

# 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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