

## Somebody Say Amen

Chris Rea

There's a soft wind blowing through the sugar cane  
And the pink fruit juice is melting  
On a beach down sandy lane  
And the Sunday school dresses sway  
In sun-bleached harmony  
Where the waves of green  
Meet the waves of blue  
And the preacher sets you free

It seems in prayers and money  
You look for five to get you ten  
Somebody say amen  
Won't somebody say? amen

I see the people without the money  
Being peaceful with the lord  
Yeah the church seems full of happiness  
But the jet set's looking bored  
They getting high without a penny here  
They're finding peace without a dime

But the rain turns cold on the city streets  
And the smiles are hard to find  
Oh the pain of only wanting  
For your five to get you ten  
Somebody say amen  
Won't somebody say amen  
Amen