

Good Works

Peter Murphy

Good works made in the flow of day
Brittle with sound the smiling charity
Not to vex the fellow pained and down
Why worry it won't cripple you
It won't cripple you
It won't cripple you
Give yourself for free
No headbound hollow
Give yourself for free
The air here is bare and brittle clean
She wanders as she thinks
Will she lose it if she gives
Not to vex the fellow pained and down
Why worry it won't cripple you
It won't cripple you
It's no sea of sorrow
Is there water of life
There's hope in remembrance
Of that light in her eyes
Forgive yourself in the thick of sin
Own up to cracking hearts
Forgive yourself in the thick of sin
Own up to cracking...
Why worry it won't cripple you
Give yourself for free
No headbound hollow
Give yourself for free
There's no sea of sorrow
Is there water of life
There's hope in remembrance
Of that light in her eyes