

Garth Brooks, Ireland

They say mother earth is breathing
With each wave that finds the shore
Her soul rises in the evening
For to open twilight's door
Her eyes are the stars in heaven
Watching o'er us all the while
And her heart it is in Ireland
Deep within the Emerald Isle

We are forty against hundreds
In someone else's bloody war
We know not why were fighting
Or what we're dying for
They will storm us in the morning
When the sunlight turns the sky
Death is waiting for its dance now
Fate has sentenced us to die

Ireland I am coming home
I can see your rolling fields of green
And fences made of stone
I am reaching out - won't you take my hand
I'm coming home Ireland

Oh the captian he lay bleeding
And I can hear him calling me
These men are yours now for the leading
Show them to their destiny
And as I look up all around me
I see the ragged tired and torn
I tell them to make ready
'Cause we're not waiting for the morn'

Ireland I am coming home
I can see your rolling fields of green
And fences made of stone
I am reaching out - won't you take my hand
I'm coming home Ireland

Now the fog is deep and heavy
As we forge the dark and fear
We can hear their horses breathing
As in silence we draw near
And there are no words to be spoken
Just a look to say good-bye
I draw a breath and night is broken
As I scream our battle cry

Ireland I am coming home
I can see your rolling fields of green
And fences made of stone
I am reaching out - won't you take my hand
I'm coming home Ireland

Yes, I am home Ireland

(We were forty against hundreds....)