Celia (LP Version)

Phil Ochs

When the wind from the island is rollin' through the treesWhen a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breezeThat's when I wonder how sad a man can be.Oh, when will Celia come to me?I still remember the mountains of the war
Sierra Madre and the Philipino shore
When will I lie beside my Celia 'neath the trees?
Oh, when will Celia come to me?So many years were stolen, so many years are gone
And the vision of my Celia make dreams to dream upon
Each hour is a day filled with memories.
Oh, when will Celia come to me?I wake each morning and I watch the sun arise
Wonder if my Celia sleeps, wonder if she cries
If hate must be my prison lock, love must be the key
Oh, when will Celia come to me?The guns have stopped their firing, you may wander through the hills
They kept my Celia through the war, they keep her from me still.
She waits upon island now, a prisoner of the sea.
Oh, when will Celia come to me?When the wind from the island is rolling through the trees
When a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breeze
That's when I wonder how sad a man can be.
Oh, when will Celia come to me?
Oh, when will Celia come to me?Notes:

Songwriters
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