

## Israel

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Little orphans in the snow  
With nowhere to call a home  
Start their singing  
Waiting through the summertime  
To thaw your hearts in wintertime  
That's why they're singing

Waiting for a sign to turn blood into wine  
The sweet taste in your mouth -- turned bitter in its glass  
Israel... in Israel  
Israel... in Israel

Shattered fragments of the past  
Meet in veins on the stained glass  
Like the lifeline in your palm  
Red and green reflects the scene  
Of a long forgotten dream  
There were princes and there were kings

Now hidden in disguise -- cheap wrappings of lies  
Keep your heart alive with a song from inside

Even though we're all alone  
We are never on our own when we're singing

There's a man who's looking in  
And he smiles a toothless grin  
Because he's singing  
See some people shine with glee  
But their song is jealousy  
Their hate is clanging -- maddening  
In Israel... will they sing Happy Noel  
Israel... in Israel  
Israel... in Israel  
In Israel will they sing Happy Noel