

# The Island

## Celtic Thunder

They say the skies of Lebanon are burning  
Those mighty cedars bleedin 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 tryin to reach the future through the past  
Still tryin 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 here with you Till the morning dew comes falling And I wanna 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 raising banners over by the markets  
Whitewashing slogans on our shipyard walls  
Witchdoctors 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! cos 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 morning dew comes falling I wanna take you to the island And  
trace your footprints in the sand  
And in the evening when theres 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 dying in the ditches Is just what being free is all about  
And how this twisted wreckage down on main street Will bring us all together in the end  
And we'll go marching down the road to freedom... Freedom. Freedom

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