

Am

We stop, we look, and we listen and wait

Bb

For a silence to thunder out over the din

Am

Of the sorrow and anguish and tumult and hate

G

That is ripping the universe up from within,

Am

But we wait in the nighttime

G

By the gates of tomorrow

F

Dm

E

Like a beggar child With our hands out to be spit on.

Am

Leaving the pell-mell of everyday daze,

Bb

We are running and screaming for breathable air

Am

In the meadows and mountains and forest, ablaze

G

With the hope of discovering harmony there,

Am

But we break from the nightmare

G

To awake to a night where

F

Dm

E

We are fugitives With our hearts gone to be spit on.

Em Em6

Somewhere there has just got to be

Em A

A dawn where the sun coming up

D

Warms the wish to be free,

F#

Warms the will to agree.

Em Em6

Somewhere the night has to end.

Em A

Breaking the fear of the new.

D

Somewhere where all make amends,

F#

Somewhere where all can be friends.

G Em

Where can we live though we're different and strange

Em Em

And not be a threat to your personal security?

We're not trying to force you to change –

A

G

Only asking for the right to remove impurities

Bb D

From our mutual world.

Am Bb
When can I hold you world, unashamed?
Am Bb
And when can I care for you, unabashed?
Am B
When can I laugh with you, live with you,
Am D
Loving you unafraid,
G
And know the sweet taste of freedom for which we were
E
made?

Am
We stop, we look, we listen and wait
Bb
For a melody sweeping out over the land
Am
That is burning and rotting with ignorant hate
G
Of an idea and movement you don't understand,
Am
But you lurk in the shadows,
G
Do your work in the nighttime
F Dm
Like an animal, there with your fangs out—
E Am Dm F A
Not worth spitting on!