

Sinead O'Connor, If You Had A Vineyard

If you had a vineyard
On a fruitful hill
And you fenced it and cleared it
Of all stones yountil
You planted it
With the choicest of vine
And you even built a tower
And a press to make wine
And you looked that it would bring forth sweet grapes
And it gave only wild grapes
What would you say
Jerusalem and judah
You be the judges I pray
Between me and my vineyard
This is what God says

What more could I have done in it
That I did not do in it
Why when I ask it for sweetness
It brings only bitterness

For the vineyard of the lord of hosts
Is the house of israel
And the men of judah
His pleasant plant

And he looks for justice but beholds oppression
And he hopes for equality but hears a cry
Jerusalem and Judah
This is god's reply

Sadness will come
To those who build house to house
And lay field to field 'til there's room
For none but you to dwell in the land
Oh in the land

And sadness will come
To those who call evil good
And good evil who present
Darkness as light
And light as darkness
Who present as sweetness
Only the things which are bitterness

For the vineyard of the lord of hosts
Is the house of israel
And the men of Judah his pleasant plant
Oh oh his pleasant plant

Oh that my eyes were a fountain of tears
That I might weep for my poor people

For every boot stamped with fierceness
For every cloak rolled in blood
Jerusalem and Judah
I'd cry if I could