

# Trophy

## ••• (Crosses)

The trophy that I made for us  
In fur and gold  
Got into the wrong pair of hands  
And truth was sold  
They bought it for, oh, so much less  
Then it was worth  
And every man that touched it  
Found a heaven on earth  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
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Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
The queens and the court jesters  
Clapped, adored  
Their hearts swelled to overdrive  
And mercy soared  
Mercy this and mercy that  
Let justice prevail  
But I just want my trophy back  
It's not for sale  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
Creatures of mercy, shoot, shoot  
Shoot them down and set me free  
Creatures of mercy, shoot, shoot  
Shoot them down and set me free  
When I got my trophy back  
It took some time  
To polish it to gold from black  
And shoot the lion  
When I put it back inside  
And locked the door  
Our trophy of mercy  
Is a trophy no more  
Heaven is a feeling I get in your arms  
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