

# Terence Trent D'Arby, I Have Faith In These Des

I have faith in these desolate times  
A roar down the road of a rumbling war  
I have faith in these desolate times  
A chill from the eyes of a man of political skill  
I have faith but for how much longer?  
It seems to me, bitter trees, full of fleas  
Summarily hold the branches  
People we, falling leaves, watching thieves  
Stealing keys, to our ranches  
I have faith in these desolate times  
A score to the sound of the feet of a journeyman's tour  
I have faith in these desolate times  
A feel and a hope and belief that man's peace will be still  
I have faith but for how much longer?  
The village green, people seen, full of beans  
Imagining the course of action  
And in between, shopping scenes, plasticine  
Suburban dreams, an empty faction  
I have faith in these desolate times  
Show fear, and the smoke of a gun trigger pulling finger pressure comes near  
I have faith in these desolate times  
Before long, the lamb and the lion may lie with the lass in the grass at dawn  
I have faith but for how much longer?