

Stiff Little Fingers, Empty Sky

I talk to God sometimes, but nobody's listening
I talk to God sometimes, but nobody's there
What's done is done, no salvation for me
I talk to God sometime but nobody's there you see it's an

Empty sky, empty sky with dying stars & satellites

In the end i know there's nothin' else
In the end I know I'm talking to myself
What's done is done I will not be deceived
What's done is done & I know all that I can see is an

Empty sky, empty sky with dying stars & satellites

I talk to God sometimes but God knows why
I talk to God sometimes but i get no reply
I will not die it's the world that will end & once I'm gone I will not be back again

Empty sky, empty sky with dying stars & satellites