

The Night I Heard Caruso Sing

Everything But the Girl

The highlands and the lowlands are the routes, my father knows
The holidays at Oban and the towns around Montrose
But even as he sleeps, they're loading bombs into the hills
And the waters in the lochs can run deep, but never still I've thought of having children, but I've gone and
changed my mind
It's hard enough to watch the news, let alone explain it to a child
To cast your eye cross nature, over fields of rape and corn
And tell him without flinching not to fear where he's been born Then someone sat me down last night and I
heard Caruso sing
He's almost as good as Presley and if I only do one thing
I'll sing songs to my father, I'll sing songs to my child
It's time to hold your loved ones while the chains are loose
And the world runs wild But even as we speak, they're loading bombs onto a white train
How can we afford to ever sleep, so sound again

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