

The Sound Of A Gun

Chris de Burgh

I have seen the diamond stylus,
Cut a groove from north to south,
Heard them calling from the islands for a better day,
One by one they tell their story,
One by one it's just the same,
"they've taken our leaders,
And all their believers are paralysed,
And now we can't turn back - somebody is watching you!
Don't turn round - yesterday's gone!
And even the children are waking at midnight in tears,
Didn't anyone hear? mother, mother, mother..."

Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun,
Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun;

Looking out my bedroom window,
I remember early days,
When the shot that wounded millions took our breath away,
But now the shadow of a gunman,
With his balaclava eyes, is making the news,
Calling out the warnings on the telephone,
"you're in the line of fire - wish there was another way!
Line of fire - anything goes,"
And who is the winner, and what will the minister say,
At the end of the day? never, never, never, never!

Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun,
Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun;

This is bella soma, this is bella soma...
Mother, mother, mother...

Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun,
Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun,
Hush child go to sleep, it's only the sound of a gun,
Hush child do not weep,
It's only the sound of a world on the run,
You're hearing the sound of a gun;