

National Health, Tenemos Roads

From the cradle to the grave
There are roads for us all
That we'll find, and follow to the end
Leading upwards to a place in the stars
Ten million miles away...
There's a path called Tenemos Roads
Everything happening there is history
Pictures of ages before we were born
But the sound of men in battle
Makes me cry out in my dreams

Hearing the sounds of battle far away
And the trumpets calling
Marks the end of time of peace
In Tenemos Roads
Things are changing, directed by the men
Who, tired of making love, make war

If you've settled down on this world
It's a good place to be
Men have made their homes on the land
While the fishes all live in the sea
But although that's alright for them
I prefer to be somewhere that's slightly more hot
There's a place a bit nearer the sun
That I like quite a lot

I will build a home on Tenemos Roads
I will build a home on Tenemos Roads