Patience

George Michael

It's like a conversation where no one stops to breathe
Is it my imagination or did God already leave the table?
Such destruction and pure white castles in the sand
No time for introduction with all that money changing hands
And the satellite says, "Take a look at all we have"
But the old man says, "You want my family for your liberty, I can't do that"
Look into the eyes of any patient man whether they be amber, green or blue
There's a piece of God staring back at you
But they see our children and the old folk fend for themselves
They see our broken women on imaginary shelves
But the satellite says, "Won't you people look at all we have?
Don't you want it? Can't you see the things that you lack?"
Children in his arms, he turns his back

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