

# Everything But The Girl, The Night I Heard Caruso

The highlands and the lowlands are the routes my father knows,  
The holidays at Oban and the towns around Montrose,  
But even as he sleeps, they're loading bombs into the hills,  
And the waters in the lochs can run deep, but never still.

I've thought of having children, but I've gone and changed my mind.  
It's hard enough to watch the news, let alone explain it to a child,  
To cast your eye across nature, over fields of rape and corn,  
And tell him without flinching not to fear where he's been born.

Then someone sat me down last night, and I heard Caruso sing.  
He's almost as good as Presley, and if I only do one thing,  
I'll sing songs to my father, I'll sing songs to my child.  
It's time to hold your loved ones while the chains are loose,  
And the world runs wild.

But even as we speak, they're loading bombs onto a white train.  
How can we afford to ever sleep, so sound again.