

# Cry to Heaven

Elton John

I found a black beret on the street today  
It was lying in the gutter all torn  
There's a white flag flying on a tall building  
But the kids just watch the storm Their dirty faces pressed on the windows  
Shattered glass before their eyes  
There's a mad dog barking in a burned out subway  
Where the sniper sleeps at night No birthday songs to sing again  
Just bricks and stones to give them  
Wrap them up in your father's flags  
And let them cry to Heaven No birthday songs to sing again  
Just bricks and stones to give them  
Wrap them up in your father's flags  
And let them cry to Heaven There are many graves by a cold lake  
As the beds where your babies are born  
And your rag doll sits with a permanent grin  
But the kids just watch the storm I saw a black cat tease a white mouse  
Until he killed it with his claws  
Seems a lot of countries do the same thing  
Before they go to war No birthday songs to sing again  
Just bricks and stones to give them  
Wrap them up in your father's flags  
And let them cry to Heaven Ohh, no birthday songs to sing again  
Just bricks and stones to give them  
Ohh, wrap them up in your father's flags  
And let them cry to Heaven Let them cry to Heaven  
Let them cry to Heaven  
Let them cry to Heaven

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