It Makes My Heart Stop Speaking

Latin Quarter

Another day, another day with the excluded Under pressure, under-paid, the 'underclass' In all the words there's only this to be concluded There is no mystery, there's no unholy ghost Just those who have the least must always give the most

It makes my heart stop speaking

The chosen course was writing anthems for the people But no-one whistled, no-one noticed, no-one asked! And set against the scale, the sentiments are feeble You can't wear melodies, you cannot eat metaphors What good are feather-weights for breaking down the Doors?

But don't wring your hands and ask for guidance For guidance from above Choose not between the love of power And the power of love

'Three little words' today means always 'I', 'Me', 'Mine' Higher incomes, high and mighty, highwaymen For me a route is still much more than just it's signs I learned it, round by round, in fairground boxing booths There are no easy fights and, yes, no simple truths