

Celtic Thunder "The Island"

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They say the skies of Lebanon are burning
Those mighty cedars bleedin' in the heat
They're showing pictures on the television
Women and children dying in the street
And we're still at it in our own place
Still tryin' to reach the future through the past
Still tryin' to carve tomorrow from a tombstone...
But Hey! Don't listen to me! this wasn't meant to be no
sad song .
We've heard too much of that before ☐
Right now I only want to be here with you ☐Till the
morning dew comes falling And I wanna take you to the
island ☐ Trace your footprints in the sand ☐
And in the evening when the sun goes down We'll make
love to the sound of the ocean
They're raising banners over by the markets ☐
Whitewashing slogans on our shipyard walls ☐
Witchdoctors praying for a mighty showdown ☐No way
our holy flag is gonna' fall ☐
Up here we sacrifice our children ☐To feed the worn-
out dreams of yesterday And teach them dying will
lead us into glory...
But Hey! Don't listen to me! ☐cos this wasn't meant to
be no sad song .
I've sung too much of that before ☐
Right now I only want to be with you ☐Till the morning
dew comes falling I wanna take you to the island ☐And
trace your footprints in the sand ☐
And in the evening when there's no one around We'll
make love to the sound of the ocean
Now I know us plain folks don't see all the story ☐
And I know this peace and love's just copping out ☐
And I guess these young boys dying in the ditches ☐Is
just what being free is all about ☐
And how this twisted wreckage down on main street
☐Will bring us all together in the end ☐
And we'll go marching down the road to freedom...
☐Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

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