

The Cranberries, Bosnia

I would like to state my vision
Life was so unfair
We live in our secure surroundings
And people die out there

Bosnia, was so unkind
Sarejevo, change my mind
And we all call out in despair
All the love we need isn't there
And we all sing songs in our rooms
SARAJEVO erects another tomb

SARAJEVO! SARAJEVO! SARAJEVO! SARAJEVO!
Bosnia, was so unkind
SARAJEVO! SARAJEVO! SARAJEVO!
Bosnia, was so unkind

Sure, things would change
If we really wanted them to
No fear for children anymore
There are babies in their beds
Terror in their heads
for the love of life!

When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?
When do the saints go marching in?

Rummpatitum, Rummpatitulum
Traboo, Traboo, Traboo