

Glasvegas, Ice Cream Van

There's a storm on the horizon
And for that I can't see the sun
For I'll keep a waiting on the pavement
For the ice-cream van to come

Its die hard hate to follow
And I'll not follow that
The marching people running round my head
Running round my head I don't know why

Why can't we see
Straight through the powers that be
Who keep us breaking each others hearts
And keeping us apart, keeping us apart

Destroying the ground where gruesome lays
Sectarianism and the hurtful racist ways
Bring back the glory days
Active citizenship
And pure community
Freedom of faith

There's a storm on the horizon...