

Bones of Saints

Robert Plant

They're loading up in the ships
They're loading up in the planes
There's madness in the sky
Above the bones of saints

So much of me is broken
The servants of a lie
Now everything is burning
There's a fire up in the sky

And I said, no no no no no no no no no

We're up against the bench
While all the walls fall down
I hear the children scream
But then the fear abound

And that's the leading question
Where all the money comes
I'll say who makes the bullets
If you tell me who sells the guns

And I said, no no no no no no no no no
No no no no no no no no no

In the Garden of Eden
And the wheels go round and round
The sight of an angel
When the best fair deals come down

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And the wheels go round and round
The sight of an angel
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No no no no no no no no no
No no no no no no no no no

No...
No...
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No...