

Eurythmics, Here We Go Again

I once knew a pony
Whose name was Survival
He died in the winter of a happy revolution
There were militant marches
Over his dead body
Children were crying and begging for mercy
One

Here we go again

Two

Here we go again
We're all gonna be history

Three

Here we go again
She's turning and turning, our American Sister
Hands full of arrows and paperback bibles
Like a boxing hero
She stands in the ashes
The voice of Martin Luther
Through the radio flashes
One

Here we go again

Two

Here we go again
We're all gonna be history

Three

Here we go again
Oh here we go again
Black snow in the fields again
But tell me where is the friendship train?
It's been a long time coming

I once knew a pony
Name was religion
Head full of hatred and misguided morals
He was blinded from reading
Worn out and bleeding
But he'll never give in, no
Till the day he stops breathing
Devil in the kitchen and the clock strikes nine
His words are spoken in a voice sublime
Apocalypse then and misery now
Nothing you do is going to work anyhow boy
One

Here we go again

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Here we go again
We're all gonna be history

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