

Luka Bloom, This Is Your Country

It's a race with time to the subway, every morning
You work so hard
Making a new life everyday
Looking out sometimes, beyond Manhattan
At the fields and streets you fled
When you went away

I know the tug you feel
Inside your heart
I've dreamed that dream
So please remember
Please remember
This is your country

So if you close your eyes in south Boston
An Atlantic sunset fills your mind
Child again in long summer evenings
Before the age of the cruel and unkind

This is your country
This is your country waiting for you
Come back home
Come back home