The Diplomats "Dead Tree"

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Here is some water for the dead tree... I see your reflection in the dirty water...

Dreams and aspirations Your ideals in the big sky Passionate Red
The one I loved so much...
Ideals being sweeter then candy are just ideals

Noone wants the present

Point your finger Goodbye
I feel love on my forhead at gun point
Even the child with the red coat swallows her tears as
she faces reality

Why? Why? Over and Over It will never heal Why? Why? Over and Over My dead heart...

Love, tenderness, freedom and peace.

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