

# Barbra Streisand, Morning After

The sky is black  
The ground is red  
The streets of hate  
Are charred and dead  
The war stand out  
Against the sky  
And crowds appear  
To wonder why  
The morning after  
We ask for right questions  
The morning after  
We make the suggestions  
We've gotta make changes  
When I'm going to wait

But the morning after is too late  
The shell that's left is still a cage  
The flames have not consumed the rage  
And men who souls are trapped and slumped  
Will wait until the next time comes  
The morning after  
We ask for right questions  
The morning after  
We make the suggestions  
We gotta make changes  
When I'm going to wait  
But the morning after  
Is too late...