

Bill Miller, Every Mountain I Climb

i saw judas iscariot, with a bottle of wine
talkin suicide with an old friend of mine
they gathered a crowd down at the end of the tracks
and a woman cried out when is god comin' back?

and they pretended not to notice
they came down hard on the weak
causing war and starvation, refusing
to let them speak

for every mountain i climb
for every river that winds
for every wind that will blow
i will send out my prayers

for the children below
i saw crazy horse walkin' alone in the dark
on the streets paved in blood
on his broken heart
he never dreamed it would turn out like this

they pretend that they just don't see
they are blinded in their own mediocrity
they got their trophies and their cars

and their houses on the hill
and they don't really care
that their wars are a killin' me

for every child that follows the dream
with ten thousand angels they'll fly
no one will force them to run
they will stand up and fight
till the battle is won