

The Hostage Speaks

Big Country

The desert dust was rising from a military convoy
As it ran into the city with a cargo of despair
It waved away the roadblocks, as it dodged among the car bombs
For the cameras of the tourists in the foxhole inn

In the shadows of the ghetto there's a man beneath a blanket
Being kicked into the basement with his hands behind his head
They read him his confession, he agrees in his confusion
Then he asks for absolution from the cameraman

There is no love in the voice of the diplomat
He's running around in circles
There is no fear in the word of the journalist
He's seen it all before

I've had enough of holy men and holy wars
I wish that I was far away from here...away...away
Well I've had enough of holy men and holy wars
I wish that I was far away from here... away... away

We hear you have a story said the fearless freedom fighter
About jet fighters and missiles and the way the east was won
In the street the flags are burning for the women veiled and howling
And the schoolboys fire machine guns for the man from CNN

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On a runway west of Berlin there's a general and a contract
For the network man's exclusive and the sponsors campaign plan
In the headlights of the limo there's a smiling politician

For once they lock you up they never really set you free
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And I've had enough of holy men and holy wars
I wish that I was far away from here... away... away... away