

Sinead Oconnor

"Something Beautiful (London Sessions)"

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I wanna make something beautiful for You and from
You
To show You, to show You I adore You, oh, You
And Your journey towards me which I see and I see
All You push through, mad for You and because of You

I couldn't thank You in ten thousand years
If I cried ten thousand rivers of tears
Ah, but You know the soul and You know what makes it
gold
You who give life through blood
Blood, blood, blood, blood, oh, blood, blood

Oh, I wanna make something so lovely for You
'Cause I promised that's what I'd do for You
With the Bible I stole, I know You forgave my soul
Because such was my need on a chronic Christmas Eve
And I think we're agreed that it should have been free
And You sang to me

They dress the wounds of My poor people as though
they're nothing
Saying, peace, peace when there's no peace
They dress the wounds of My poor people as though
they're nothing
Saying, peace when there's no peace

Days without number, days without number
Now can a bride forget her jewels or a maid her
ornaments?
Yet my people forgotten Me
Days without number, days without number

And in their want, oh, in their want and in their want
Who'll dress their wounds? Who'll dress their wounds?

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