

Meet me at the water's edge tonight
Running out of places to hide
You say that these are nothing more than words
But they're all words from old songs

Junior was a champion dancer
Mama couldn't make him stay
If he comes back with both his legs then I'm
Sure he's gonna dance again

All this talk of war
Is it everyday
Hatred resides in a fitful mind and I
Don't want to live that way

You leave between the stepping stones of life
Be careful not to slip now
You're too young to die

Your blood is full of energy
There's fire in your eyes
But these people aren't your enemy
The truth gets disguised

Junior was top of his class
Said he'd be a doctor one day
Bullet in the spine
Now he's paralyzed
And he ain't ever gonna walk again

All this talk of war
Is it everyday
Now it's raging inside
And the bullets are flying
Can't find a good enough reason why

So many colors in this world
And all of them are beautiful
So many colors in this world
And all of them are beautiful

Don't make your mind a prison cell
Don't make your mind a prison cell
Don't make your mind a prison cell
Don't make your mind a prison cell

You have no right to play god
You have no right to play god

So meet me at the water's edge