

Weather Pending "Pieces"

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The Mission cries, watch her fall, watch her dance

Without a crutch, without a sling, without a second
chance

He slithers by, he'd like to pass, he walks on his path

Without a second thought, without a glance, he doesn't
want to watch the dance

Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but
we don't see

Picking up the pieces, is this how it's supposed to be?

She doesn't dare look in their eyes and see what they
know

She doesn't dare hear their cries, they should have
helped themselves a long time ago

All the world, all the trouble, all the pain
And all the heavy hearts, who'd like to know when we'll
come round again

Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but
we don't see

Picking up the pieces, is this how it's supposed to be?

What you have done to the least of my brothers you've
done to me

What you have done to the least of my sisters you've
done to me

Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but
we don't see

Picking up the pieces, is this how it's supposed to be?
(2X)

Is this how it's supposed to be?

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