

Whisper A Prayer For The Dying

David Coverdale

I hear the sound of distant thunder, echo all around
I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying

Oh, a prayer for the dying
The suffocating heat of jungles, and burning desert sands
Where everything reminds you, you're a stranger in a strange land
The soothing words of politicians, those bodyguards of lies
While guardian angels waste their time and every mother cries

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying, dying
Machine gun, battle cry, you pray to God when the bullets fly
The bombs fall like black rain, and all your dreams take you home again
Nothing but bad dreams

You can't read, you can't write
You're so scared, you can't sleep at night
You try to carry the heavy load
Walking down Armageddon road

Oh, Armageddon road

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I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying
Oh, a prayer for the dying, baby, baby
Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying
Whisper a prayer for the dying

You can't run, you can't hide
You can't show what you feel inside
You're going crazy, going insane
You know you'll never be the same again, no, no

Whisper a prayer for the dying, dying, dying, dying, dying, no,
no
Armageddon road, Armageddon road
I'm walking down Armageddon road