

# The Style Council, Heavens Above

Heavens above what have we done  
Oh, we've killed off the thing we had so little of  
True, love has no truth without a price  
But the cost of loving has been blown sky high  
Spend on the hope the call The Peacemaker  
And pray to their God - the Heavy Rainmaker  
Pagans of wealth they dance so freely  
As they give away the life that comes so cheaply

Don't you see - there's a better way for us to be  
And in the back of your mind - you know its just a matter of time

Time here today is life tomorrow  
Oh but life means less now the time is borrowed  
Paid for in blood, the donors seem keen  
As they realise too late they've been so cheated

Surely by now we've paid the price  
What is there left to sacrifice  
You take the power - you take the pay  
You steal the will and have the say  
I'm sure by now there's not much left  
One hand on heart - one on a breast  
You steal the milk - you milk the land  
But your time is up - your time is sand!