

# 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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