

Proposition

Duran Duran

"Bring back that child," she said, "Spare me the price of freedom
Cold is my baby's head, blown by the wind of reason"
Even the rage behind cries out to see
We're still standing under the closing edge
Pay for the crime of feeling When all your pride is dead you must be scared instead A quiet word is my
proposition, promise made out of fierce day
A body bleeds for this coalition, without surrender, if you stay "Show me my youth," she cried, "Wasted for
desolation"
Hold up the sacrifice, pull down your institutions
Resting while anger flies, question's the same, 'Who's deciding?'
After the clouds have lain shame on your generation When all your guilt lies dead you must be scared instead A
quiet word is my proposition, promise made out of fierce day
A body bleeds for this coalition, without surrender, if you stay When all your pain lies dead you must be scared
instead A quiet word is my proposition, promise made out of fierce day
A body bleeds for this coalition, without surrender, if you stay A quiet word is my proposition, a promise made
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