

Where Do We Go From Here? (Nothing Sacred)

The Motels

Unique situation as she stares down the wall
Monique's fascination might have been that last phone call
No one could be certain, nothin's very clear
So tell me
Where do we go from here

Brothel filled by men of the cloth
The man of the cloth was suddenly offed
The child who's dreams were the terrorists screams
Remarked to his mom as he clean the carbine
Look in the eye of murder that night
The calm politician knows more than I

So where do we go from here
Where do we go from here
One thing is clear
Nothin's sacred anymore

Alone in the cell are the tears of a boy
Who could be a man if he knew what one was
An' you ask yourself for a chance to make good
An' ask directions to where good used to be
So tell me

Where do we go from here
Where do we go from here
One thing is clear
Nothin's sacred anymore
One thing is clear
Nothin's sacred anymore