

# The Penalty

## Beirut

Like an ancient day and I'm on trial  
Let them seize the way, this once was an island  
And I could not stay for I believed them  
Left for the lights, always in season  
Impassable night in a crowd of homesick  
Fully grown children, you'll leave the lights  
Your family may not wait, sir, keep on believing  
Our parents rue the day, they find us kneeling  
Let them think what they may, for they've good reason  
Left for the lights, always in season

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