

The Flight of the Wild Geese

Joan Armatrading

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
And lies fill the air.

What more, Oh
What more
What more can we do.
What chance to make it last

What more
What more can we do.