

Mode Depeche

"Told You So"

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And do those feet in modern times
Walk upon the flowers and walk upon their brothers
While their heads are busy lying low
Try to keep to cover roll
Something we've blown along the way
Everybody's waiting for judgment day
So they can go told you so
They can go told you so

Bring me my gun of itching desire
Bring me my bullets and I will fire
Sight set hire than a torture spire
Something we've blown along the way
Everybody's waiting for judgment day
(Repeat chorus)

Standing in line
The blind lead the blind
Waiting and Waiting for an overdue sign
Brothers and sisters
Play Chinese whispers
If things are suited they won't get diluted

There's one more dead
With a hole in his head
He shouldn't have said
All the things he said
Many tears were shed
For the blood he bled
Something we've blown along the way
Everybody's waiting for judgment day
(Chorus)

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