

# The Lamb's Book Of Life

## Sinead O'connor

Out of Ireland I have come  
Great hatred and little room  
Maimed us at the start  
And now home just breaks my heart  
To America I have come  
I hope to bring your preacher man  
Home to show my people how they can  
Get their names back in the book of life of the lamb  
I know that I have done many things  
To give you reason not to listen to me  
Especially as I have been so angry  
But if you knew me maybe you would understand me  
Words can't express how sorry I am  
If I ever caused pain to anybody  
I just hope that you can show compassion  
And love me enough to just please listen  
Out of Ireland I did run  
Great hatred and little room  
Aimed to break my heart  
Wreck me up and tear me all apart  
To America I have come  
I need to find a good preacher man  
Who can show me how I can  
Get my name back in the book of life of the lamb  
I bring these blessings with me  
A strong heart full of hope and a feeling  
That everything in this world would be okay  
If people just believed enough in God to pray  
But the world thinks that sounds crazy  
And that's the thing that makes me sing so sadly  
To think that we would leave God so lonely  
To think that we would mess up our destiny  
Out of history we have come  
With great hatred and little room  
It aims to break our hearts  
Wreck us up and tear us all apart  
But if we listen to the preacher man  
He can show us how it can be done  
To live in peace and live as one

Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb  
Out of hopelessness we can come  
If people just believe it can be done  
'Cause every prayer, every prayed is heard  
Take power in the power of the world  
Out of history we have come  
With great hatred and little room  
It aims to break our hearts  
Wreck us up and tear us all apart  
But if we listen to the Rasta man  
He can show us how it can be done  
To live in peach and live as one  
Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb  
Out of history we have come  
With great hatred and little room  
It aims to break our hearts  
smashes us up and tear us all apart  
But if we listen to the Rasta oh a man  
She can show us how it can be done  
To live in peach and live as one  
Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb

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