

Beverley Mitchell

"Hope"

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The Martyrs of democracy are lying in the street,
People with the power, kill to keep their piece,
A string of lies justifies, whatever they decide will be,
and steal the right of liberty.
And I hope it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright),
alright
And I hope it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright),
alright

Naivete, the sanctuary, was bequethed to the young,
We hand them a legacy of all we have become,
The moral crimes of evil minds, forever blinded by
their greed, have lost all sight of honesty.

And I hope they're gonna see the light, (it's gonna be
alright), alright
And I hope they're gonna be alright, (they're gonna be
alright), alright

Fuel the fire with our desire, to buy a life of luxury, and
peace of mind with charity,

And I hope I'm going to sleep tonight, (it's gonna be
alright), alright
And I hope they're gonna be alright, (they're gonna be
alright), alright
Aaaaar, it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright),
alright
Aaaaar, (it's gonna be alright), alright

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