

# 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