

Bob Taylor

Chris Rea

I pray,
Oh, I pray
I'm praying
Yes I am
Every single day
I pray
Some sweet morning
I'll get to move away

I fear who's in my doorway
Too scared to go outside
There's a gunshot every day now
One for every tear i cry
Sometimes I go to sleep
Hoping I will never wake
There's fear for my poor children
Oh I dream that one fine day
One sweet morning
We'll get to move away

Sometimes I see the Devil
Sometimes I see his face
I swear he built these towers of hell
Oh' I swear he made this place
Whatever made us come here
Whatever made us stay
This endless cold grey winter
Oh I pray that one fine day
One sweet morning
Oh, we get to move away

One sweet morning
Oh, we get to move away

Bob Taylor
Let the Devil take him
Bob Taylor
Let the Devil shake him
Bob Taylor
Let the Devil break him