

# Sell, Sell, Sell

David Gray

I beg to differ  
To break the chain  
To draw a line right through  
Tomorrow  
And cancel every claim  
I've seen reflections  
Beneath my skin  
And drums beating for battle  
In the eyes of children

And turning it over  
Right down  
Where the eye don't see no colour  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder  
Noel  
Praise the Lord above  
And sell sell sell

Oh violent flowers  
You fill the screen  
Betray your mother  
And change your name  
So tall and fickle  
And blind as snow  
Running headfirst for oblivion  
Cause you've nowhere else to go

And turning it over  
Right down  
Where the eye don't see no colour  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder  
Noel  
Praise the Lord above  
And sell sell sell

In chill of winter  
In dead of night  
Each so familiar with the hunger  
That they got no appetite  
They talk of loving  
I hear her say  
That as fast as I can give it  
He's taking it away

And turning it over  
Right down  
Where the eye don't see no colour  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder  
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Praise the Lord above  
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A weeping willow  
The desert wind  
So many learn to swallow  
So few to understand  
The deepest longing  
This cup of faith  
Where to put them in a world  
Where no innocence is safe