

The Watermen

"Beat Our Demons"

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I never managed to whipe my memory clean,
Of all the pain I've seen,
From the wrecking ball that speeds
To wreckage at the scene,

But if you take my hand
And we say a little prayer,
We can beet our demons dead.

Another child goes hungry
'Cause there's no oil in his country,
So we turn our eyes from his pain,
And we just wish it away,
Too worried about the price we'd pay.

But if we take a stand,
And we say a little prayer,
We can beet our demons dead.

You have to let me in,
I can slay your dragons,
Stallions were bread to win,
I hear the good life calling,
I see you and me
And our rear ends on a porch swing,
Then I'll tuck you in,
Too much wine always makes you fall.

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