

## Made in Belfast

Saxon

Deep inside my soul fights a war  
I can't explain, I can't cross over any more  
All I see are dirty faces  
Rain and wire, and common sense in pieces  
But I try to see through Irish eyes  
Belfast

Look outside, summer's lost and gone  
It's a long walk on a street of right and wrong  
In every inch of sadness  
Rocks and tanks go hand in hand with madness  
But I never saw a braver place  
Belfast

And it's sad when they sing, and hollow ears listen  
Of smoking black roses, on the streets of Belfast  
And so say your lovers from under the flowers  
Every foot of this world needs an inch of Belfast

Who's to say on whom heaven smiles  
Our different ways we try hard to recognise  
No more enchanted evenings  
The pubs are closed and all the ghosts are leaving  
But you'll never let them shut you down  
Belfast

The enemy is not at home  
A jealous green streaks down this faulty diamond  
No bloody boots or crucifix  
Can ever hope to split this emerald island  
But I never saw a braver face  
Belfast