

# Orphans

Deacon Blue

I now describe my country  
As if to strangers  
This train is full of songs  
Of local winners  
And the wind surrounds the towers  
And the flags they are blowing  
And the bunting and the distance  
Stretches over our sound

And when he teases the children  
He calls them orphans  
And he cries for all the flowers  
Of the forest  
In his head there is no reason  
To be sad about the garden  
But his heart bleeds very often  
For things forgotten like little orphans