

Christina Aguilera, The Island

Over an ocean and over a sea,
Beyond these great waters, oh, what do I see?
I see the great mountains which climb from the coastline,
The hills of Cape Breton, this new home of mine.
Oh, we come from the countries all over the world
To hack at the forests, to plow the lands down.
Fishermen, farmers and sailors all come
To clear for the future this pioneer ground.

Chorus:

We are an island, a rock in a stream;
We are a people as proud as there's been.
In soft summer breeze or in wild winter wind,
The home of our hearts, Cape Breton.
Over the rooftops and over the trees,
Within these new townships, oh, what do I see?
I see the black pitheads; the coal wheels are turning.
The smoke stacks are belching and the blast furnace burning.
And the sweat on the back is no joy to behold
In the heat of the steel plant or mining the coal,
And the foreign-owned companies force us to fight
For our survival and for our rights. (chorus)
Over the highways and over the roads,
Over the Causeway stories are told.
They tell of the coming and the going away;
The cities of America draw me away.
And though companies come and though companies go
And the ways of the world we may never know,
We'll follow the footsteps of those on their way
And still ask for the right to leave or to stay. (repeat chorus)