Love's On Its Way

Corinne Bailey Rae

Oh Father,
I wish I had understanding.
Never known more
Never been so well informed
We know the score
Heard it all before,
But I've never felt more powerless

There's so much blood on the streets
So much hope refused
So much grainy teenage photographs on the evening news

Oo, when every where's violence
Silently I go

Love's on its way
I hope it won't be too late

When the day comes
And I've counted all my sins
How meant I'll see
I want to be able to say that I did more, more than pray
I did more
Than just spend my money
Just writing letters
Than just going out marching
I did more than talking and saying the right thing
Wearing the right thing
It's time for an uprising

Love's on its way
Hope it won't be too late

Love's on its way
Love's on its way
Love's on its way

Hope it won't be too late

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