What A Day

Tanya Stephens

Oh, what a day, oh
Oh, what a day, oh
Day, what a day, what a day, oh, ohI'm tired of the hunger I see on people's faces
Tired of the animosity between the races
Tired of corruption in high and low places
And pricks with money but no social gracesTired of being judged for the style in my hair
And the music that I listen and the clothes that I wear
I'm tired of life and death being sold as a pair
And politicians who keep saying they care butMaybe hoping for a change is a dream
Maybe life ain't as bad as it seems
But if dreaming is the best I can do
Then I'll be dreaming my whole life throughOh, what a day when war becomes a thing of the past
And peace, we will have it at last
And life is finally worth its cost
And woah, woah, ohWhat a day when men finally live what they teach
And love ain't just a concept we preach
And blood no longer runs in the streets
Woah, woah, woah, oh, what a dayTired of leaving church, feeling like I've just been robbed
Two hours of rambling, not much mention of God
The richest man's the only one who does not have a job
A bunch of righteous freaks extorting worse than the mob, y'allTired of baby, momma, tired of baby, daddy
Chilling in the spot where the parents should be
Teenage mother saying, "Leave my babies alone"
In 20 years the kid could be robbing my home butI got a vision of a whole other plain
Where the spiritual can flourish again
I'm just awaiting for the fire to rain
Burn dung everything and start cleanWhat a day when war becomes a thing of the past
And peace, we will have it at last
And life is finally worth its cost
And woah, woah, ohOh, what a day when men finally live what they teach
And love ain't just a concept we preach
And blood no longer runs in the streets
And woah, woah, woah, oh, what a dayOoh, what a day
Oh, what a day
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But if dreaming is the best I can do
Then I'll be dreaming my whole life throughOh, what a day when war becomes a thing of the past
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And life is finally worth its cost
And woah, woah, woah

Songwriters
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