

Band De Soleil, Light Of Day

Band De Soleil

Redemption Dream

Light Of Day

Everybody's talking nobody says a thing

Everybody's talking nobody's listening

Brimstone hell and fire chase the lamb away

you can't see the heavens

for the Light of Day

I find it oh so hard to believe

I find it oh so hard to be free

I find it oh so hard to be me

all for the light of day

dark minds, dark times, dark age

you angels shine your halos

you preachers grip your books

mount your golden soapboxes

to get a better look

but you don't let your high horse

carry you so far away

you can't see the heavens for the light of Day

hypocrites and homeless

murderers and thieves

nobody gets to heaven but you and your flock of sheep

Guess it's a private party for your preacher and you ma

where you sit around the snakepit

and pass judgment on us all