

Everything But The Girl "The Night I Heard Caruso Sing"

Visit "[The Night I Heard Caruso Sing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The highlands and the lowlands are the routes, my
father knows
The holidays at Oban and the towns around Montrose
But even as he sleeps, they're loading bombs into the
hills
And the waters in the lochs can run deep, but never still

I've thought of having children, but I've gone and
changed my mind
It's hard enough to watch the news, let alone explain it
to a child
To cast your eye cross nature, over fields of rape and
corn
And tell him without flinching not to fear where he's
been born

Then someone sat me down last night and I heard
Caruso sing
He's almost as good as Presley and if I only do one
thing
I'll sing songs to my father, I'll sing songs to my child
It's time to hold your loved ones while the chains are
loose
And the world runs wild

But even as we speak, they're loading bombs onto a
white train
How can we afford to ever sleep, so sound again

Visit [Everything But The Girl](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.