

# Ghetto Blaster

Rod Stewart

This song ain't meant to be pretty  
It ain't meant to make you dance  
There's so many unsolved problems  
Too many empty, angry hands A little child in Ethiopia  
Will die before this song is through  
Poor eyes have only seen sadness  
Oh God, show us what to do I'm not preaching, I'm just singing  
Trying to get a message through  
I'm not crazy, I think maybe  
The answers with me and you Here they come  
Take us to your leader  
Take us to your leader  
Think about it A billion dollars on the arms race  
Billions floating 'round in space  
OPEC's counting out it's money  
Hunger stares us in the face The battlefield is little children  
Caught in a cross, fire of hate  
How can we call ourselves Christians?  
How can we turn the other way? I'm not preaching, I'm just singing  
Trying to get a message through  
I'm not crazy, I think maybe  
The answers with me and you Here they come  
Take us to your leader  
Listen to what they're sayin'  
Take us to your leader  
Think about it Nostradamus gave us warning  
You will never walk away  
One neutron bomb in the morning  
May just ruin your whole day I'm not preaching, I'm just singing  
Trying to get a message through  
I'm not crazy, I think maybe  
The answers with me and you Here they come  
Take us to your leader  
Listen to what they're sayin'  
Take us to your leader  
Yeah Take us to your leader  
[Incomprehensible]  
Take us to your leader  
[Incomprehensible]

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