



THE WALL

No man should have to look out at a wall;
My window is barred, no sunlight at all
I know every brick, every crack in the mortar
Even reflected in my cup of water.

The bars keep me in but they're not the trouble
It's the bricks drive me mad. I dream they are
rubble
The wall creeps in closer when I look too long
But I know why I'm here and it's here I belong.

I long for the sunshine, the leaves on the trees
I long to feel freedom on my face in the breeze
My cell's not the problem, with the bars I can
cope
It's that bloody brick wall that destroys all my
hope.

But today I'd a glimmer with a story I read
There's a man said he's God but I can't sort my
head
Says my sins are forgiven; how can that be true
When my life's behind walls that block out my
view?

Just send me a sign, some kind of sign from
above
I must be losing my mind: I prayed for a dove
To drop down in the gap between these two walls
If it comes to my bars maybe I'll know God calls.

I've just looked at that wall and the barbed wire
as well
Reminds me of the story the church lady tells
And instead of the bricks I stared at the wire
They looked just like thorns and my eyes are on
fire

Seems they made a crown of thorns to mock that
man
That some thought was God and this was their
plan:
To force down those thorns till blood ran down his
face
Then hang him on a cross to die in my place.