

Heavens Above

The Style Council

Heaven's above what have we done
Oh, we've killed off the thing we had so little of
True, love has no truth without a price
But the cost of loving has been blown sky high
Spend on the hope the call The Peacemaker
And pray to their God the Heavy Rainmaker
Pagans of wealth they dance so freely
As they give away the life that comes so cheaply
Don't you see
There's a better way for us to be
And in the back of your mind
You know it's just a matter of time
Time here today is life tomorrow
Oh, but life means less now the time is borrowed
Paid for in blood, the donors seem keen
As they realize too late they've been so cheated
Surely by now we've paid the price
What is there left to sacrifice
You take the power, you take the pay
You steal the will and have the say
I'm sure by now there's not much left
One hand on heart, one on a breast
You steal the milk, you milk the land
But your time is up, your time is sand

Songwriters

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