

Dolores O'Riordan, Bosnia

I would like to state my vision,
Life was so unfair.
We live in our secure surroundings,
And people die out there.
Bosnia, was so unkind,
Sarejevo, change my mind.
And we all call out in despair.
All the love we need isn't there.
And we all sing songs in our rooms,
Sarejevo erects another tomb.
Sarejevo! Sarejevo! Sarejevo! Sarejevo!
Bosnia, was so unkind.
Sarejevo! Sarejevo! Sarejevo!
Bosnia, was so unkind.
Sure, things would change
If we really wanted them to.
No fear for children anymore,
There are babies in their beds.
Terror in their heads,
Love for the love of life!
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
Rummpatitum, Rummpatilum,
Traboo, Traboo, Traboo