

Chris De Burgh, Lebanese Night

It was late in a Lebanese restaurant, in the heat of a Lebanese night,
There was dancing, people were singing, she came in from the garden outside,
And in her eyes I saw the stars,
And I felt something happen in my heart;

Then I knew I was going to meet her in the heat of a Lebanese night,
And the girl inside the woman, who came over to sit by my side,
And when she smiled, the whole world stopped,
It was then I heard the echoes of a child;

And did you go to your bed with a sweet lullaby,
And the sound of the guns in the night,
And did you dance in the fields, did you run for your life,
From the hell that came down from the sky?
On a Lebanese night, on a Lebanese night;

We went down to the edge of the water, by the light of a Lebanese dawn,
And she told me all the stories of her beautiful land in the war,
Her tears fell down, the sun came up,
And I saw again the young girl in her eyes;

And did you go to your bed with a sweet lullaby,
And the sound of the guns in the night,
And did you dance in the fields, did you run for your life,
From the hell that came down from the sky?
On a Lebanese night, on a Lebanese night;

All of my life, all I have known,
only a place where peace cannot go;
All over the world, the gift from before,
nothing is left for the children of war;

And did you go to your bed with a sweet lullaby,
And the sound of the guns in the night,
And did you dance in the fields, did you run for your life,
From the hell that came down from the sky?
On a Lebanese night, on a Lebanese night,
On a Lebanese night, on a Lebanese night,
I will be waiting, in the Lebanon.