

# Pogues, Tombstone

The night is dark, the moon is full  
Across the blood red plain  
Every step and every breath  
Brings me nearer home  
The spirits watch me on my way  
They whisper on the wind  
And when the dawn lights up the sky  
I'll see my land again

A hot wind blows the scrub and dust  
across the barren land  
Trees stand bare like skeletons  
The mountains all torn down  
The water holes are dry as bones  
No birds are singing now  
And faraway a city stands  
Tombstones against the sky