

# Sofa Surfers, Strings

An eye for an eye  
Soon everybodys blind  
Im quaking from the demons Im gonna find  
My back is breaking  
From the things left behind  
Oh say can you see that were being robbed blind

And the dead shall walk  
And the truthsayers talk  
Humming in our heads  
As peter pays paul  
It's a rich mans war  
But a poor mans blood

And the dead shall walk  
And the truthsayers talk  
Its a rich mans war  
But a poor mans blood  
You start to see the strings  
Of the greatest show on earth

Is this all we are?  
Does it all come down  
To just wanting to be more?  
Come shine on my grave  
Wash the dust from bone  
And the mourning of this sorry slave

And the dead shall walk  
And the truthsayers talk  
Humming in our heads  
as peter pays paul  
its a rich mans war  
but a poor mans blood

and the dead shall walk  
and the truthsayers talk  
its a rich mans war  
but a poor mans blood  
and you start to see the strings  
of the greatest show on earth