

## Aspects of Spirit

### The Levellers

Now you're walking the well-healed ground  
Upon a fragile course  
The Gin Lane talk has been getting you down  
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found  
And yes, there's a lot of faking going down

The smoke that clouded your eyes  
Was a daily event  
And those weren't ghosts, they were only men  
Just the beauty that you sensed  
Could heal all indifference

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face  
I can't believe what I have found  
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town  
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets  
They were feathering the beds  
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

The darkened streets for a guide  
We search vainly for your sight  
The tension rising on every side  
You find comfort in its might  
But that sun burns more than she lights

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And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets  
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I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

Further down in this town  
You hear the common word of mouth  
That back-street talk, just a hollow sound  
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found  
And yeah, there's a lot of faking going down

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