

# Something Beautiful

Sinéad O'connor

I wanna make  
Something beautiful  
For you and from you  
To show you  
To show you  
I adore you  
Oh you

And your journey  
Toward me  
Which I see  
And I see  
All you push through  
Mad for you  
And because of you

I couldn't thank you in ten thousand years  
If I cried ten thousand rivers of tears  
Ah but you know the soul  
And you know what makes it gold  
You who give life through blood  
Blood, blood, blood...

Oh I wanna make something  
So lovely for you  
'Cause I promised that's what i'd do for you  
With the bible I stole  
I know you forgave my soul  
Because such was my need  
On a chronic christmas eve  
And I think we're agreed that it  
Should have been free  
And you sang to me

They dress the wounds of my poor people  
As though they're nothing  
Saying "peace"  
When there's no peace

They dress the wounds of my poor people  
As though they're nothing  
Saying "peace"  
When there's no peace

Days without number  
Days without number

Now can a bride forget her jewels  
Or a maid her ornaments  
Yet my people forgotten me

Days without number  
Days without number

And in their want  
Oh in there want  
And in their want

Who'll dress their wounds  
Who'll dress their wounds