

Cross "Hand Of Fools"

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(Peter Noone)
Streets echo the last retreat
Dust falls to the ground
A mother cries help
While walking in paradise
Look around and you'll see
We're stripping it bare
Soon there'll be no place to turn

Who plays the hand of fools
With who's God given right
It's out of control
Don't it show

While profit oils the big machines
And we're short changed the facts
Where does it stop
The lifeblood is slipping away every day

And who plays the hand of fools
With who's God given right
It's out of control
It's out of control

And who plays the hand of fools
In a war torn and savage place
It's out of control
And it chills to the bone

And who plays the hand of fools
With who's God given right
It's out of control
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And who plays the hand of fools
In a war torn and savage place
It's out of control
And it chills to the bone

And who plays the hand of fools
With who's God given right
It's out of control

It's out of control

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