

A Note From Inside

Oh its cold upon the moor, grey as flagstones on the floor
And the wind will white the windows,
Bite the bricks and bleach the door.
Some say this winter wind's so cold it cracks the lips
And turns the soul to solid stone
And from deep within my bed
I watch the clouds skid overhead
And from the distance comes the rumble of the sea
But its so cold upon the moor,
Sometimes I can't believe its happening to me.

Roll on the day they let me out of here
Roll on the day they set me free

And so another day arrives, come to cheer our weary lives
And once again my thoughts will wander to the place I've left behind
As I chase each bead of rain that twists and turns across the pane
And fades away
And I remember how we'd fight
'Bout what was wrong and what was right
Well I don't ask myself these questions any more
But somewhere in my mind I mark the passing of the time
Or maybe scratch another match along the wall
For its so cold upon this moor,
Sometimes I can't believe I'm really here at all

Roll on the day they let me out of here
Roll on the day they set me free

And in the morning's virgin light
When I hear the gates shut tight
I'm gonna look to find the sounds I know so well
Like the whistle of the train that kept me whole
And kept me sane, and gave me hope
When I believed all else had failed
For its so cold upon this moor
I must believe it can't be cold back home as well
You see... I miss you
You'll just never know how much I miss you