

Beetham Tower

Anne Gregson



1 I've been a - long this road man - y times, I

3 know it well now, but there's a stretch that

6 I ought to know that I have ne - ver seen,

9 ne - ver seen the vill - age street, ne - ver seen the

12 farm-house, ne-ver seen the tow-er from the out - side.

I've been along this road many times, I know it well now
But there's a stretch that I ought to know but I have never seen
Never seen the village street, Never seen the farmhouse
Never seen the tower - From the outside

Here in this tower I stand again, The air is heavy
Panicking people all crowded in and fear is all around
There's a fire burning and a cauldron spitting
Through the smoke everywhere there hangs a rancid smell

I hear the sound of distant voices, Drawing nearer
Soon they are below the window Where the cauldron stands
Then they tip the cauldron up And all I can think of
is unimaginable pain - Then I hear the screams

Footsteps are pounding up the stairs
They'll break the door down
As they burst in a flaming torch is hurled towards the door
But it brushes past me and my robe is blazing
I see my hands beat at the flames
Still the fire burns

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I know it well now
But there's a stretch that I ought to know but I have never seen
Never seen the village street
Never seen the farmhouse
Never seen the tower
From the outside