

David Cook**"Whisper A Prayer For The Dying"**

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(coverdale/page)

I hear the sound of distant thunder, echo all around,
I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground,
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the
mothers crying,
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the
dying.

Oh, a prayer for the dying.

The suffocating heat of jungles, and burning desert
sands,
Where everything reminds you, you're a stranger in a
strange land.
The soothing words of politicians, those bodyguards of
lies,
While guardian angels waste their time and every
mother cries.

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying, dying.

Machine gun, battle cry, you pray to God when the
bullets fly,
The bombs fall like black rain, an' all your dreams take
you home again,
Nothing but bad dreams.

You can't read, you can't write,
You're so scared, you can't sleep at night
You try to carry the heavy load,
Walking down armageddon road.

Oh, armageddon road.

I hear the sound of distant thunder, echo all around,
I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground,
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the
mothers crying,
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the
dying.

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying.
Oh, a prayer for the dying, baby, baby.
Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying,
Whisper a prayer for the dying.

You can't run, you can't hide,
You can't show what you feel inside.
You're going crazy, going insane,
You know you'll never be the same again, no, no.

Whisper a prayer for the dying, dying, dying, dying,
dying, no, no.
Armageddon road, armageddon road, I'm walking
down armageddon road.

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