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THE SIGN

In the Summer of last year in a city far from here
That stands on the shores of the fair Pacific Sea
I walked it's pleasant streets, no view in mind, no-one to meet
Content to wander where my aimless feet led me
A few streets from my hotel I passed an old stone wall
Where three words had been scrawled by an unknown hand
When I read them I stopped dead, in disbelief I shook my head
For the words on that wall read "Free Bobby Sands."

Chorus:

As the sun began to fall
And the day began to die
Thought I heard the wild geese call
From a dark and empty sky.

For long minutes I stood there in that busy thoroughfare
While the past rose sharp and clear in my mind's eye
I saw it all again, the passion, hate and pain
The indifference and the shame as a young man died
But it was all so long ago and who now cares or knows
Why Bobby Sands chose his lonely death?
But to the one who wrote that sign, it seems that Bobby's light still shines
The words rang from another time - but the paint was fresh.

So I went down by the sea to let it's wild song comfort me
But my thoughts would not let me be and unchecked they ran
Through my present, future and past, not for the first time or the last
I heard them ask "Could you be the kind of man
Who would gladly sacrifice everything - even life
And put no price on a cause or an ideal?
No answer echoed in my heart, so I turned and I walked back
Through the twilight's deepening dark to my hotel.