

Sweet Sounds of Heaven by The Rolling Stones

I hear the sweet, sweet sounds of Heaven
Fallin' down, fallin' down to this earth
I hear the sweet, sweet, sweetest sounds of Heaven
Like a child, crying out, to it's birth

Bless the Mother, bless the Son, Hear the sound of the drums
As it echoes through the valley, And it bursts, yeah
Let no family or child, Go hungry tonight
Please protect us from the pain, And the hurt, yeah

I smell the sweet scents, sweet Sweet scents of Heaven, Heaven
Tumblin' down, Tumblin' down to the earth (oh)
I hear the sweet sounds, the sweet sounds of children
And they're praisin', praisin' The land of their birth (No)

Let the music, let the music play loud, play loud
Let it burst, let it burst through the clouds, through the clouds
And we all feel the heat of the sun, yeah
Yeah, let us sing, let us shout, Let us all stand up proud
Let the old still believe That they're young, yeah