

Ghetto Blaster

Rod Stewart

This song ain't meant to be pretty
it ain't meant to make you dance
There's so many unsolved problems
too many empty, angry hands
A little child in Ethiopia
will die before this song is through
Poor eyes have only seen sadness
Oh God show us what to do

I'm not preaching, I'm just singing
trying to get a message through
I'm not crazy, I think maybe
the answers with me and you
Here they come
Take us to your leader
Take us to your leader
Think about it

A billion dollars on the arms race
Billions floating round in space
OPEC's counting out it's money
Hunger stares us in the face
The battlefield is little children
caught in a cross fire of hate
How can we call ourselves Christians
How can we turn the other way

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trying to get a message through
I'm not crazy, I think maybe
the answers with me and you
Here they come
Take us to your leader
Listen to what they're sayin'
Take us to your leader
Think about it

Nostradamus gave us warning
you will never walk away
One neutron bomb in the morning
may just ruin your whole day

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I'm not crazy, I think maybe
the answers with me and you
Here they come
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