

# Sheryl Crow, Redemption Day

I've wept for those who suffer long  
But how I weep for those who've gone  
Into rooms of grief and questioned wrong  
But keep on killing  
It's in the soul to feel such things  
But weak to watch without speaking  
Oh what mercy sadness brings  
If God be willing

There is a train that's heading straight  
To heaven's gate, to heaven's gate  
And on the way, child and man,  
And woman wait, watch and wait  
For redemption day

Fire rages in the streets  
And swallows everything it meets  
It's just an image often seen  
On television  
Come leaders, come you men of great  
Let us hear you pontificate  
Your many virtues laid to waste  
And we aren't listening

What do you have for us today  
Throw us a bone but save the plate  
On why we waited til so late  
Was there no oil to excavate  
No riches in trade for the fate  
Of every person who died in hate  
Throw us a bone, you men of great

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It's buried in the countryside  
It's exploding in the shells at night  
It's everywhere a baby cries  
Freedom