Crossfire

Stephen

He'd trade his guns for love
But he's caught in the crossfire,
And he keeps wakin' up,
But it's not to the sound of birdsThe tyranny, the violent streets,
Deprived of all that we're blessed with,
And we can't get enough, no
Heaven if you sent us down,So we could build a playground,
For the sinners to play as saints,
You'd be so proud of what we've made
I hope you got some beds around,
'Cause you're the only refuge now,For every mother, every child, every brother,
That's caught in the crossfire
[instrumental/ vocal break]
I'd trade my luck to know,Why he's caught in the crossfire,
And I'm here wakin' up
To the sun and the sound of birds
Society's anxiety,
Deprives of all that we're blessed with,We just can't get enough, no!
Heaven if you sent us down,
So we could build a playground,
For the sinners to play as saints,
You'd be so proud of what we've madeI hope you got some beds around,
'Cause you're the only refuge now,
For every mother, every child, every brother,
Who's caught in the crossfire!
[instrumental/ vocal break]
Can I trust what I'm given?When faith still needs a gun,
Whose ammunition justifies the wrong?
And I can't see from the backseat,
So I'm asking from above,
Can I trust what I'm given, even when it cuts?So Heaven if you sent us down,
So we could build a playground,
For the sinners to play as saints,
You'd be so proud of what we made
I hope you got some beds around,
'Cause you're the only refuge now,
For every mother, every child, every brotherWho's caught in the crossfire,
Who's caught in the crossfire,
Who's caught in the crossfire,

Who's caught on the cross

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