

Sinead O'Connor, Jeremiah

I wanna make
Something beautiful
For you and from you
To show you
To show you
I adore you
Oh you

And your journey
Toward me
Which I see
And I see
All you push through
Mad for you
And because of you

I couldn't thank you in ten thousand years
If I cried ten thousand rivers of tears
Ah but you know the soul and you know what makes it gold
You who give life through blood

Oh I wanna make something
So lovely for you
'Cus I promised that's what I'd do for you
With the bible I stole
I know you forgave my soul
Because such was my need on a chronic Christmas Eve
And I think we're agreed that it should have been free
And you sang to me

They dress the wounds of my poor people
As though they're nothing
Saying "peace, peace"
When there's no peace (2x)

Now can a bride forget her jewels?
Or a maid her ornaments?
Yet my people forgotten me
Days without number
Days without number
And in their want
Oh in their want
And in their want
Who'll dress their wounds?
Who'll dress their wounds?