

# Camel Crossing

Kirsty MacColl

In a dream of a desolate land  
Finding my feet on the wide white sand alone now  
Shot down in apathy during the war  
Never been north of the wise old Thames before

Muslims and Christians, lions and tigers  
Bombers and fighters  
Harder than they've seen before

Any god that we've needed in time  
Stormed out the door and he slammed it shut behind

When I leave is not important  
And when I die I'll die alone  
And when I see my camel crossing  
I'll know I've found myself back home

My Legionnaire of today took all the food and he ran away just laughing  
'It's never too late', he said  
Out of his head as he walked towards the sun

Found him when it had gone down  
Slumped into the ground, a cross upon his back  
Then we decided, heaven's a stranger away in a manger  
Never too big for the sack?

When I leave is not important  
And when I die I'll die alone  
And when I see my camel crossing  
I'll know I've found myself back home

Cultured by con men  
Fathered by fools  
Commerce is good business these days  
Compulsory waste in our schools

He died to convince us all  
Nothing could make us fall but that's not true  
So I know myself, I know myself  
It's now or never

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And when I die I'll die alone  
And when I see my camel crossing  
I'll know I've found myself back home