Petra Haden "Rael"

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The Redchins in their millions
Will overspill their borders
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

The country of my fathers
A proud land overloaded
Like a goldfish being swallowed by a whale

Rael the home of my religion To me, the center of the earth

The Redchins in their millions
Will overspill their borders
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

My heritage is threatened My roots are torn and cornered And so to do my best I'll homeward sail And so to do my best I'll homeward sail

Now captain, listen to my instructions Return to this spot on Christmas day Look toward the shore for my signal And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

If a yellow flag is fluttering Simply held against the morn Then you'll know my courage is ended And you'll send your boat ashore

But if a red flag is flying Brazen, bold against the blue Then you'll know that I am staying And my yacht belongs to you

Now captain listen to my instructions Return to this spot on Christmas day Look toward the shore for my signal And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again He's crazy anyway

If a yellow flag is fluttering Sickly held against the morn Then you'll know my courage is ended And you'll send your boat ashore

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