

Merchants of Paradise

Gregory Porter

These merchants of paradise
Come say what you will
You sellers of God's creations
No longer free

These merchants of paradise
You plant your signs in the minds of children
The ones that don't know the names of their gods
You merchants of paradise

Someday they're going to live their lives in peace

You merchants of paradise
Come say what you will
You sellers of God's creations
No longer free

These merchants of paradise
You plant your minds in the minds of children
The ones that don't know the games of the gods
You merchants of paradise

Somebody's gonna let them live their lives in peace

Someday they'll go free
And they'll turn to the sun
When they go free
When they say to the sun

When they go free
They will say, "Where were you?"
They'll talk to the sun
And they'll say, "Where were you?"

They'll turn their face to the sun
They will say, "Where were you? Where were you?"
They'll cry to the sun
"Where were you? Where were you?"

When they go free
When they go free
When they go free