

The Lamb's Book of Life

Sinead O'Connor

Out of Ireland I have come
Great hatred and little room
Maimed us at the start
And now home just breaks my heart
To America I have come
I hope to bring your preacher man
Home to show my people how they can
Get their names back in the book of life of the lamb I know that I have done many things
To give you reason not to listen to me
Especially as I have been so angry
But if you knew me maybe you would understand me
Words can't express how sorry I am
If I ever caused pain to anybody
I just hope that you can show compassion
And love me enough to just please listen Out of Ireland I did run
Great hatred and little room
Aimed to break my heart
Wreck me up and tear me all apart
To America I have come
I need to find a good preacher man
Who can show me how I can
Get my name back in the book of life of the lamb I bring these blessings with me
A strong heart full of hope and a feeling
That everything in this world would be okay
If people just believed enough in God to pray
But the world thinks that sounds crazy
And that's the thing that makes me sing so sadly
To think that we would leave God so lonely
To think that we would mess up our destiny Out of history we have come
With great hatred and little room
It aims to break our hearts
Wreck us up and tear us all apart
But if we listen to the preacher man
He can show us how it can be done
To live in peace and live as one
Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb Out of hopelessness we can come
If people just believe it can be done
'Cause every prayer, every prayer is heard
Take power in the power of the world Out of history we have come

With great hatred and little room
It aims to break our hearts
Wreck us up and tear us all apart
But if we listen to the Rasta man
He can show us how it can be done
To live in peach and live as one
Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb
Out of history we have come
With great hatred and little room
It aims to break our hearts
smashes us up and tear us all apart
But if we listen to the Rasta oh a man
She can show us how it can be done
To live in peach and live as one
Get our names back in the book of life of the lamb

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