Trophy

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The trophy that I made for us
In fur and gold
Got into the wrong pair of hands
And truth was sold
They bought it for, oh, so much less
Then it was worth
And every man that touched it
Found a heaven on earth
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms
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The queens and the court jesters
Clapped, adored
Their hearts swelled to overdrive
And mercy soared
Mercy this and mercy that
Let justice prevail
But I just want my trophy back
It's not for sale
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms
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Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms
Creatures of mercy, shoot, shoot
Shoot them down and set me free
Creatures of mercy, shoot, shoot
Shoot them down and set me free
When I got my trophy back
It took some time
To polish it to gold from black
And shoot the lion
When I put it back inside
And locked the door
Our trophy of mercy
Is a trophy no more
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms
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