

Trail of Tears

Stiff Little Fingers

In a land without any pity
And a sun scorching from the sky
In the desert, they built a city
Sharp as flint that could make you cry
Hold on to it
Hold on to it
It's a dream that will never die
Come there with me
Come there with me
It's the home of my own mind's eye

But the dreamer was never welcome
Other lands have their own demands
Get away boy, you don't belong here
That's our law and it always stands
Hold on to it
Hold on to it
It's a dream that will make you cry
Come there with me
Come there with me
And they'll let us in by and by

I will meet you when things are better
In a world without any fear
We'll be facing our bright tomorrow
At the end of this trail of tears

They asked our dreamer for reams of paper
These were the keys that he didn't own
They pointed back to the land he came from
Said: "Go back there, son 'cos that's your home"
Go back to it
Go back to it
No future, no life, no hope
Come there with me
Come there with me
And you'll see why I can't go home

And the trail goes on
On and on
For years and years
The trail drags on
Never ending
Trail of tears

So, the dreamer turns from the city
But he asks them before he leaves:
"Who checked your papers to build this country?
Who gave permission for you and not me?"
Think back on it
Think back on it
Land is the land and it was always free
Before you
Before you
No one had papers, they would simply "be".