

## The Night I Heard Caruso Sing

Everything But the Girl

The highlands and the lowlands  
Are the roots my father knows  
The holidays at Oban  
And the towns around Montrose  
But even as he sleeps  
They're loading bombs into the hills  
And the waters in the lochs  
Can run deep but never still

I've thought of having children  
But I've gone and changed my mind  
It's hard enough to watch the news  
Let alone explain it to a child  
To cast your eye 'cross nature  
Over fields of rape and corn  
And tell him without flinching  
Not to fear where he's been born

Then someone sat me down last night  
And I heard Caruso sing  
He's almost as good as Presley  
And if I only do one thing  
I'll sing songs to my father  
I'll sing songs to my child  
It's time to hold your loved ones  
While the chains are loosed and the world  
Runs wild

And even as we speak  
They're loading bombs onto a white train  
How can we afford to ever sleep  
So sound again