

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