

Citizen Cope, Nite Becomes Day

Things have been getting real heavy these days
The media the system
The people chasing pay
Somebody's got a rifle he won't turn the other cheek
Now it's his turn

Things have been getting real hectic these days
An eye for an eye
A spade is a spade
They're shouting him down and he's running away
Now it's his turn

CHORUS:

I believe in
The same thing that makes the night become day
Tide and the water
Sons and the daughters
Can't hide it can't fight it
Love
I'm a say it again
It's the same things that makes the moonlight
Meet up with the sunlight
Can't fight it can't buy it
Love
I'm a say it again

When cut deep the same blood we bleed
We're not immune to addiction or disease
Got violent deaths in our family trees
Now it's our turn

Things have been seeming real ready these days
From the North to the South to the East to the West
Happiness will you put it to your chest
When it's your turn

CHORUS (2x)