

Front Page Story / Diamonds In The River

Evermore

This ain't no front page story.
There's no fight, no hear, no glory.
There's no politician caught with his pants low.
There's no supermodel slipping at the fashion show.
There's no overnight miracle for sale.
There's no bubblegum pixie thrown in jail.

This ain't no front page story.
I could try and tell it but I know they'll ignore me.

Tell me little soldier, future gone to rust.
Your finger on the trigger, who is there to trust?
There's diamonds in the river, there's oil in the dust,
and all that they've delivered
is a history writ in blood.

Tell me, tell me, how long will this go on?

They're coming in there thousands,
tipping up the scales.
Wheels are set in motion.
Woman, child for sale.

They came with guns and blew away
the little light you'd stored away.
Everything left in disarray
under a sky gun-metal grey.

Tell me, tell me, how long will this go on?

This is no bed time story,
this is no distant memory,
there's no hollywood ending,
this is real...

Tell me, tell me, how long will this go on?