

# May Your Good Lord

Midge Ure

When you hold your hands out  
May your good lord show a sign  
And when you seek forgiveness  
May your good lord take the time  
May your good lord talk to mine

When you light a candle  
May your good lord see it glow  
Shining through the darkness  
May your good lord make it grow

To cast a light across the land  
From killing fields to desert sands  
From distant shores to where I stand  
Will your good lord make it so

And after all I think and do  
I can't believe that this is true

If I cry out treason  
May your good lord make them pray  
All these men of reason  
Leading nowhere, lost their way

Turning riches into rags  
Turning rags into the street  
Turn the streets into a hell  
May your good lord have his day

And after all is said and done  
I can't believe our gods are one

Turning riches into rags  
Turning rags into the street  
Turn the streets into a hell  
May your good lord have his day

What would it take to take a hold  
A shepherd searching for a fold  
The greatest story ever told  
Somebody's lying

If I believed in something  
Would your good lord make it true?  
Give me the sword of justice  
Show me the hate to put it through

Cut down the bitter tears  
The sleepless nights, the waking fears  
The empty words, the silent ears  
Would your good lord love me too?