

Powerful People

[Gino Vannelli](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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