

Big Country, East Of Eden

A score of years this line has run
Above the crests that drown the sun
A mile high the turbines turned
The stokers sweat the monkeys burned
I will carry you home with the gods in my eyes
I will carry you home while the westerlies sigh
The continents will fly apart
The oceans scream and never part
Divided souls can never rest
Must join the nations break the test
For endless hours the sirens wail
Await the tide that brings the sail
Cling to the walls and close the shore
The lovers wait who walk no more