

Orphans

Deacon Blue

I now describe my country
As if to strangers
This train is full of songs
Of local winners And the wind surrounds the towers
The flags, they are blowing
And the bunting and the distance
Stretches over our sound And when he teases the children
He calls them orphans
And he cries for all the flowers
Of the forest In his head there is no reason
To be sad about the garden
But his heart bleeds very often
Things forgotten like little orphans
Little orphans

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