

Nouvelle Vague, Israel

Little orphans in the snow
With nowhere to call a home
Start their singing, singing

Waiting through the summertime
To thaw your hearts in wintertime
That's why they're singing, singing

Waiting for a sig
To turn blood into wine
The sweet taste in your mouth
Turned bitter in its glass

Israel, in Israel
Israel, in Israel

Shattered fragments of the past
Meet in veins on the stained glass
Like the lifeline in your palm

Red and green reflects the scene
Of a long forgotten dream
There were princesses and there were kings

Now hidden in disguise
Cheap wrappings of lies
Keep your heart alive
With a song from inside

Israel, in Israel
Israel, in Israel

There's a man who's looking in
And he smiles a toothless grin
Because he's singing, singing

See some people shine with glee
But their song is jealousy
Their hate is clanging, maddening

In Israel
Will they sing Happy Noel
In Israel, in Israel

In Israel, in Israel
In Israel
Will they sing Happy Noel

Israel, Israel...