

# Pieces

## Weather Pending

The Mission cries, watch her fall, watch her dance  
Without a crutch, without a sling, without a second chance  
He slithers by, hed like to pass, he walks on his path  
Without a second thought, without a glance, he doesnt want to  
watch the dance  
Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but we dont see  
Picking up the pieces, is this how its supposed to be?  
She doesnt dare look in their eyes and see what they know  
She doesnt dare hear their cries, they should have helped themselves a long time ago  
All the world, all the trouble, all the pain  
And all the heavy hearts, whod like to know when well come round again  
Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but we dont see  
Picking up the pieces, is this how its supposed to be?  
What you have done to the least of my brothers  
youve done to me  
What you have done to the least of my sisters  
youve done to me  
Picking up the pieces, we have eyes and magazines but we dont see  
Picking up the pieces, is this how its supposed to be? (2X)  
Is this how its supposed to be?

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