

# Sinead O'Connor, Out Of The Depths

Out of the depths I cry to U oh lord  
Don't let my cries for mercy be ignored  
If U keep account of sins oh who would stand?  
But U have forgiveness in your hands

And I've heard religion say you're to be feared  
But I don't buy into everything I hear  
And it seems to me you're hostage to those rules  
That were made by religion and not by U

And I'm wondering will u ever get yourself free  
Is it bad to think U might like help from me?  
Is there anything my little heart can do  
To help religion share us with U?

For oh you're like a ghost in your own home  
Nobody hears U crying all alone  
Oh U are the one true really voiceless one  
They have their backs turned to you for worship of  
Gold and stone

And to see U prisoner oh makes me weep  
Nobody hears U screaming in the streets  
And it's sad but true how the old saying goes  
If God lived on earth people would break his windows

I long for U as watchmen long for the end of night