Israel

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Little orphans in the snow
With nowhere to call a home
Start their singing, singing
Waiting through the summertime
To thaw your hearts in wintertime
That's why they're singing, singingWaiting for a sign
To turn blood into wine
The sweet taste in your mouth
Turned bitter in its glassIsrael, in Israel
Israel, in IsraelShattered fragments of the past
Meet in veins on the stained glass
Like the lifeline in your palm
Red and green reflects the scene
Of a long forgotten dream
There were princes and there were kingsNow hidden in disguise
Cheap wrappings of lies
Keep your heart alive
With a song from insideEven though we're all alone
We are never on our own
When we're singing, singingThere's a man who's looking in
And he smiles a toothless grin
Because he's singing, singing
See some people shine with glee
But their song is jealousy
Their hate is clanging, maddeningIn Israel
Will they sing Happy Noel
In Israel, in Israel
Israel, in Israel
In Israel
Will they sing Happy Noel

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