

# Hope Of The States, Enemies/Friends

Lately in the hospitals  
The halfway homes and choking jails  
There's people on the mend again  
With hope to carry on again  
It makes me feel that something's right  
For everyone who tries to fight  
No politics or dirty tricks  
All standing up and shouting out  
All the money in the world won't save you  
We're coming home  
All the prisons that you build won't hold us  
Just let us go

Then I found a broken heart  
With dusty wheezing thing won't start  
I'll fix it up and watch it grow  
And send it to a happy home  
It don't take much to raise a smile  
To push yourself the extra mile  
I'll stand with you when things go wrong  
And lie and say it's not too long

All the money in the world won't save you  
We're coming home  
All the prisons that you build won't hold us  
Just let us go

Come on people  
Keep your friends close  
Your enemies won't matter in the end  
Come on people  
Keep your friends close  
Your enemies won't matter in the end  
In the end  
In the end