

Band De Soleil

"Light Of Day"

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Everybody's talking nobody says a thing
Everybody's talking nobody's listening
Brimstone hell and fire chase the lamb away
you can't see the heavens
for the Light of Day
I find it oh so hard to believe
I find it oh so hard to be free
I find it oh so hard to be me
all for the light of day
dark minds, dark times, dark age
you angels shine your halos
you preachers grip your books
mount your golden soapboxes
to get a better look
but you don't let your high horse
carry you so far away
you can't see the heavens for the light of Day
hypocrites and homeless
murderers and thieves
nobody gets to heaven but you and your flock of sheep
Guess it's a private party for your preacher and you ma
where you sit around the snakepit
and pass judgment on us all

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