

TAB701

Crazy on you

If we still have time, we might still get by
Every time I think about it, I wanna cry
With bombs and the devil, and the kids keep
comin'
No way to breathe easy, no time to be young

But I tell myself that I was doin' all right
There's nothin' left to do at night
But go crazy on you
Crazy on you
Let me go crazy, crazy on you, oh

I was a willow last night in my dream
I bent down over a clear running stream
Sang you the song that I heard up above
And you kept me alive with your sweet flowing love

Crazy
Yeah, crazy on ya
Let me go crazy, crazy on you, oh
Crazy on ya
Crazy on you
Let me go crazy, crazy on you, oh

Babe

Babe I'm leavin'
I must be on my way
The time is drawing near
My train is going
I see it in your eyes
The love, the need, your tears
But I'll be lonely without you
And I'll need your love to see me through
So please believe me
My heart is in your hand
And I'll be missing you

'Cause you know it's you babe
Whenever I get weary
And I've had enough
Feel like giving up
You know it's you babe
Givin' me the courage
And the strength I need
Please believe that it's true
Babe, I love you

Ah...

You know it's you babe
Whenever I get weary
And I've had enough
Feel like giving up
You know it's you babe
Givin' me the courage
And the strength I need
Please believe that it's true
Babe, I love you

Time

Ticking away the moments
That make up a dull day
Fritter and waste the hours
In an off-hand way

Kicking around on a piece of ground
In your home town
Waiting for someone or something
To show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine
Staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long
And there is time to kill today

And then one day you find
Ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run

You missed the starting gun

(Solo)

And you run and you run
To catch up with the sun
But it's sinking
Racing around
To come up behind you again

The sun is the same
In a relative way
But you're older
Shorter of breath
And one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter
Never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught
Or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation
Is the English way

The time is gone
The song is over
Thought I'd something more to say

Home
Home again
I like to be here
When I can

When I come home
Cold and tired
It's good to warm my bones
Beside the fire

Far away
Across the field
The tolling of the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spell...