Marianne Faithfull, Ireland

There is a land that I can go to When I have time to rest.
All the people I love are there And those who love me best.

Then I heard the wind Calling from over the sea Saying, "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?" "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?"

This land I go to when I'm tired And need to see and walk in green. The people who can laugh and drink And see things others have not seen.

Then I heard the wind Calling from over the sea, Saying, "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?" "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?"

There is another side to this pure land, A side of blood and guilt and pain

A side of enemy and friend And sorrow at the hearth side stain.

Then I heard the wind Crying from over the sea, Saying, "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?" "ireland, ireland, When will you be free?"

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