

Luka Bloom "Tribe"

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I hope the rain holds off just for today
I hope it doesn't rain on your parade
Kick up your white heels and wave your flags around
Kick up your white heels parading in our town

Oh, where is my tribe
Oh, where is my tribe

All around the side streets, needles look for veins
Where bullets found their mark in old rebellions
Others stand saluting, saying this is who I am
A piece of cloth, a field, an island

Oh, where is my tribe
Oh, where is my tribe

Joyce lies in Zurich, Beckett lies in France
What anthem has the tune to their dance
Who is my tribe, is it only green
Or is it in the rainbow of my dreams

Oh, where is my tribe
Oh, where is my tribe

My tribe is the swallow, flying to be home
My tribe is the heron, who never feels alone
My tribe is in Pine Ridge, my tribe's in Alice Springs
My tribe is in the heartbeat of all things

Home's a place inside, I take it with me
I meet my tribe wherever I may be
It's good to lay your head down outside
It's good to dance around the tribe

Oh, where is my tribe...

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