

The Eighth Station of the Cross Kebab House

Belle and Sebastian

I'm sitting around at the checkpoint
Keeping myself to myself
My heart's going out to the girl with the gun
She is young, she is fun, she is deadly

She clocks off, goes back to the city
Goes to a club with her friends

I just took a walk through the checkpoint
Past columns of poor Arab sons
They queue through the day for a chance to make pay
For something to put in their mouths

He can't sleep at night without gunfire
The lullaby puts him to sleep

We stand there accused of the British collusion
Israel into Palestine
A victory for some an astonishing hope
But for him it has brought devastation
He lives like a prisoner in exile
He lives like a prisoner in hell

Dates black and white in the blue vault of space
Swoop around like a symbol of peace
Can they see the hawk?
They're too busy in talk of love
Why should they contemplate fear?

Everyone meets in the cramped city streets
Hipsters of zion collide
To talk music and dross
At the sign of The Cross
We eat our falafel in peace
The girl lets her uniform slip
The boy cracks a joke he is sweet
He listens to Hip Hop in Gaza
She listens to Coldplay in Lod