

Eurythmics, Heaven And Earth

The drunk mortician lurches
Past the broken windowed churches
He starts to laugh and cry
At the same time
What really makes him drink
Is the time he has to think
And he knows that there is
Nowhere he can hide
He's got people making speeches
Hang around like leeches
To drink that heady drug
Of untold power
Their arguments are quoted
And the winner then is voted but
The loser always has
the finest hour...
So what are we going to do now
On heaven and earth

What are we going to do now
Tell me what is worth to you ...
Doctors try to save them
Priests don't know how to tell them
There's nothing you can do but repent
You might think that he's a hero
But like Nixon Mao or Nero
All you know is that they came... then they went
So what are we going to do now
On heaven and earth
What are we going to do now
Tell me what is worth
So what are we going to do now
On heaven and earth
What are we going to do now
Tell me what is worth to you
(Father and son) ad libs to fade