

Dominici, I Will Return

On Wall Street the players all practice the art of the deal
In L.A. the freeway puts drivers to sleep at the wheel
The hum of the jet planes that rattle the windows below
These people have so much to learn, but I will return

The priests and the teachers that violate their oath to serve
The stories in tabloids all seem to expose a raw nerve
The murder for money, the news a reality show
The kids watch the High Schools burn, yet I will return

High paid politicians that promise a world of relief
Their carefully chosen words hiding the plans of a thief
The popular President smiles and declares a new war
The pages of history turn, so I will return

A man in a prison found hanging alone in his cell
Had scratched on the walls a true story too gruesome to tell
His music touched millions but did he touch the children as well?
The courts of opinion adjourn, and I will return

The story repeated for forty days and forty nights
The faithful that followed them offered up earthly delights
The sirens were singing and bringing them all to the light
Religion is not my concern, though I will return