

You once had a home and 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 a 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 good
I suspect that Jesus holidayed in hell
What you'd do for a hot drink, or a warm coat
Or 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

The first night we saw you, we were laughing at you
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 you last saw her
But when the trick goes wrong
there's no one there to help there
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 (2)

It's a cold and trembling girl leans into a strange car
Nods unspoken words to an unseen driver sitting there