

May Your Good Lord

Midge Ure

When you hold your hands out
May your good lord show a sign
And when you seek forgiveness
May your good lord take the time
May your good lord talk to mine

When you light a candle
May your good lord see it glow
Shining through the darkness
May your good lord make it grow

To cast a light across the land
From killing fields to desert sands
From distant shores to where I stand
Will your good lord make it so

And after all I think and do
I can't believe that this is true

If I cry out treason
May your good lord make them pray
All these men of reason
Leading nowhere, lost their way

Turning riches into rags
Turning rags into the street
Turn the streets into a hell
May your good lord have his day

And after all is said and done
I can't believe our gods are one

Turning riches into rags
Turning rags into the street
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What would it take to take a hold
A shepherd searching for a fold
The greatest story ever told
Somebody's lying

If I believed in something
Would your good lord make it true?
Give me the sword of justice
Show me the hate to put it through

Cut down the bitter tears
The sleepless nights, the waking fears
The empty words, the silent ears
Would your good lord love me too?