

# Eastern Wind

Chris de Burgh

Well my furrows are filled with corn,  
I have my woman to keep me warm,  
But there's one thing that I do fear,  
That eastern wind is getting near; There's a shotgun beside my bed,  
This is my country, where I was born and bred,  
But I am sure, as the willow will grow,  
That eastern wind is going to blow,  
Blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,  
Running away with my life, eastern wind;  
There's a woman who reads the stars,  
She sees warlords on the planet Mars,  
And she said, "Boy, you'd better beware,  
That restless wind is getting near,  
Blowing a hole in your life, eastern wind,  
Running away with your life, eastern wind..."  
They are coming, they are coming, they are coming, look out!  
In my dream, I saw a crowd,  
They were burning the palace down,  
I saw a mad old man, and I ran to the door,  
And then that wind began to roar, And when they come, they'll find me here,  
I will not run, they will not see my fear,  
And I will fight to the very end,  
Before that wind I will never bend,  
If they're blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,  
Oh running away with my life, eastern wind,  
Taking the plough from my hands, eastern wind,  
Taking every bit of my land, eastern wind...

Songwriters

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