

Howard Jones, Other People Are Us

I've never been more lonely.
The night is closing in.
I wish for Monday morning and the people of the town to heal me,
Opening themselves
Like flowers to a cruel sun.
Going thru the motions
With no chance to show their deep emotion.

CHORUS

When they sing and cry
When they live and die
Can't we see other people, those people are us

Angels live inside
Vultures try to hide
In the mirrors we see Other People Are Us

The walls are falling down with the breath of an idea.
See Allah in the church and Jesus in the mosque.
Our world is turning.

Heroes leave behind minds of prejudice.
Cowards try to hold the easiness of our division.

CHORUS

As the swallows fly through leaves of Africa
Do they cry as they witness our tears?
Will the hands of needs become the hand of greed?
There will be a time when those people are us.

CHORUS x2

Living in the world of isolation
Of comfort and tranquillity
But sooner or later in this whole world, those people are us

CHORUS

Yes, we are all the same
The nations of the world
Young ones trapped by chemicals, no hope to carry on
The working families
Replaced by metal men
Travellers from the East in their suburban reservations
We are the victims
Of the ruling hands
There will come a time when those people are us

CHORUS