

Tore the Old Place Down

The Call

The whole town ran for cover
From the coming of the ghost
The lives of so many people
The coming of the host

Its a good life, its a great gift
That lies hidden in the hope
The hope that holds young lovers
And they did not even know
They tore the old place down
There's nothing more, aaoh

A man cries out in anguish
A man cries out alone
He says what's happened to my city
What's happened to my home

Each child stands uncovered
Naked before all
He says what have you to show me
You did not hear me call
They tore the old place down
There's nothing more, oh oh oh oh

They stood upon the balcony
They watched the city burn
Is there nothing to be gained from this
Is there nothing to be learned
We passed beyond the mountains
And the desert took us in
It was a shining bright oasis
That marked the journey's end
They tore the old place down
There's nothing more