

Stampead

"The Bastards Of Eden"

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We are the bastards of Eden,
or so it seems.
Another orphan dreaming,
of what they can bring.

Would you care for a pipe?
Can I get you a drink?
Would you care for a woman?
She might help you think.

We are the ones they pray for,
So I was told.
Another Sunday wasted,
Another story told.

Would you care for another whiskey?
I'll have one too.
Would you care for a woman,
who never cared for you?

You can take my hand,
put it over your heart.
You can take my soul,
we'll make a new start.
You can trust my friend,
you won't be alone.
We are the bastards of Eden,
and we'll make a new home.

We are what's left of Eden.
I guess it's true.
This world feels so small,
when you're feeling blue.

I need a second chance,
to set things right.
I don't need an army.
No, I don't want to fight.

You can take my hand,
put it over your heart.
You can take my soul,

we'll make a new start.
You can trust my friend,
you won't be alone.
We are the bastards of Eden,
and we'll make a new home.
We'll make a new home.

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