

Kirsty MacColl, Camel Crossing

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

Round him ?
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