

People help the people

God knows what is hiding in those weak and drunken hearts
I guess you kissed the girls and made them cry
Those hardfaced queens of misadventure
God knows what is hiding in those weak and sunken eyes
A fiery throng of muted angels
Giving love and getting nothing back

People help the people
And if your homesick, give me your hand and I'll hold it
People help the people
And nothing will drag you down
Oh and if I had a brain, oh and if I had a brain
I'd be cold as a stone and rich as the fool
That turned, all those good hearts away

God knows what is hiding, in this world of little consequence
Behind the tears, inside the lies
A thousand slowly dying sunsets
God knows what is hiding in those weak and drunken hearts
I guess the loneliness came knocking
No one needs to be alone, oh save me

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Birdy