

# Holy Ground

[Steve Winwood](#)

What are we doing to this holy ground, this land that God gave to us all  
'cause everywhere I hear that crashing sound that trees make when they fall  
    Why can't we understand when it turns to sand  
    There's no way you can bring it back again  
    Why don't we change the plan, and try to save this land  
    And make a promise not to hurt again this holy ground  
What are we doing to this sacred heart, this heart that's beating for us all  
'cause everywhere I see it torn apart as tears like rain will fall  
    Why don't we take the time, take a look inside  
    Try to understand what's going wrong  
    Stop trying to change the tide, overcome our pride  
Take off our shoes, this place we're standing on is holy ground  
Get out of doing the things you do in the dark  
Keep the flame alive in your heart  
What are we doing to the children's lives, the ones we shouldn't hurt at all  
'cause in the night I hear their lonely cries, so frail and small  
    How can we just stand by and watch them fade and die  
    Before they even reach the age of ten  
    Why don't we heal the pain, take away this shame  
    And make a vow to give them back again this holy ground

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