

Stories To A Child

Johnny Rivers

Are you for real?
Can you still feel?
Anything true and beautiful?

Where can you go?
Flying so low
Everyone knows you lost the sun

Burned body of a child
Dying in the mothers hand
You've just got to stop it now
A zombie is growing, man

Why can't you see?
You'll never be free
As long as you let this madness run

Where can you go?
Flying so low
Everyone everyone knows you lost the sun

Telling stories to a child
Won't changed the hand of hate
You've just got to stop it now
Tomorrow's going to be too late