

# Duran Duran, Proposition

"Bring back that child," she said.  
Spare me the price of freedom.  
Cold is my baby's head,  
Blown by the wind of reason.  
Even the rage behind  
Cries out to see  
We're still standing  
Under the closing edge.  
Pay for the crime of feeling.

When all your pride is dead  
You must be scared instead.

[CHORUS]

A quiet word is my Proposition.  
A promise made of a fierce day.  
A body bleeds for this coalition.  
Without surrender if you stay.

"Show me my youth," she cried.  
Wasted for desolation.  
Hold up the sacrifice.  
Pull down your institution.  
Resting while anger flies.  
Question's the same.  
Who's deciding after the clouds have lain.  
Shame on your generation.

When all your guilt lies dead  
You must be scared instead.

[CHORUS]

When all your pain lies dead  
You must be scared instead.

[CHORUS (Repeating for FADE. Vocal ad lib.)]