

Land of the Bloody Unknown

The Middle East

There were letters unopened at the foot of my bed
When I woke up with you in the morn
There were lions roaring on ships in the harbour
The night my true love was born There's a minstrel singing of the holy dove
On the mountain of old St Jerome
There is glass on the floor of the hallway I walk
When the stars bear down from their throne
And the old southern cross is shown
And it points down the sad road home
To the land of the bloody unknown
I heard that your mother took off in the fall
With her pretty curls and her wooden spoon
I heard you whispering to yourself last night
She'll be coming home some day soon Well the wine you drink is stained deep in your shirt
And just like the sin in my soul
It is never ever ever ever coming out
While the stars bear down from their throne
And the old southern cross is shown
And it points down the sad road home To the land of the hunter dancing under the trigger
And the bride washing up on the shore
I could never really dance that well
I can't raise the flags or ring them bells
But I can shoot my gun down the line towards my home
To the land of the bloody unknown
There's a black dog watching over me in my sleep
And I stir just to toss him the bone
There's a red moon rising on the hills tonight
Where the stars bear down from their throne
And the old southern cross is shown
And it points down the sad road home
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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