

None So Beautiful

Gino Vannelli

Well there's a cross on the hill where the ragweed has grown
Where a mother's young son sleeps all alone
All for the land that he dreamed he could save
Yeah, there's none so beautiful as the brave

Oh, there's a stone in the meadow with all the weight of the world
Where the flowers are watered by the brown eyes of a girl
She cries for the life that her one true love gave
Yeah, there's none so beautiful as the brave

None so beautiful as the boy who cries freedom
None so beautiful as the voice that carries far
None so strong as love beyond all reason that fears no evil
Undaunted by the dark or any wicked man's heart

Oh there's a cross on a hill where no steeple bells ring
A shrine with no name where little children sing to the rhythm
that rocks us
From the cradle to the grave
Yeah, there's none so beautiful
Oh, there's none so beautiful
Oh, there's none so beautiful as the brave

There's none so beautiful as the brave