

Summer Moors

New Model Army

You used to say that this town was built in a wrong place
I could always feel something was strange - such a strong taste
You were so much in love with her that it drew you away
To chasing shadows out across the moors on an August day
So follow them down past the church where she lies
Pennistone Fell and the path to the skies

They only said that you'd gone again
Maybe this time not coming back
Just another setting sun
Lost to the world, lost to the world

You were always trying to understand where the heart goes
With the ghosts rushing through the grass as the wind blows
You were so much in love with her that it drew you away
For what is real and what is make-
believe - well, who is to say?
So follow her down past the stone where she lies
Penistone Fell and the path to the skies

They only said that you'd gone again
Maybe this time not coming back
Just another setting sun
Lost to the world, lost to the world