

Made in Belfast

Saxon

Deep inside my soul fights a war
I can't explain, I can't cross over any more
All I see are dirty faces
Rain and wire, and common sense in pieces
But I try to see through Irish eyes
Belfast

Look outside, summer's lost and gone
It's a long walk on a street of right and wrong
In every inch of sadness
Rocks and tanks go hand in hand with madness
But I never saw a braver place
Belfast

And it's sad when they sing, and hollow ears listen
Of smoking black roses, on the streets of Belfast
And so say your lovers from under the flowers
Every foot of this world needs an inch of Belfast

Who's to say on whom heaven smiles
Our different ways we try hard to recognise
No more enchanted evenings
The pubs are closed and all the ghosts are leaving
But you'll never let them shut you down
Belfast

The enemy is not at home
A jealous green streaks down this faulty diamond
No bloody boots or crucifix
Can ever hope to split this emerald island
But I never saw a braver face
Belfast