

Christmas Island

Big Country

I volunteered for overseas
For I would not leave such friends as these

We hid our eyes from a thousand suns
But we faced the mad wind, everyone
The cloud grew high as I hid a tear
For the weapon of peace was the tool of fear

On Christmas Island
I left the truth so far away
Christmas Island
Freedom took my soul away

I breathed the air, I tasted soil
Where the forests die and the harvests spoil

Now the horse is gone, you close the gate
Say my pain is a twist of fate
Well I took your wages, that is true
But you never warned of what you knew

On Christmas Island
I left the truth so far away
Christmas Island
Freedom took my soul away

I did my duty and it did me wrong
So the time I have may not be long
I will not leave here quietly
For the fallout fell and it fell on me