

Sixpence None the Richer, I Need Love

I left my conscience like a crying child
Locked the door behind me put the pain on file
Broken like a window I see my blindness now

I need love
Not some sentimental prison
I need God
Not the political church
I need fire
To melt the frozen sea inside me
I need love

Driving into town tired and depressed
Like a flare the street light bursts into an SOS
Peace comes to my rescue and I don't know what it means

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