

# Terence Trent D'Arby, I Don't Want To Bring You

(Spoken Intro)

People

This is not a film

This is my song

Now pick up your shovel and

Dig

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

Their flesh and blood for you too real

The wine that flows from their nostrils

Too red

Their master strokes too fundamental

Their saint soaked cathedrals too done

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

The ferocity of their cat claws too steel

And we the weak kneed weeds of their

Weaker breed never paused to feel

We're not the masters of the land we survey

But I guess you'd come to that conclusion

When you're ready in your own time anyway

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

I don't want to bring your Gods down babe

Because their armour and their crest cuts too deep

And the cold landcliffs where they rest are far too steep

But I just wanna say to you that like your

Gods, your guilt and your beliefs I too wanna be

With you 'til the very end babe