

Mellencamp John Cougar "Another Sunny Day 12, 25"

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We see it on TV, we get calls on the phone
By the prophets of doom, they won't leave us alone
The planet is dying and there's no time to spare
They spend all our days sowing seeds of despair
We get enough bad news to harden our hearts
This fear that we feed on is what's keeping us apart
To say that we're doomed is just an obvious remark
And it don't make you right, it just keeps you in the
dark

CHORUS

I don't want to live angry, I don't want to live scared
I don't need no more prophets crying, "Brother
beware."

Just put some work in my hands and give me a dollar to
spare

And don't let me sow those seeds of despair
Well, this earth is a graveyard, it will swallow our bones
It was here long before us, it will be here when we're
gone

And it's a vain generation that looks for a sign
Don't you think we could make better use of our time
Yeah, the air could be cleaner and the water could be,
too

But what we do to each other are the worst things that
we do

And we can treasure our freedoms behind our locked
doors

But God speed the day when we're lonely no more

CHORUS

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