

The Morning After

Barbra Streisand

The sky is black
The ground is red
The streets of hate
Are charred and dead
The war stand out
Against the sky
And crowds appear
To wonder why
The morning after
We ask for right questions
The morning after
We make the suggestions
We've gotta make changes
When I'm going to wait
But the morning after is too late
The shell that's left is still a cage
The flames have not consumed the rage
And men whose souls are trapped and slumped
Will wait until the next time comes
The morning after
We ask for right questions
The morning after
We make the suggestions
We gotta make changes
When I'm going to wait
But the morning after
Is too late...