The Island

Arild Andersen

They say the skies of Lebanon are burning
Those mighty cedars bleedin? in the heat
They're showing pictures on the television
Women and children dying in the street
And we're still at it in our own place
Still tryin? to reach the future through the past
Still tryin? to carve tomorrow from a tombstone...
But Hey! Don't listen to me! this wasn't meant to be no sad song .
We've heard too much of that before
Right now I only want to be here with you Till the morning dew comes falling And I wanna take you to the island Trace your footprints in the sand
And in the evening when the sun goes down We'll make love to the sound of the ocean
They're raising banners over by the markets

Whitewashing slogans on our shipyard walls
Witchdoctors praying for a mighty showdown No way our holy flag is gonna? fall
Up here we sacrifice our children To feed the worn-out dreams of yesterday And teach them dying will lead us into glory...
But Hey! Don't listen to me! cos this wasn't meant to be no sad song .
I've sung too much of that before
Right now I only want to be with you Till the morning dew comes falling I wanna take you to the island And trace your footprints in the sand
And in the evening when there?s no one around We'll make love to the sound of the ocean
Now I know us plain folks don't see all the story
And I know this peace and love's just copping out
And I guess these young boys dying in the ditches Is just what being free is all about
And how this twisted wreckage down on main street Will bring us all together in the end
And we'll go marching down the road to freedom... Freedom??. Freedom

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