

National Bank, Tolerate

If what you believe in, is so sacred
That you can not love me anymore
Then I'm sorry, that your wisdom
Won't prepare you for what's in store

Because this bubble, that you call home
Will when the winds of change pick-up
Burst with a vengeance, and a fury
And disarray your every stone

You've got to tolerate
And not just annihilate
Facts of life and facts of fate
And I say this not from hate;

That your hour now is late
So shape up for you own sake!
That your hour now is late
So shape up for you own sake!
you own sake!

Your ideals, I find amusing
And on most I can agree
In fact we are closer to each other
But eye to eye we can not see

And I'm not perfect, I admit it
I can admit to being wrong
But as a friend, not as a brother
To you I dedicate this song

You've got to tolerate
And not just annihilate
Facts of life and facts of fate
I say this not from hate;

That your hour now is late
So shape up for your own sake!
That your hour now is late
So shape up for your own sake!
Your own sake!