

# Hand of Fools

## The Cross

(Peter Noone)

Streets echo the last retreat  
Dust falls to the ground  
A mother cries help  
While walking in paradise  
Look around and you'll see  
We're stripping it bare  
Soon there'll be no place to turn

Who plays the hand of fools  
With who's God given right  
It's out of control  
Don't it show

While profit oils the big machines  
And we're short changed the facts  
Where does it stop  
The lifeblood is slipping away every day

And who plays the hand of fools  
With who's God given right  
It's out of control  
It's out of control

And who plays the hand of fools  
In a war torn and savage place  
It's out of control  
And it chills to the bone

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