

Somebody Say Amen

Chris Rea

There's a soft wind blowing through the sugar cane
And the pink fruit juice is melting
On a beach down sandy lane
And the Sunday school dresses sway
In sun-bleached harmony
Where the waves of green
Meet the waves of blue
And the preacher sets you free

It seems in prayers and money
You look for five to get you ten
Somebody say amen
Won't somebody say? amen

I see the people without the money
Being peaceful with the lord
Yeah the church seems full of happiness
But the jet set's looking bored
They getting high without a penny here
They're finding peace without a dime

But the rain turns cold on the city streets
And the smiles are hard to find
Oh the pain of only wanting
For your five to get you ten
Somebody say amen
Won't somebody say amen
Amen