

Beirut, A Sunday Smile

All I want is the best for our lives my dear,
And you know my wishes are sincere.
What's to say of all the days I cannot bear?

A Sunday smile, we wore it for a while
And a cemetery mile we paused and sang
A Sunday smile, we wore it for a while
And a cemetery mile we paused and sang
About a Sunday smile, and we felt clean

We burnt to the ground, left a view to admire
Buildings in sight, church of white
We burnt to the ground, left a grave to admire
The hills reach for the sky, reach the church of white

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