Professor Blue

ECHOES IN EMPTY HALLS

Safe in the cosy gloom The fire sedates and cheers the room Father, what's the TV say On the raging news today

It's far away, in other towns Those people are not us or ours It's not so close it's far from home No friend or kin or name I know

So quietly we hide away

Maybe fight another day Fractured prayers through darkness crawls

Feeding echoes in empty halls

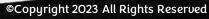
Father, I hear the sounds Through the window, in the grounds Close the curtains, turn the key

Turn the light out, hide with me

So quietly we hide away Maybe fight another day Fractured prayers through darkness crawls Feeding echoes in empty halls

Father, you promised it would never be In my head the liturgy We'd never see this never feel But the drumming at the door is real

And then I didn't turn away So many people spoke today Just one noise through darkness calls The voices filling crowded halls



Words and Music: Mark Goodman

Photo and art: Runs with Dogs