

## **Sinead Oconnor**

# **"Something Beautiful"**

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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  
Toward 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...

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"  
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 there want

And in their want

Who'll dress their wounds

Who'll dress their wounds

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