

Tina Turner, One Of The Living

In the desert sun every step that you take could be the final one
In the burning heat hanging on the edge of destruction
You can't stop the pain of your children crying out in your head
They always said that the living would envy the dead
So now you're gonna shoot bullets of fire
Don't wanna fight but sometimes you've got to
You're some soul survivor
There's just one thing you've got to know
You've got ten more thousand miles to go
Because you're one of the living
And if we can't stick together
One of the living
Who's gonna make it tonight
Walk tall, cool, collected and savage
Walk tall, bruised, sensual, ravaged
It's every man for himself, every woman, every child
A new breed, ferocious and wild
And all they want to do is shoot bullets of fire
They wanna fight and sometimes you've got to
You're some soul survivor
There's just one thing you've got to know
You've got ten more thousand years to go
Because you're one of the living
And if we can't stick together
One of the living
Who's gonna make it tonight