

Words Can Save Us

Chumbawamba

April morning summer come soon
Clouds follow after
Morning sun is hidden by noon
Day shrouded over
Tears to face the morning news
We watch our future burn
And wonder if we'll ever learn
That words can save us

War in Broken Promise Land
Fame fear and gunfire
Cowboy culture blood on its hands
Flag fuel and empire
Bit parts for shooting stars
Above the dying trees
No-one looking up to see
How words can save us

Number one Favourite son
One more outsider
Army drops its cluster bombs
Boy sees his future
World are you listening now?
This fool just had his day
Who'll be brave enough to say
That words can save us?