

Driven to Tears

The Police

How can you say that your not responsible?
What does it have to do with me?
What is my reaction, what should it be?
Confronted by this latest atrocity

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Hide my face in my hands, shame wells in my throat
My comfortable existance is reduced to a shallow meaningless pa
rty
Seems that when some innocent die
All we can offer them is a page in a some magazine
Too many cameras and not enough food
'Cause this is what we've seen

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Protest is futile, nothing seems to get through
What's to become of our world, who knows what to do

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