Electrelane, Those Pockets Are People & The Pa

When they poured across the border
I was cautioned to surrender
This I could not do
I took my gun and vanished

I have changed my name so often
I have lost my wife and children
But I have many friends
And some of them are with me

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing
Through the graves the wind is blowing
Freedom soon will come
Then we'll come from the shadows

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing
Through the graves the wind is blowing
Freedom soon will come
Then we'll come from the shadows