

Flight Of The Wild Geese

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Sad are the eyes
Yet no tears
The flight of the wild geese
Brings a new hope

Rescued from all this
Old friends
And those newly found
What chance to make it last
When there's danger all around
And reason just ups and disappears

Time is running out
So much to be done
Tell me what more
What more
What more can we do

There were promises made
Plans firmly laid
Now madness prevails
Lies fill the air

What more
What more
What more can we do

What chance to make it last
What more
What more can we do