

Magic land so far away - was  
It worth the voyage in these days?  
The lives of soldiers thrown away  
In medieval claims to yesterday...  
Off the starboard bow  
In the heat of the night  
We visualize Apocalypse in the fire fight,  
The parliament says "it's necessary"  
But Birmingham calls you home  
The neighborhood, the family, the  
Mind begins to ROAM.  
Ocean currents flowing  
Taking vessels to a war  
Whether right or wrong it's a moot point  
As we hit the shore  
A former king's residence  
In the district of the North  
The crown of England is risking  
All for sovereignty at Stanley Port.  
The Mission. The Mission.  
Don't Forget The Mission.  
But there's no way out  
I don't want to stand here and fight anymore  
Please - couldn't we find a better way,  
I just saw somebody die.  
Waving the flag as he fell to the ground -  
While the locals rejoiced in liberation.  
So take those ice cold islands back -  
Almighty Union Jack  
A thousand victories will be behind you  
In royal fashion the colonies, the land swept up  
In the naval destruction out at sea.  
No wire to the U.K. - no moral  
Ground can prepare us to die at  
Falkland Sound.  
So take those ice cold islands back  
Almighty Union Jack  
A thousand victories will be behind you  
When will we learn to cease the fire  
My friends in modern times - we need a better way.  
Because this place belongs to all of us  
Responsibility lies within each of us  
The revenge we seek will not conquer us...  
Listen.  
This place belongs to all of us  
Responsibility lies within each of us  
One earth, one mind can save us  
My friends the end is near us.