

David Gray, Sell Sell Sell

I beg to differ
To break the chain
To draw a line right through
Tomorrow
And cancel every claim
I've seen reflections
Beneath my skin
And drums beating for battle
In the eyes of children
And turning it over
Right down
Where the eye don't see no colour
Where the war don't make a sound
Ice on the shoulder
Noel
Praise the lord above
And sell sell sell
Oh violent flowers
You fill the screen
Betray your mother
And change your name
So tall and fickle
And blind as snow
Running headfirst for oblivion
Cause you've nowhere else to go
And turning it over
Right down
Where the eye don't see no colour
Where the war don't make a sound
Ice on the shoulder
Noel
Praise the lord above
And sell sell sell
In chill of winter
In dead of night
Each so familiar with the hunger
That they got no appetite
They talk of loving
I hear her say
That as fast as I can give it
He's taking it away
And turning it over
Right down
Where the eye don't see no colour
Where the war don't make a sound
Ice on the shoulder
Noel
Praise the lord above
And sell sell sell
And turning it over
Right down
Where the eye don't see no colour
Where the war don't make a sound
Ice on the shoulder
Noel
Praise the lord above
And sell sell sell
A weeping willow
The desert wind
So many learn to swallow
So few to understand
The deepest longing
This cup of faith
Where to put them in a world

Where no innocence is safe