

# Celia

Phil Ochs

When the wind from the island is rollin' through the trees  
When a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breeze  
That's when I wonder how sad a man can be  
Oh, when will Celia come to me?

I still remember the mountains of the war  
Sierra Madre and the Philipino shore  
When will I lie beside my Celia 'neath the trees?  
Oh, when will Celia come to me?

So many years were stolen, so many years are gone  
And the vision of my Celia make dreams to dream upon  
Each hour is a day filled with memories  
Oh, when will Celia come to me?

I wake each morning and I watch the sun arise  
Wonder if my Celia sleeps, wonder if she cries  
If hate must be my prison lock, love must be the key  
Oh, when will Celia come to me?

The guns have stopped their firing, you may wander through the hills  
They kept my Celia through the war, they keep her from me still  
She waits upon island now, a prisoner of the sea  
Oh, when will Celia come to me?

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