

## 7 Profitz

### "Some Sort Of Balance"

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When will we find a balance  
Such unfair things we see  
Small troubled nations crumble  
And freedom falls from dust to dust  
Remember people are just flesh and bone  
And blood and tears and soul  
Where the past's led us to the present  
Where the future will unfold

[Chorus:]

And I have some ideas, though I realize  
I might be blind  
I ask so many questions  
I keep leaving thoughts behind  
Still searchin' ain't like wasting time  
At least there is this bottom line  
We need to find some sort of balance

Along the way  
Until they see the way  
It's meant to be on this lonesome soil  
I think it might take a while

The answers wait unanswered while we're  
Too scared to lift our heads  
War justifies some feelings  
Helps us find a taste for blood

I think the "enemy" is anyone  
Who has the guts to say  
That nothing's wrong  
That things are fine  
That there's no reason to complain

[Chorus]

I think it might take a while  
But it's always free

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