

Build a bridge or maybe two  
Together held with footsteps she outgrew  
But now she sits alone, everyone's long gone  
She dances in a photograph  
When it was good to joke and have a laugh  
But that was yesterday, if only today  
Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep

She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singin' in the streets  
Drinkin' their coca-colas  
After washing your filthy sheets

Chasin' down the avenue  
After a childhood that she never knew  
Choking on woodbine  
Cigarettes just kill the time  
Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep

She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singin' aoin and all  
Empty are their pockets  
But their voices are filled with song

come day go day  
wish in my heart it was sunday  
Drinking buttermilk all the week  
And whiskey on a sunday (traditional)

Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep

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Slayed Richard and his court of Kings  
He stole my heart and many other things  
But me I took his crown  
Wish he was here to steal it now