

Meet me at the water's edge tonight  
Running out of places to hide  
You say that these are nothing more than words  
But they're all words from old songs

Junior was a champion dancer  
Mama couldn't make him stay  
If he comes back with both his legs then I'm  
Sure he's gonna dance again

All this talk of war  
Is it everyday  
Hatred resides in a fitful mind and I  
Don't want to live that way

You leave between the stepping stones of life  
Be careful not to slip now  
You're too young to die

Your blood is full of energy  
There's fire in your eyes  
But these people aren't your enemy  
The truth gets disguised

Junior was top of his class  
Said he'd be a doctor one day  
Bullet in the spine  
Now he's paralyzed  
And he ain't ever gonna walk again

All this talk of war  
Is it everyday  
Now it's raging inside  
And the bullets are flying  
Can't find a good enough reason why

So many colors in this world  
And all of them are beautiful  
So many colors in this world  
And all of them are beautiful

Don't make your mind a prison cell  
Don't make your mind a prison cell  
Don't make your mind a prison cell  
Don't make your mind a prison cell

You have no right to play god  
You have no right to play god

So meet me at the water's edge