

# The Song of the Emergent Nationalist

Bob Geldof

Over there across the river,  
Comin' in over the sea,  
Flyin' in the salt sky,  
Washed up on the beach,  
Over and across the sand dunes,  
Up among the broken reeds,  
Up there past the rushes,  
In among the marshy reeds,  
Way up in the branches,  
Higher up than the trees,  
If you listen hard you can the sounds  
Blowin' in on the breeze,  
Sayin' "Come back, Baby come back.  
"Come back, Baby come back."

There's a place you can go when you're empty,  
The older you are and you get,  
If you concentrate you'll catch up,  
But sometimes you have to forget.  
And as the years make hearing hard,  
There's a secret place that I know,  
Take my hand across this blasted land,  
We can listen to them sigh and moan,  
Whisper, "Come back, Baby come back.  
"Come back, Baby come back."

Where is your culture? It's been stolen.  
Where are your ideals? They've been stolen.  
Where is your nation? It's been stolen.  
Where is your language? Gone.  
Where are your traditions? Robbed.  
Where is your future? It's been stolen.  
Who are you now? We don't know.  
We're nothing now, we are gone.  
But whispered secret voices,  
Who we have already withdrawn  
We are shadows of what we were.  
We're long, long shadows.  
And in that shadows is a shape,  
And in that shape is a name,  
And where we hide it is dark,  
But in the dark it is warm,  
We are born in this dark,  
And we're safe.

When it's time,  
We'll come again,  
When it's time,  
We'll come back in,  
When it's time,  
We'll come again,  
When it's time,  
We'll come again,  
Baby come back,  
Come back.  
Baby come back.

Gone, gone, gone.  
Gone, gone, gone.  
Gone, gone, gone.