

Solas

"Erin"

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Wake up, oh wake up, don't sleep, please

I had another one of those dreams

Where your feet are bound together

And the tin man is spinning again

Hold my hand, I will stand as the world turns around
me

Lock the door to the yard or the wind is bound

To blow my fragile anchors away

Who's gonna carry the blame?

Who's gonna take up the campaign

When these injured streets are bleeding?

Politicians in command are washing their hands

Got to tend the marching bands

When the battered streets are

When the battered streets are

When the battered streets are bleeding

And I am losing my hold

There are soldiers in the hallway

They will break down these walls

There's an apparition behind the bedroom blinds

There is black ink in the bathroom sink

If the gunmen don't let her go
Or the snake outside will swallow the house
Who's gonna carry the blame?
Who's gonna take up the campaign
When these injured streets are bleeding?
Politicians in command are washing their hands
Got to tend the marching bands
When the battered streets are
When the battered streets are
When the battered streets are bleeding
And I know you will try
But you cannot protect me from these shadows inside
'Cause these dreams I have are so much bigger
Than the blade of a knife or a shotgun's trigger
If the gunmen don't let her go
Or the snake outside will swallow the house
Who's gonna carry the blame?
Who's gonna take up the campaign
When these injured streets are bleeding?
Politicians in command are washing their hands
Got to tend the marching bands
When the battered streets are
When the battered streets are
When the battered streets are bleeding
Who's gonna carry the blame?
Who's gonna take up the campaign?

When the battered streets are

When the battered streets are

When the battered streets are bleeding
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