

Dirt

Keane

It's market day when
They bring the flood
Faster than our feet can run
Swarm of angels from above
All is broken, still they come
And round the oak tree
Air is shaking
Children sleep under the sun

And we go down to the river to pray
Pray for magic and another day
But it's low now, it's like we're fading away
Into the dirt of memory

Along the Silk Road
The fires burn
Where the seats of learning stood
And handsome couples
Would take a turn
Through the wealthy neighbourhood
Oh, roll the stone or move the mountain
Wake oh, wake your time has come

And we go down to the river to pray
Pray for magic and another day
But it's low now
It's like we're fading away
Into the dirt of memory
And we go down to the river today
We pray for silence and we pray for grace
But it's low now
Still you're rubbing my face
Into the dirt of memory

Ooh...

In a shop in Al-Medina
And a house in the old quarter
And I'll never sleep again

Centuries lived in these stones
I don't think you know...

Oh, roll the stone or move the mountain
Wake, oh wake, your time has come

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Pray for magic and another day
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