

# Powerful People

[Gino Vannelli](#)

Look at the powerful people  
Stealing the sun from the day  
Wish I could do something about it  
When all I can do is to pray Oh, it's a lonely afternoon  
With nowhere to go but my room  
And Sunday, when there's time  
I think of these things on my mind  
And I don't know where will I go Look at the ominous people  
Draining the salt from the sea  
Wish I could just stand up and shout it  
Why can't they let goodness be Oh, it's a lonely afternoon  
With nowhere to go but my room  
Oh, it's Sunday, when there's time  
I think of these things on my mind  
And I don't know where, where will I go Oh, come on you world won't you give a damn  
Turn on some lights and see this garbage can  
And time is the essence if we plan to stay  
Death is in stride when filth is the pride of our home Wish I could just stand up and shout it  
Why can't they let goodness be Oh, it's a lonely afternoon  
With nowhere to go but my room  
Oh, and Sunday, when there's time  
I think of these things on my mind Oh, and Monday there's no time  
So I close both my eyes and I'm blind  
And I don't care where, where, oh, where is my prayer

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