

Belfast to Boston

James Taylor

There are rifles buried in the countryside by the rising of the
moon

May they lie there long forgotten till they rust away into the
ground

Who will bend this ancient hatred, will the killing to an end
Who will swallow long injustice, take the devil for a country m
an

Who will say "this far no further, oh lord, if I die today"

Send no weapons no more money. Send no vengeance across the sea
s

Just the blessing of forgiveness for my new countryman and me

Missing brothers, martyred fellows, silent children in the grou
nd

Could we but hear them could they not tell us

"Time to lay God's rifle down"

Who will say this far no further, oh Lord, if I die today.