

# Patty Smyth, Call To Heaven

Cannons roared, in the valley they thundered  
While the guns lit up the night  
Then it rained and both sides wondered  
Who is wrong and who is right  
On the wire like a ragged old scarecrow  
Bloody hands and broken back  
When they fire see him pirouette solo  
Jump in time to the rat-a-tat  
What a night though it's one of seven  
What a night for the dancing dead  
What a night to be called to heaven  
What a picture to fill your head  
By the wall in silhouette standing  
Through a flash of sudden light  
Cigarette from his mouth just hanging  
Paper square to his heart pinned tight  
Gather 'round reluctant marksmen  
One of them to take his life  
With a smile he gives them pardon  
Leaves the dark and takes the light  
They dispatch their precious cargo  
Knock him back right off his feet  
And they pray may no one follow  
Better still to face the beast  
When the field has become a garden  
And the wall has stood the test  
Children play and the dogs run barking  
Who would think or who would guess