

The Night I Heard Caruso Sing

Everything But the Girl

The highlands and the lowlands
Are the roots my father knows
The holidays at Oban
And the towns around Montrose
But even as he sleeps
They're loading bombs into the hills
And the waters in the lochs
Can run deep but never still

I've thought of having children
But I've gone and changed my mind
It's hard enough to watch the news
Let alone explain it to a child
To cast your eye 'cross nature
Over fields of rape and corn
And tell him without flinching
Not to fear where he's been born

Then someone sat me down last night
And I heard Caruso sing
He's almost as good as Presley
And if I only do one thing
I'll sing songs to my father
I'll sing songs to my child
It's time to hold your loved ones
While the chains are loosed and the world
Runs wild

And even as we speak
They're loading bombs onto a white train
How can we afford to ever sleep
So sound again