

Cranberries, The

"Bosnia"

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I would like to state my vision, life was so unfair
We live in our secure surroundings
And people die out there
Bosnia was so unkind, Sarajevo changed my mind
And we all call out in despair, all the love we need isn't
there
And we all sing songs in our room, Sarajevo erects
another tomb
Sarajevo, Sarajevo, Sarajevo, Sarajevo
Bosnia was so unkind
Sarajevo, Sarajevo, Sarajevo, Sarajevo
Bosnia was so unkind
some things would change if we wanted them to
No fear for children anymore
There are babies in their beds, terror in their heads
for the love of life
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
Rummpatitum, Rummpatitum...
(musicbox plays)

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