

Inspirational Carpets, Sackville

You once had a home, a job, a family and pride
But we all have a price we'll pay when things go wrong inside
Don't wear diamonds, and now you don't wear gold
And in the bruises on your face, there's stories to be told
In the shadow of cold stone, freezing to the bone
But you keep a warm fire burning in your soul
'Cause you're gonna spend a black night, console a sad man
In a hungry city with a million hungry hearts

When you stand in Sackville
It's a different world from the one
You knew where little boys meet little girls

As you tread your path through a jaundiced corridor
Where each day has no beginning and no end
There are those out here who claim to be so good
I suspect that Jesus holidayed in hell
Oh, what you'd do for a hot drink or a warm coat
Oh, what you'd give for a means to get you outta here
It rains upon your head, lines on your face become
Rivers into which you cry your secret tears, secret tears
Secret tears, secret tears

(When you) when you stand in Sackville
(Stand in) it's a different world from the one (Sackville)
You knew where little boys meet little girls (trembling)

The first night we saw ya, we were laughing at ya
We were hanging on the side of the Cortina
Oh yeah, you seemed so strong, stronger than a man could ever be
Laughing with your sisters in the rain
Dancing on a curbstone, when last you saw her
But when the trick goes wrong, there's no one there to help her
There's not a thing that I can do about it
I guess I'll just go home and write a song about it
Song about it, write about it, write about it

(When you) when you stand in Sackville
(Stand in) it's a different world from the one (Sackville)
You knew where little boys meet little girls (trembling)
It's a cold and trembling girl (cold and)
Leans into a strange car (trembling)
Nods unspoken words to an unseen driver sitting there
(Girl in Sackville)