

## East Timor

Morten Harket

Sandalwood trees are evergreen  
Cut them down  
Plant coffee beans  
Build no schools  
Construct no roads  
Mark them as fools  
Let ignorance rule  
Leave them stranded on their island  
Treat them to the tunes of silence  
Red is the cross that covers our shame  
Every kingdom, every land  
Has its heart in the common man  
Silently the tide shifts the sand  
Bury my heart on East-Timor  
In coral sands  
On golden shores  
Buried are those  
Who lived their lives  
No place to hide for  
Father and child  
Leave them stranded on their island  
Treat them to the tune of silence  
We shake the hands that kill and forgive  
Every kingdom, every land  
Has its heart in the common man  
Silently the tide shifts the sand  
Bury my heart on East-Timor  
On barren graves  
Where flowers won't grow  
Blooms our red cross lovingly  
This nightingale deed  
So we can be free  
Stranded on their island  
This army of the silent  
We toast our own goodwill and forget  
Every kingdom, every land  
Has its heart in the common man  
Silently the tide shifts the sand