

Utopia, Monument

I got the message in my mailbox
Nobody goes to church no more
They're closing down your little altar
They've locked the sanctuary door

Don't fight it
Who can say that you didn't try
Don't fight it
Old soldiers never die

Where will I go to leave my offering
To think about how life's so queer
And listen to the little choir
The sermon I don't care to hear

Don't fight it
Who can say that it's not the end
Don't fight it
And if we don't meet again
I know somewhere a monument
Stands in the name of our love
Somewhere are monuments
Standing in the name of our love

I've seen such strange times
Seems like lifetimes
Sometimes good and sometimes bad
And I don't see how it could
Have been much different
Everybody gave the best they had