

**Keane Dolores****"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  
Ant we're still at it in our own place  
Still trying to reach the future thru' the past  
Still trying to care tomorrow from a tombstone.  
But hey! Don't listen to me!  
Cos this wasn't ment to be no sad song  
We've heard to much of that before  
Right now I only want to be here with you  
Till the morning dew comes falling  
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  
Witch doctors praying for a mighty showdown  
No way our holy flag is gonna fall  
Up here we scrifice our children  
To feed the worn out dreams of yesterday  
And teach them dying will lead us into glory  
But hey! Don't listen ...  
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 freedome  
Freedome

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