

Busdriver

"The Cross"

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Black day - stormy night
No love - no hope in sight
Don't cry - he is coming
Don't die without knowing the cross

Ghettos to the left of us
Flowers to the right
There'll be bread for all of us
If we can just bear the cross

Sweet song of salvation
A pregnant mother sings
She lives in starvation
Her children need all that she brings

We all have our problems
Some big - some are small
Soon all of our problems
Will be taken by the cross

Black day - stormy night
No love - no hope in sight
Don't cry for he is coming
Don't die without knowing the cross

Ghettos to the left of us
Flowers to the right
There'll be bread for all of us
If we can just
Just bear the cross

We all have our problems
Some big - some are small
Soon all of our problems
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The cross
The cross

