

# Shine Over Babylon

Sheryl Crow

I walked the heat of seven hills  
Endless talk of losing wills  
Great highways in a constant melt  
Men and women and children all have overbuilt

Buying bread and paying for none  
Creatures of a waning sun  
Teacher's hands are overrun  
Clowns and gypsies have all but gone

You make me wanna  
Shine over Babylon  
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Freedoms etched on Sacred pillars  
Hollow stones of mindless filler  
Can lead to madman oil drillers  
Won't be long before we all are killers

Little boy lost way up the mountains  
Cities drowning under boiling fountains  
I dreamed of chilly, sunlit days  
I was trembling in a golden haze

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Celebrate the golden cow  
Praise the bloated bank account  
If there's a god where is he now  
The precipice is slipping further out

Sanskrit message from the mounts  
Leave your possession, hope abounds  
There's nothing here for you to cry about  
We're all just followers from here on out

I take the stage, I walk the planks  
I sing these songs with little thanks  
I wait for shouts from crazy cranks  
I stand amidst the brown shirt ranks

I found my way to alexandria  
Where gurus bubble up on gangea  
Scavengers, they run up and hand ya  
All the junk that should have damned ya

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If everything in life was free  
You'd float in your own reverie

The things that you could never see  
seal the gap between you and me

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