

Beverley Craven, Hope

The martyrs of democracy are lying in the street,
People with the power, kill to keep their piece,
A string of lies justifies, whatever they decide will be, and steal the right of liberty.
And I hope it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright), alright
And I hope it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright), alright

Naivete, the sanctuary, was bequethed to the young,
We hand them a legacy of all we have become,
The moral crimes of evil minds, forever blinded by their greed, have lost all sight of
Honesty.

And I hope they're gonna see the light, (it's gonna be alright), alright
And I hope they're gonna be alright, (they're gonna be alright), alright

Fuel the fire with our desire, to buy a life of luxury, and peace of mind with charity,

And I hope I'm going to sleep tonight, (it's gonna be alright), alright
And I hope they're gonna be alright, (they're gonna be alright), alright
Aaaaar, it's gonna be alright, (it's gonna be alright), alright
Aaaaar, (it's gonna be alright), alright