

Message Of Love

Big Country

Ex-spy in a square in Berlin
Got holes in his knife-tipped shoes
He'll tell you the missile codes man
He'll sell you the warhead to

Guy driving my yellow taxi
He had a T-72
I'm doubled up in the back seat
I'm getting a closer view

A working illustration of the golden rule
Whoever ends up with the gold will make the rules

We need a message of love
Something that we can be sure of
Send us a message of love
One thing that we can be sure of

We drive to Checkpoint Charlie
We just drive right on through
We park above the bunker
That's what you're meant to do

Beneath the TV tower
Beside the union hall
Two hookers in plastic trousers
Selling little pieces of the wall

A working illustration of the golden rule
Whoever ends up with the gold will make the rules

We need a message of love
Something that we can be sure of
Send us a message of love
One thing that we can be sure of

A working illustration of the golden rule
Whoever ends up with the gold will make the rules

We need a message of love
Something that we can be sure of
Send us a message of love
One thing that we can be sure of

We need a message of love
Something that we can be sure of

We need a message of love
Something that we can be sure of
Send us a message of love
One thing that we can be sure of