

Gino Vanelli

"I Die A Little More Each Day"

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For every just man mocked and killed
For every drop of black contagion spilled
This is my house
This is my evil

For every battle lost and won
The spangled banners flapping in the sun
This is my blood
This is my people
The black drums leaking in their graves
The tin cans rocking on the arctic waves
For every child the streets will claim
The curse that rushes through her tiny veins
For every rose that wilts away
I die a little more each day
Just a little more each day

For every field of wasted grain
The rockets standing neath the western plains
This is my greed
This is my glory
For every fist raised to the sky
The crimes of hate our young sons glorify
For every mouth that yearns for bread
The heart of stone proclaiming
God is dead
For every soul that lost its way
I die a little more each day
Just a little more each day
A little more each day

For all the blessings I disown
The cruelties I condone
For every beast of land and sky and sea
That suffers for my vanity

For every sin under the sun
For all the tears from here to kingdom come
For every beast of land and sky and sea
That suffers for my vanity

For every sin under the sun

For all the tears from here to kingdom come
For every child the streets will claim
The curse that rushes through her tiny veins
For every rose that wilts away
I die a little more each day
Just a little more each day
A little more each day
Each day

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