

Scorpions, White Dove

(Music: Presser, Adamis, Rudolf Schenker / Lyrics: Klaus Meine)

A place without a name
Under a burning sky
There's no milk and honey here
In the land of God
Someone holds a sign
It says we are human, too
And while the sun goes down
The world goes by

White dove
Fly with the wind
Take our hope under your wings
For the world to know
That hope will not die
Where the children cry

Waves, big like a house
They're stranded on a piece of wood
To leave it all behind
To start again
But instead of a new life
All they find is a door that's closed
And they keep looking for
A place called home

White dove
Fly with the wind
Take our hope under your wings
For the world to know
That hope will not die
Where the children cry

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na

Can anyone tell me why (can anyone tell me why)
The children of the world (children of the world)
Have to pay the price (pay the price)

And now you're telling me
You've seen it all before
I know that's right but still
It breaks my heart
Well, the golden lamb we've sent
Makes us feel better now
But you know it's just a drop
In a sea of tears

White dove
Fly with the wind
Take our hope under your wings
For the world to know
That hope will not die
Where the children cry

White dove
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Take our hope under your wings
For the world to know
That hope will not die

Where the children cry

Na-na-na-na-na-na
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