

# Refugees

## Van der Graaf Generator

North was somewhere years ago and cold:  
Ice locked the people's hearts and made them old.  
South was birth to pleasant lands, but dry:  
I walked the waters' depths and played my mind.  
East was dawn, coming alive in the golden sun:  
The winds came, gently, several heads became one  
In the summertime, though August people sneered;  
We were at peace, and we cheered. We walked alone, sometimes hand in hand,  
Between the thin lines marking sea and sand;  
Smiling very peacefully,  
We began to notice that we could be free,  
And we moved together to the West. West is where all days will someday end;  
Where the colours turn from grey to gold,  
And you can be with the friends.  
And light flakes the golden clouds above all;  
West is Mike and Susie,  
West is where I love. There we shall spend our final days of our lives;  
Tell the same old stories: yeah well,  
At least we tried.  
Into the West, smiles on our faces, we'll go;  
Oh, yes, and our apologies to those  
Who'll never really know the way.

Songwriters

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