

# I Have Faith In These Desolate Times

Terence Trent D'Arby

I have faith in these desolate times A roar down the road of a  
rumbling war I have faith in these desolate times A chill from  
the eyes of a man of political skill I have faith but for how m  
uch longer?

It seems to me, bitter trees, full of fleas Summarily hold the  
branches People we, falling leaves, watching thieves Stealing k  
eys, to our ranches

I have faith in these desolate times A score to the sound of th  
e feet of a journeyman's tour I have faith in these desolate ti  
mes A feel and a hope and belief that man's peace will be still  
I have faith but for how much longer?

The village green, people seen, full of beans Imagining the cou  
rse of action And in between, shopping scenes, plasticine Subur  
ban dreams, an empty faction

I have faith in these desolate times Show fear, and the smoke o  
f a gun trigger pulling finger pressure comes near

I have faith in these desolate times Before long, the lamb and  
the lion may lie with the lass in the grass at dawn

I have faith but for how much longer?