

Come, tell me, Ibrahim, about this day that you'll remember
Tell the story over to be sure it really happened
How you gathered in a circle to protect your kneeling brothers
Amid the howling of the sirens and the stutter of the gunfire
Ahmed shaking hands coming late into the Square
Clean clothes and looking good for the People's Revolution
For you cannot choose a time you may be chosen for a martyr
Pushing through the soldiers, smile as wide as ever

And at night on the great river the party boats pass
And the music and lights float away in the darkness
We're sailing with only the sound of our voices and the water
And the man pulls on his cigarette and pulls the boat round
And we all fall forward, tumbling and laughing
And the bright-eyed boy watches his father
Listening and feeling and learning to read the wind

250 miles south-west and into the Sahara
The white stone figures tower away to the horizon
I'm like a pawn in a chess game gazing up in fear
For in these great games of power, they sacrifice their children
And in the black velvet night, we built our little fire
And watched the desert foxes daring to come closer
Our broken conversations eaten by the silence
Just the crackle of the flames and a billion stars above us

And they tell me god is great but this I've never doubted
We each find wonder in the sky and the mountains
In the waves of people gathered and waiting
Listening and feeling and learning to read the wind

Lazy flies, sugar sweet teas
Winter chill, flame-fire trees
The great eucalyptus watching and waving
As the crowds come now from every direction

They tell me god is great but this I've never doubted
We each find wonder in the sky and in the mountains
In the hot scalding winds that will come from the desert
Hot enough for drying all the blood that has fallen

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