

Sisters Of Mercy, Never Land

And when your nerves break your thought
And my word break your will
And the heart break me over this wheel

They are coming down
Wait for
Hand in hand in hand in hand

They are coming down
Wait for

They are coming down
But we will
Never never never land

I had a face on the mirror
I had a hand on the gun
I had a place in the sun and a
Ticket to Syria

I had everything within my reach
I had money and stuff
Each and every call

Too much but never enough
Tear it up and watch it fall

They are coming down
Wait for
Hand in hand in hand in hand

They are coming down
Wait for

They are coming down
But we will
Never never land

With our backs to the sky
And our eyes on the ground
With the clouds far below
No horizon around
With the wind in our face
And our arms open wide
We shall pass through this place
To the other side

All the days of our lives
All the ways of our calling
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