

THE SIMPLE TRUTH (A CHILD IS BORN)

From Album Flying Colours . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Chris de Burgh

A child is born on a battlefield,
A soldier boy falls to his knees,
And a woman cries in joy and pain,
When will we all live in peace again?

A child is born where the wild wind blows,
In a country torn from the south to the north,
And a family runs from day to day,
When will we see our home again?

When will we see that simple truth,
That the only thing that's worth a damn,

The life of a child is more than a forest,
The life of a child is more than a border,
Could ever be;

A child is born in the desert sun,
A tiny life has just begun,
And a mother cries for her hungry babe,
When will I feed my boy again?

A child is born to an ordinary home,
East or west, it could be anyone,
But we all want to know,
Will my child survive to see the day,
When we will be secure again?

When will we see the simple truth,
That the only thing that's worth a damn,

The life of a child is more than a forest,
The life of a child is more than a border,
The life of a child is more than religion,
The life of a child is only a heartbeat from eternity,
We must believe, for the sake of humanity,
We must believe...

For the sake of humanity, we must believe.