

Strings

Sofa Surfers

An eye for an eye
Soon everybody's blind
I'm quaking from the demons I'm gonna find
My back is breaking
From the things left behind
Oh say can you see that we're being robbed blind

And the dead shall walk
And the truthsayers talk
Humming in our heads
As peter pays paul
It's a rich man's war
But a poor man's blood

And the dead shall walk
And the truthsayers talk
It's a rich man's war
But a poor man's blood
You start to see the strings
Of the greatest show on earth

Is this all we are?
Does it all come down
To just wanting to be more?
Come shine on my grave
Wash the dust from bone
And the mourning of this sorry slave

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And the truthsayers talk
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