

Big Harp

"Ellis Island"

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New York lady slips underneath the dim trumpet light.
Come from a land she's never known.
She sees in her future castles burning bright,
But she's got no place to go.
And if you should ever speak with her,
Keep your promises to a whisper.
She is listening. She hears everything.
Into the air, and disappears,
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.
She wonders why everything ain't right
For all the people down here below.
Hey, sister where's your life?
Brother, where's your home?
And if you should ever speak with her,
She is listening. She hears everything.
Into the air, and disappears,
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.
There's a whisper inside every broken heart.
A frail, frail dream.
Which runs through the traffic and plays a part.
Sweet love through eternity.
And if you should ever speak with her,
Keep your promises to a whisper.
She is listening. She hears everything.
Into the air, and disappears,
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.

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