

Traffic, Holy Ground

(Winwood/Capaldi/Spillane)

What are we doing to this holy ground, this land that God gave to us all
'Cause everywhere I hear that crashing sound that trees make when they fall
Why can't we understand when it turns to sand
There's no way you can bring it back again
Why don't we change the plan, and try to save this land
And make a promise not to hurt again this holy ground
What are we doing to this sacred heart, this heart that's beating for us all
'Cause everywhere I see it torn apart as tears like rain will fall
Why don't we take the time, take a look inside
Try to understand what's going wrong
Stop trying to change the tide, overcome our pride
Take off our shoes, this place we're standing on is holy ground

Get out of doing the things you do in the dark
Keep the flame alive in your heart

What are we doing to the children's lives, the ones we shouldn't hurt at all
'Cause in the night I hear their lonely cries, so frail and small
How can we just stand by and watch them fade and die
Before they even reach the age of ten
Why don't we heal the pain, take away this shame
And make a vow to give them back again this holy ground

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