

# Colourblind

Luka Bloom

In America singers singing, our world could be as one  
In America brothers killing some poor mothers' son  
But I thank God for New York City  
A rainbow of faces walks alongside me, right beside me  
In America, there's an old chief, I'm waiting to see  
In America, there's an old chief, he's talking to me  
But I thank God for New York City  
A rainbow of faces walks alongside me, right beside me  
In America

My people left our troubled shore  
Broken hearted knocking on your door  
Small green fields, I could not be free  
And your hopeful music is calling me  
How can I survive without the ties that bind?  
How can I let go off all the pain I left behind?

I leave my Irishness at home  
To be among you just as one  
To walk across this sacred place  
To find the dignity and grace  
Of lovers where the eagle flies  
Of buffalo under blue skies  
I leave all sense of race behind  
To be among you colourblind  
To learn what history has done  
And to find the love in everyone

I thank God for New York City  
A rainbow of faces walks alongside me, right beside me  
In America  
I thank God, I thank God for New York City