

Proposition

Duran Duran

"Bring back that child," she said "spare me the price of freedom.

Cold is my baby's head blown by the wind of reason"
Even the rage behind cries out to see
We're still standing under the closing edge
Pay for the crime of feeling
When all your pride is dead you must be scared instead...
A quiet word is my proposition
A promise made of a fierce day
A body bleeds for this coalition
Without surrender if you stay

"Show me my youth," she cried "wasted for desolation"
Hold up the sacrifice, pull down your institutions
Resting while anger flies question's the same... who's deciding
?
After the clouds have lain shame on your generation
When all your guilt lies dead you must be scared instead
A quiet word is my proposition
A promise made of a fierce day
A body bleeds for this coalition
Without surrender if you stay

When all your pain lies dead you must be scared instead

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