

Dancing Ledge

(P Gould / G Randall)

Wasn't thinking clearly baby
That night we made our pledge
when you named the day
you'd ride the white horses on the ledge
you played your cards so closely
you never let me see your hand
now the only things I see
are footprints in the sand

The world is turning to the song of war
as we run to meet our fate on Dancing Ledge

Waved goodbye to England
in some kind of trance
as the guns of August
echoed over France
you had a rage for justice
never thought you'd live to tell
though I barely knew you
in truth I knew you well
and it's hard

Don't you know it's cold outside
as we run to meet our fate on Dancing Ledge

The world is turning to the song of war
as we run to meet our fate on Dancing Ledge

Wasn't thinking clearly baby
that night we made our pledge
when you named the day
you'd ride the white horses on the ledge
all you ever wanted
was to float above it all
in my dreams you'll find me there
on hand to break your fall
but it's hard

The world is turning to the song of war
don't you know it's cold outside
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