Flight Of The Wild Geese

Joan Armatrading

Sad are the eyes Yet no tears The flight of the wild geese Brings a new hope

Rescued from all this
Old friends
And those newly found
What chance to make it last
When there's danger all around
And reason just ups and disappears

Time is running out So much to be done Tell me what more What more What more can we do

There were promises made Plans firmly laid Now madness prevails Lies fill the air

What more
What more can we do

What chance to make it last What more What more can we do