

Phil Collins, Colours

Deep inside the border
Children are crying
Fighting for food
Holding their heads
Breaking their bread with a stone

All along the roadside
people are standing
watching the sun
shielding their eyes
Brushing the flies from their face

Tell me, what can you say
Tell me, who do you blame
Like a mirror you see yourself
These people each have a name

All around the township
Young men are dying
(of) hunger and thirst
The well has run dry
The tears from her eye feeds her son

Tell me...

You can say you're pulling back
We see the pictures everywhere
But what we don't see is what's
Going on behind the closed doors
And you don't seem to care

Do you expect me to believe you
How can you really think
You can take your horse down to the water
Hold a gun at his head
And make him drink

No matter what you say, it never gets any better
No matter what you do, we never see any change

People living without rights
Without their dignity
How loud does one man have to shout
To earn his right to be free

You can keep your toy soldiers
To segregate the black and white
But when the dust settles
And the blood stops running
How do you sleep at night?

No matter what you say...

What makes you so high and mighty
What makes you so qualified
You can sit there and say
How many have their freedom
But how many more have died

You decide to sit in judgement
Trying to play God yourself
Someday soon the buck is gonna stop
Stop with you and noone else

No matter...