

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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