

Lookouts

"The green hills of england"

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From the center of the forest we watched the strangers
come
There must have been ten thousand or more
Their armor glinting coldly in the early morning sun
As they marched across the valley floor
They slaughtered us like cattle they dragged us off in
chains
They burned our village to the ground
Now we are a hunted people pursued by castle and
church steeple
Always driven underground
But the rain still falls on the green hills of England
And the sun beats down on our California home
And the wind blows free across all your borders
Why must we be always on the run?
Through all these years of history through all these
bloody centuries
We dared not even dream of being free
We worked in farms and factories we did our best to
live in peace
But theyd never let us be
Now our tribe grows strong again we hold our heads up
high again
We know each other when we meet
From the mountain to the sea and all the land that lies
between
On country fields and city streets
And the rain

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