

# Belle & Sebastian, The Eighth Station Of The Cross

I'm sitting around at the checkpoint  
Keeping myself to myself  
My heart's going out to the girl with the gun  
She is young, she is fun, she is deadly

She clocks off, goes back to the city  
Goes to a club with her friends

I just took a walk through the checkpoint  
Past columns of poor Arab sons  
They queue through the day for a chance to make pay  
For something to put in their mouths

He can't sleep at night without gunfire  
The lullaby puts him to sleep

We stand there accused of the British collusion  
Israel into Palestine  
A victory for some an astonishing hope  
But for him it has brought devastation  
He lives like a prisoner in exile  
He lives like a prisoner in hell

Doves black and white in the blue vault of space  
Swoop around like a symbol of peace  
Can they see the hawk?  
They're too busy in talk of love  
Why should they contemplate fear?

Everyone meets in the cramped city streets  
Hipsters of Zion collide  
To talk music and dross  
At the sign of The Cross  
We eat our falafel in peace  
The girl lets her uniform slip  
The boy cracks a joke he is sweet  
He listens to Hip Hop in Gaza  
She listens to Coldplay in Lod