

Dean Friedman, Maybe In A Million Years

by Dean Friedman

Urchins and ragamuffins, see how they play.
Run through the ruins where the land mines lay.
When will this nightmare cease? When will we find a lasting peace?

Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. We will overcome our fears.
We'll have shed a billion tears.

Satellite dishes sweeping the sky.
Searching for answers patiently awaiting their reply.
When will salvation come? When will all suffering be done?

Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. We will overcome our fears.
We'll have shed a billion tears.

Mountains and valleys, rivers and seas.
Eons go by as they change by gradual degrees.
If Earth can evolve into something new, maybe there's hope for mankind too.

Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. Maybe in a million years.
Maybe in a million years. We will overcome our fears.
We'll have shed a billion tears.