

Natalie Merchant, Gulf Of Araby

If you could fill a veil with shells from Killiney's shore
And sweet talk in a tongue that is no more
If wishful thought could bridge the gulf of Araby between
Between what is, what is, what is and what can never be

If you could hold the frozen flow of New Hope Creek
And hide out from the world they said you might meet
If you could unlearn all the words that you never wanted heard
If you could stall the southern wind that's whistling in your ear
You could take what is, what is, what is to what can never be

One man of seventy whispers free at last
Two neighbours who are proud of their massacres
Three tyrants torn away in a winter's month
Four prisoners framed by a dirty judge
Five burned with tyres
Six men still alive
And seven more days to shake at the great divide
The gulf, the Gulf of Araby

We would plough and part the earth to bring you home
And would harvest every miracle ever known
If they laid out all the things that these ten years to bring
We would gladly give them up to bring you back to us
O, there is nothing we would not give
To kiss you and to believe we can take what is
What is, what is to what can never be

One man of seventy whispers not free yet
Two neighbors who wake up knee-deep in their dead
Three tyrants torn away in the summer's heat
Four prisoners lost in the fallacy
Five, on my life
Six, I'm dead inside
And seven more days to shake at the great divide
The gulf, the gulf of Araby