive
With root tips and filaments
See the blush of dawn in a crow filled sky
And I take these sacraments
Gonna burrow like a beetle
Into the high vaulted beams of governance
Yeah I'm wading through the treacle
Using my incoherence as evidence

Can this voice carry seeds
Can I seal this heart when the creature feeds
Can this voice carry seeds

Meanwhile deception weaves its spell and

Who knows where? Who knows when?
Let's start again
Who knows where? Who knows when?
So

It's a day like any other
For the breakers of rocks and the pickers of locks
For the spenders and the lenders
And the grim-faced descenders
And the riders of aftershocks
Well I'm singing for the pharaoh
But my spirit has taken to the hills
Where the gulls are white
And the sky is bright
And the plough has reopened
The field's red gills

Let's start again
Who knows where? Who knows when?
Let's start again
Who knows where? Who knows when?
Let's start again
Who knows where? Who knows when?
Let's start again
Let's start again

Can this voice carry seeds?
Can I seal this heart when the creature feeds?
Can this voice carry seeds?

Can I seal this heart when the creature feeds?