Sixpence None the Richer, I Need Love (From - F

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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