

What have they done to the birds and the bees
The cradle was robbed the nest make believe
And they're selling their souls for the purpose of
losing it all

What have they done to the cracks in the walls
The world has been painted to cover it all
Now everyone's afraid to admit that they're getting old

Oh my lord I'm told

What have they done to the revolution
They call it a war and claimed it was useless
The voice of the ages will never be heard quite the
same

What have they done to the innocent mind
Spoiled it and twisted the truth into lies
Now all of the peace lovers are having to draw up their
swords

Oh my Lord I'm torn
If I'm going crazy then crazy is just that I'm born

What have they done to Jesus' life
They're making it cruel, say it's a lie
But they still ask for his peace 'cause they feel it
inside

And what have they done with the two thousand years
Made history in to a faithful fear
But the cracks don't expire just 'cause the surface is
dry

Oh my Lord I'm tired
If I'm going crazy, then crazy is just my desire
If I'm going crazy, crazy is just what I've seen
If I'm going crazy then crazy is just in between