

Sheryl Crow, God Bless This Mess

I walked the heat of seven hills
Endless talk of losing wills
Great highways in a constant melt
Men and women and children all have overbuilt

Buying bread and paying for none
Creatures of a waning sun
Teacher's hands are overrun
Clowns and gypsies have all but gone

You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon
You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon

Freedoms etched on sacred pillars
Hollow stones of mindless filler
Can lead to madman oil drillers
Won't be long before we all are killers

Little boy lost way up the mountains
Cities drowning under boiling fountains
I dreamed of chilly, sunlit days
I was trembling in a golden haze

You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon
You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon

Celebrate the golden cow
Praise the bloated bank account
If there's a god where is he now
The precipice is slipping further out

Sanskrit message from the mounts
Leave your possession, hope abounds
There's nothing here for you to cry about
We're all just followers from here on out

I take the stage, I walk the planks
I sing these songs with little thanks
I wait for shouts from crazy cranks
I stand amidst the brown shirt ranks

I found my way to Alexandria
Where gurus bubble up on Gangea
Scavengers, they run up and hand ya
All the junk that should have damned ya

You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon
You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon

If everything in life was free
You'd float in your own reverie
The things that you could never see
seal the gap between you and me

You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon
You make me wanna
Shine over Babylon

