

# Sell, Sell, Sell

David Gray

I beg to differ to break the chain  
To draw a line right through tomorrow  
And cancel every claim  
I've seen reflections beneath my skin  
And drums beating for battle  
In the eyes of children And turning it over right down  
Where the eye don't see no color  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder, Noel  
Praise the Lord above and sell, sell, sell Oh, violent flowers, you fill the screen  
Betray your mother and change your name  
So tall and fickle and blind as snow  
Running headfirst for oblivion  
'Cause you've nowhere else to go And turning it over right down  
Where the eye don't see no color  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder, Noel  
Praise the Lord above and sell, sell, sell In chill of winter, in dead of night  
Each so familiar with the hunger  
That they got no appetite  
They talk of loving, I hear her say  
That as fast as I can give it  
He's taking it away And turning it over right down  
Where the eye don't see no color  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder, Noel  
Praise the Lord above and sell, sell, sell Turning it over right down  
Where the eye don't see no color  
Where the war don't make a sound  
Ice on the shoulder, Noel  
Praise the Lord above and sell, sell, sell A weeping willow, the desert wind  
So many learn to swallow  
So few to understand  
This deepest longing, this cup of faith  
Where to put them in a world  
Where no innocence is safe

Songwriters

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