

Nana Mouskouri, The Power And The Glory

Church steeples, songs of a bird
Soft crying nobody heard
Lives are passed around,
Eyes look at the ground
Wind can whistle cold,
And rich men don't grow old

CHORUS

The seed is sown, no harvest to collect
Just second-class of factory reject
And four of you, the power and the glory

Hearts breaking, don't make a sound
Landlord buys ten acres of ground
Castles in the air, climb them if you dare
Look, don't try to see me, to be is not to be

Repeat chorus

For some it's cold, for some it's warm
For some it's sunny
While men still look in the street outside
For milk and honey

Repeat chorus (twice)