

Spirit of the Times

Yes she walks upon her toes
England's fair and finest flows
Like a vision passin' by
Bears like a scar upon her face
Testifies to her wilfulness
Magic just flies from her eyes

I-I-I-I'm on fire

All around you people stare
At the spark in the air
You never heard of the winter time
I pledge myself to you alone
And in the fields under the sun
We catch the spirit of the times

I-I-I-I'm on fire

There is a place I never seen
Between the circles and the sea
Where the ruins of her true love
Comes to haunt her
And turn him in his grave

I'll meet you on the road out there
Far from all bitterness
Far from all the sadness on my mind
Dirty face and unkempt hair
Long and full to summerness
Will you walk with me for miles

I-I-I-I'm on fire

You come into our home and...

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