

You! You never looked so good  
Sippin' life down like I wish I could  
But these sober tears are all that's left to shed  
Sank his soul now made of lead

Face down beneath the rubble lies a man  
Tells of a future already in the past  
And of himself well he hasn't much to say  
But wake the Gods; It's judgment day

He said I left my home where the dead never rose  
For the streets of gold I've yet to find  
And at the end of the day all you can do is pray  
Without hope, well you might as well be blind...  
yeah be blind  
Tomorrow comes a day too soon

Angel, sweet angel of my youth  
Where have you gone you flew away too soon  
This brick I built now builds a higher wall  
See it crumble hear me fall  
There hangs the fool who once had it all

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For the streets of gold I've yet to find  
And at the end of the day all you can do is pray  
Without hope, well you might as well be blind...  
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And though the road has yet to rise  
On these hundred years that pass me by  
And the blood with the river flows  
Through the crimson field never sewn, No never sewn

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For the streets of gold I've yet to find  
And at the end of the day all you can do is pray  
Without hope, well you might as well be blind...  
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Tomorrow comes a day too soon

Well you, you never looked so good