

Christy Moore, Natives

For all of our languages we can't communicate
For all of our native tongues we're all natives here
Sons of their fathers' dream the same dream
The sound of forbidden words becomes a scream
Voices in anger, victims of history
Plundered and set aside, grow fat on swallowed pride

With promises of paradise and gifts of beads and knives
Missionaries and pioneers are soldiers in disguise
Saviours and Conquerers, they make us wait
Like fishers of men they wave their truth like bait
But with the touch of a stranger's hand innocence turns to shame
The spirit that dwelt within now sleeps out in the rain

For all of our languages we can't communicate,
For all of our native tongues, we're all natives here
The scars of the past are slow to disappear
The cries of the dead are always in our ears
And only the very safe can talk about wrong and right
Of those who are forced to choose, some will choose to fight