

# The Flight of the Wild Geese

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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  
And lies fill the air.

What more, Oh  
What more  
What more can we do.  
What chance to make it last

What more  
What more can we do.