

Hans York, Spirit Of The Land

(Hans York / T. Armstrong)

Wake up, wake up
Wake my girls every morning
Stand em up, Stand em up
Put their warm clothes on tight
Feed em well, feed em well
Hope the food keeps em healthy
Send em off, send em off
To get the news of the world

And I ought to know it
Won't change for my girls
But my daughters will grow in
Another world

Yet we're not the only ones
Suffered through cause
To raise up their motives
Above other laws
But I hold through it all
A belief in our land
Hold on to the spirit of the damned

Lift it up, lift it up
Lift the flag to its station
Separate, separate
We are not of their kind
Send em off, send em off
Men and women to fight

The numbness we're facing
Passes through crowds
The patterns we're chasing
Aren't allowed

Yet we're not

Dresden, Panama,
London and Paris
Hiroshima, Netherlands,
Cambodia, New York

And I ought to know it
Won't change for my girls
My daughters will grow in
Another world