

Crossfire

Stephen

He'd trade his guns for love
But he's caught in the crossfire
And he keeps wakin' up
But it's not to the sound of birds
The tyranny
The violent streets
Deprived
Of all that we're blessed with
And we can't get enough, no
Heaven if you sent us down
So we could build a playground
For the sinners
To play as saints
You'd be so proud of what we made
I hope you got some beds around
Cause' you're the only refuge now
For every mother
Every child
Every brother
That's caught in the crossfire
That's caught in the crossfire
I'd trade my luck to know
Why he's caught in the crossfire
And I'm here wakin' up
To the sun and the sound of birds
Society's anxiety
Deprived
Of all that we're blessed with
We just can't get enough, no
Heaven if you sent us down
So we could build a playground
For the sinners
To play as saints
You'd be so proud of what we made
I hope you got some beds around
Cause' you're the only refuge now
For every mother
Every child
Every brother
That's caught in the crossfire
That's caught in the crossfire
Can I trust what I'm given

When faith still needs a gun
Whose ammunition
Justifies the wrong?
And I can't see
From the backseat
So I'm asking from above:
Can I trust what I'm given
Even when it cuts?
So heaven if you sent us down
So we could build a playground
For the sinners
To play as saints
You'd be so proud of what we made
I hope you got some beds around
Cause' you're the only refuge now
For every mother
And every child
Every brother
That's caught in the crossfire
That's caught in the crossfire
Who's caught in the crossfire
Who's caught on the crossfire baby, baby
Who's caught on the cross--.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>