

I find it hard to imagine
This world without guns and wars
When we have our own private battles
Our own bashing and slamming of doors
What makes us want to hurt each other
Can you help me to understand
Why does history repeat itself
And a man keep killing a man

CHORUS

If i believe like you believe
Then I guess we can be one
But when it comes down to the crossfire babe
It's down to the will off the gun
I get so tired by how late it's got
That I wonder if i'm awake or not
We've come this far but there's so far to go
We've learned so much but we still don't know
We used to care for each other
I remember we were good friends once
But now we barely talk to each other
We got nothing to say: and the deal is done

CHORUS

Are we oblivious to the stains on the sheets
Have we grown immune to the blood on the street
The colour of my flag ain't the colour of your skin
Why must somebody lose so
Somebody can win

If I believe like you believe
Then I guess we can be one
But when it comes down to the crossfire babe
It's down to the will of the gun
If I believe like you believe
Then I guess it comes down to religion
But when it comes down to the crossfire babe
It's down to the will
Down to the will of the gun
Ooooo...the will of the gun