

Chris De Burgh, Eastern Wind

Well my furrows are filled with corn,
I have my woman to keep me warm,
But there's one thing that I do fear,
That eastern wind is getting near;

There's a shotgun beside my bed,
This is my country, where I was born and bred,
But I am sure, as the willow will grow,
That eastern wind is going to blow, Blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,
Running away with my life, eastern wind; There's a woman who reads the stars,
She sees warlords on the planet Mars,
And she said, "Boy, you'd better beware,
That restless wind is getting near, Blowing a hole in your life, eastern wind,
Running away with your life, eastern wind..."
They are coming, they are coming, they are coming, look out! In my dream, I saw a crowd,
They were burning the palace down,
I saw a mad old man, and I ran to the door,
And then that wind began to roar,

And when they come, they'll find me here,
I will not run, they will not see my fear,
And I will fight to the very end,
Before that wind I will never bend, If they're blowing a hole in my life, eastern wind,
Oh running away with my life, eastern wind,
Taking the plough from my hands, eastern wind,
Taking every bit of my land, eastern wind...