

Sketches Of Spain

Nits

The streets of Barcelona are filled with blood and rain
The war is rolling over Spain
Men and women running with sticks of dynamite
Storming stone buildings in the middle of the night
In the window near the last 'o' of the sign 'Hotel Colon'
Machine guns sweep the square for fun
The rich draw the steel curtain
The poor just lock the door
They don't want this war no more
It never never never never never stops never stops
It never never never never never stops never stops
In the hills round Zaragoza we're waiting to attack
A knot of dirty men that shiver round their flag
The boredom and the lack of sleep
The tin cans in the mud
Red is the colour of our blood
We never never never never never stop never stop
We never never never never never stop never stop
I have seen the trenches and the blankets on dirt
I have seen the tears upon a farewell letter
I have seen the faces that no bullet can hurt
I have seen the spirit that no bomb can shatter
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Knives can cut fist can beat