

The Island

Celtic Thunder

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
And we're still at it in our own place
Still trying to reach the future through the past
Still trying to carve tomorrow from a tombstone

But hey, don't listen to me
This wasn't meant to be no sad song
We've heard too much of that before
Right now I only want to be with you
Till the mornin' dew comes fallin'

And I want to take you to the island
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 raisin' banners over by the markets
White washing slogans on our ship yard walls
Witch doctors praying for a mighty showdown
No way our holy flag is gonna fall

Up here we sacrifice our children
To feed the worn out dreams of yesterday
And teach them dying will lead us into glory

But hey, don't listen to me.
'Cause this wasn't meant to be no sad song
I've sung too much of that before
Right now I only want to be with you
Till the mornin' dew comes fallin'

I want to take you to the island
Trace your footprints in the sand
And in the evening when there's no one around
We'll make love to the sound of the ocean

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 dyin' in the ditches
Is just what being free is all about
And how this twisted wreckage down main street
Will bring us all together in the end
And we'll go marching down the road to freedom
Freedom
Freedom