

David Coverdale, Whisper A Prayer For The Dying

(coverdale/page)

I hear the sound of distant thunder, echo all around,
I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground,
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying,
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying.

Oh, a prayer for the dying.

The suffocating heat of jungles, and burning desert sands,
Where everything reminds you, you're a stranger in a strange land.
The soothing words of politicians, those bodyguards of lies,
While guardian angels waste their time and every mother cries.

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying, dying.

Machine gun, battle cry, you pray to God when the bullets fly,
The bombs fall like black rain, an' all your dreams take you home again,
Nothing but bad dreams.

You can't read, you can't write,
You're so scared, you can't sleep at night

You try to carry the heavy load,
Walking down armageddon road.

Oh, armageddon road.

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I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground,
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying,
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying.

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying.
Oh, a prayer for the dying, baby, baby.
Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying,
Whisper a prayer for the dying.

You can't run, you can't hide,
You can't show what you feel inside.
You're going crazy, going insane,
You know you'll never be the same again, no, no.

Whisper a prayer for the dying, dying, dying, dying, dying, no, no.
Armageddon road, armageddon road, I'm walking down armageddon road.