

Depeche Mode, Told You So

And do those feet in modern times
Walk upon the flowers
And walk upon their brothers
While their heads are busy lying low
Trying to keep to cover...oh

Something went wrong
Along the way
Everybody's waiting for
Judgment day

So they can go
Told you so

Bring me my gun of itching desire
Bring me my bullets and I will fire
Sights set higher than the tall church spire

Standing in line
The blind lead the blind
Waiting and waiting
For an overdue sign
Brothers and sisters
Playing Chinese whispers
If things aren't suited
Then they'll get diluted

There's one more dead with a hole in his head
He shouldn't have said all the things he said
Many tears were shed for the blood he bled