

# Michael George, Patience

It's like a conversation, where no-one stops to breathe  
Is it my imagination, or did God already leave the table?  
Such destruction, and pure white castles in the sand  
No time for introduction  
With all that money changing hands

And the satellite says, "Take a look at all we have"  
But the old man says,  
"You want my family, for your liberty, I can't do that."

Look into the eyes of any patient man  
Whether they be amber, green or blue,  
There's a piece of God staring back at you  
But they see our children, and the old folk fend for themselves  
They see our broken women  
On imaginary shelves

But the satellite says, "Won't you people look at all we have?  
Don't you want it? Can't you see the things that you lack?"

Children in his arms, he turns his back.