

Wild Frontier (12" version)

Gary Moore

I remember the old country
they call the emerald land.
And I remember my home town
before the wars began.
Now we're riding on a sea of rage,
the victims you have seen.
You'll never hear them sing again
The Forty Shades Of Green.
We're goin' back to the wild frontier.
Back to the wild frontier, it's calling.
Back to the wild frontier.
We're goin' back,
back to the wild frontier.
I remember my city streets
before the soldiers came.
Now armoured cars and barricades
remind us of our shame.
We are drowning in a sea of blood,
the victims you have seen.
Never more to sing again
The Forty Shades Of Green.
We're goin' back to the wild frontier.
Back to the wild frontier, it's calling.
Back to the wild frontier.
Back to the wild frontier, it's calling.
Those are the days I will remember.
Those are the days I most recall.
We count the cost of those we lost
and pray it's not in vain.
The bitter tears of all those years.
I hope we live to see those days again.
Now we're riding on a sea of rage,
the victims you have seen.
You'll never hear us sing again
The Forty Shades Of Green.
And I remember a friend of mine,
so sad now that he's gone.
They tell me I'll forget
as time goes on.

We're goin' back to the wild frontier.
Back to the wild frontier, it's calling.
Back to the wild frontier.
We're goin' back,
back to the wild frontier (can you hear it callin'?).
Back to the wild frontier (can you hear it callin', callin?),
back to the wild frontier.
Those forty shades of green are calling me back home.
Ooh, we're goin' back,
back to the wild frontier.
I'm goin' back,
back to the wild frontier.

Songwriters

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