

A Piece of My Heart

Gang of Four

A piece of my heart cries out loudly
For the funeral of innocence
To tell the truth, this elaborate story
Of goodness not so plausible
Stay at home at night
The mark of Cain is upon you
There's a sign on your forehead
There's no way you can stay out
A piece of my heart eyes the wheel in motion
With suspicion of coincidence
It don't grab me now, to swallow the notion
Of accident that no one meant
Stay at home at night
The mark of Cain is upon you
While we look for solutions
It's not safe when you go out
Burning up the night up the night
The heat is on
Do you do what you can do?
It looks like to me that you are only playing a part
Do you do what you can do?
Talk slow, in a trance