

SUNLIGHT GATE

Words by CLIVE JAMES : Music by PETE ATKIN

The her-oes ride out through the

Sun- light Gate And out - of the sun- set re-

-turn I have no i- dea how they

spend their day With a self- less act

or a grandstand play

But high be-hind them the sky will

burn In the glittering hour in the glittering

hour in the glittering hour of re- turn

The he-roes ride out in un-broken ranks But with

gaps in their num-ber come back I have

no i-dea how they lose their men To

some new threat or the same a- gain

But they talk a long while near the weapon-

-stack In the clattering hour in the clattering

hour in the clattering hour they come back

The her-oes re-turn through the

Sun- set Gate but their fac-es are nev-er the

same I have no i- dea why their

D C Bb

eyes go cold and the young among them

A9 B

al-ready look old

G Bm E7 Bb

But high behind them the sky's a-

F G

-flame In the flickering hour in the flickering

A A9 D

hour in the flickering hour of their fame

G

In the flicker-ing hour in the flicker-ing

A A9 D

hour in the flickering hour of their fame - - - -

