

Shine Over Babylon

[Sheryl Crow](#)

I walked the heat of seven hills
Endless talk of losing wills
Great highways in a constant melt
Men and women and children all have overbuilt
Buying bread and paying for none
Creatures of a waning sun
Teacher's hands are overrun
Clowns and gypsies all but gone
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
Freedom's etched on sacred pillars
Hollow stones on mindless filler
Can lead to madman oil drillers
Won't be long before we all are killers
Little boy lost way up the mountains
Cities drowning under boiling fountains
I dreamed of chilly, sunlit days
I was trembling in a golden haze
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
We celebrate the golden cow
Praise the bloated bank account
If there's a god, where is he now?
The precipice is slipping further out
Sanskrit message from the mounts
Leave your possession, hope abounds
There's nothing here for you to cry about
We're all just followers from here on out
I take the stage, I walk the planks
I sing these songs with little thanks
I wait for shouts from crazy cranks
I stand amidst the brown shirt ranks
I found my way to Alexandria
Where gurus bubble up on ganja
Scavengers, they run up and hand you
All the junk that should have damned you
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
If everything in life was free
We'd float in our own reverie
The things that you can't seem to see
Seal the gap between you and me
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon
You make me wanna shine over Babylon

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