

# Sisters Of Mercy, Burn

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By Andrew Eldritch

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Living as an angel in the

Place that I was born

Living on air

Living in heaven

Giving the lie down, the line

To the

There's my heaven

And I know

Which way the wind blows

In nineteen fifty-nine

Which way the wind blows

In nineteen fifty-nine

And the wind blows still

And the wind blows wild again

For a little child an never kill this clean

This way

And it feels like me today

Tell me

Do you feel the same?

Isabelle?

Or do you feel like nineteen fifty-nine?

...Do you feel like nineteen fifty-nine?

And the wind blows wild again

And the wind blows wild

In nineteen fifty-nine

In fifty-nine

Isabelle

Do you, do you fell the same?

Come with me

Like a little child

Like another gun

Like homeless, restless, known to none, like

Way beyond the line

Like it never was

In nineteen fifty-nine