

Public Image Limited, Grave Ride

Taken for a ride.

I know I said I'd rescue you, but their troops had taken hold.

At last you're not alone in that city,

Am I safer, here in the cold?

These bombs and bullets at night, you wear like jewelry.

That seems to be the difference, between you and me.

Let's hope it's not a grave

No war is worth it, without you.

No point in living without you.

I know you feel the way I do.

It's not a real world without you.

Let's hope it's not a grave

I heard some friends got taken for a ride,

a one way journey, everybody died.

It's not unusual, many go that way.

Their numbers mounting every single day,

But what can I do but hope you're still alive.

This is what happens when opposites collide,

public, and private, arbitrary death,

'cause war is power, and power is business.

We are but numbers, statistics on a sheet.

This is what happens whenever humans meet.

No need for fingers, we know who to blame.

Intolerance will end and start this game.

I write this letter while taken for a ride.

Maybe I'll see you on the other side,

Let's hope it's not a grave.

Two fingers crossed, hope it's not a grave.

But what can I do, but hope you're still alive.

This is what happens when opposites collide.

Public and private, arbitrary death,

'cause war is power, and power business.

These bombs and bullets at night, you wear like jewelry.

That seems to be the difference between you and me..

Hope it's not a grave.....