

4 A.M.

The Levellers

It's 4 o'clock in the morning
We're still putting the world to rights
The whiskeys started talking
There's a fire in your eyes
Conspiracy lies heavily
In every word you breath
Contencious bones - widely known
Watering the seed

Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
You know that I won't stop you when you go

It's 5 o'clock in the morning
And you're glad to be alive
The booze has finished working
The world is on your side
It's clear to see this tyranny
Is all some kind of plot
You secretly confide in me
Where's there's brass there's muck

Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
You know that I won't stop you when you go

Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
I hope that you can make it on your own

It's 6 o'clock in the morning
And there's nowhere left to hide
Now we've seen the dawning
All that's left is our goodbye
It's hard to see the sanity
In what we call our lives
At times it seems that you just need
To follow what's inside

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