

Paul Brady "The Island"

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They say the skies of Lebanon are burning,
Those mighty Cedars bleeding 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 trying to reach the future through the past,
Still trying to carve tomorrow from a tombstone...

Chorus

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 fall
ing,
I want to take you to the Island,
And 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 the 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...
Repeat Chorus.

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 ...
(gd/naas)

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