

David Byrne, The Gates Of Paradise

I am nothing like my sister
I am nothing like my mom
You can't see me in my father
Wonder where did I come from?

And the laws of men are not the laws of heaven
And angel's breath is like the desert wind
And terrorists are acting out of love, sweet love
To bring us home again

It's a sin to seek perfection
It's a sin to help the poor
It's a sin to hold convictions
For none of them are true

And the laws of men are not the laws of heaven
And angel's breath is like the desert wind
And terrorists are acting out of love, sweet love
To bring us home again

Beware of good intentions
And the passion in their eyes
For none of them can open
The gates of paradise