

They're only words 6 23 06

A song written for the Cory Spear's band, about how we only talk and don't back up what we say.

So many times, people say something and then turn and walk the other way
They wear statements on their shirts but how many people actually live it out
You think we got it bad look around and do something about it
Talking about Aids in Africa, like slapping another bandaid on the already infected wound
We claim that we have freedom, but what does that really mean
To a world who has hurt for so long, to a country who has turned its back on it's first love
Sometimes people claim to have the answers, but refuse to share them with answers
There are people dying, crying, to be heard like a voice in the desert
We hear their cries for help but pretend the world is perfect the way it is
I know that it isn't right, to ignore their cries for help, but what do I do
I turn the other way, because their lives don't seem to matter
As I look around at the state this world's in
Wanting to do something, but it remains just a want
I sit there and feed my face with food
forgetting there are people running around in the nude
It seems like everything that's so distant
Never could happen to us
Not in the US of A
We talk about how it should be different in our conversations
But when it's all said and done, we twist what was said into another perversion of the truth
If we just stand there waiting for others to die away
How can we say we will live to see another day
Life is a mystery to me
Show me the world and its pain today,
The real problem is that we don't back up what we say.