

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

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