

Orenda Fink "Easter Island"

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Those were shards of glass that cut your foot
From the dishes you smashed, I knew you would
Standing there helpless, like a child

The fight's over and, you won
But against who
There's no one there now
But me and you
I put you to bed
And close the door, but there's still war
Ooh, on Easter Island.

The demons they hover, your father, mother
The things they did to you, like no other
Over the years have been forgotten.
But not in your heart and it's still fighting.
Ooh, on Easter Island.

High and low, high and low
I'll search that stretch
Come back home
Come back home

Come back home
On Easter Island
Come back home
On Easter Island

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