Savages

Paul Weller

Savages, he knows you are
Do you not think that God is looking down?
On you savages, the children run to mothers
You put bullets in their backsAh, cowards, can you not see?
Do you not think that love is coming down?You have no gods, they've all disowned you
You have no love, so you take it out on
People's lives in progress
That's what keeps you going when you're savagesSavages, you can dress it up
Give it a name and a fancy uniform
And a flag to fly, to hide behind
Can you not see the truth that's on the ground?You have no love, it has all gone cold on you
You never have, so you take it out on
Those whose love is growing
That's what you hate most than when you're savagesDo you not see the love is coming down?
On the savages, savages, savages

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