

# No Frontiers

The Corrs

If life is a river and your heart is a boat  
And just like a water baby, baby born to float  
And if life is a wild wind that blows way on high  
And your heart is Amelia dying to fly  
Heaven knows no frontiers and I've seen heaven in your eyes

And if life is a bar room in which we must wait  
'Round the man with his fingers on the ivory gates  
Where we sing until dawn of our fears and our fates  
And we stack all the dead men in self addressed crates

In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark  
That somehow this black night  
Feels warmer for the spark  
Warmer for the spark  
To hold us 'til the day  
When fear will lose its grip  
And heaven has its ways

Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes

If your life is a rough bed of brambles and nails  
And your spirit's a slave to man's whips and man's jails

Where you thirst and you hunger for justice and right  
And your heart is a pure flame of man's constant night

In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark  
That somehow this black night  
Feels warmer for the spark  
Warmer for the spark  
To hold us 'til the day  
When fear will lose its grip  
And heaven has its ways

And heaven has its ways  
When all will harmonise  
And you know what's in our hearts  
The dream will realise

Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes  
Heaven knows no frontiers  
And I've seen heaven in your eyes