

Talk To Us In Music – Original – Alan Wright, Christchurch, NEW ZEALAND

Through one thousand years of conflict, and another age before,
Time begins to blur beneath the weight of constant war,
Although the human spirit still reserves its right to roam,
Every nation wants a place its people still call home.

So you talk to us in music and we try to understand,
Feelings which are coming from a far and distant land,
We share your love of harmony, enjoy a joke or two,
Drink your health and clap and cheer the same as you all do.

We say home is where the heart is and its music calms the soul,
Lifts the spirits higher and its precious notes console,
We have the strangest longings for a place we've never been,
Music makes us homesick for a land we've never seen.

When the time-worn melodies remind each person of some truth,
Old folks smile and think again of something in their youth,
A wink, a kiss, and more than that, a long-forgotten sigh,
Lost in air-raid sirens and a drumbeat from the sky.

We say home is where the heart is and its music calms the soul,
Lifts the spirits higher and its precious notes console,
So play to us and sing your songs, express your thoughts, feel free,
Know we are your kith and kin from far across the sea.

So you talk to us in music and we try to understand,
Feelings which are coming from a far and distant land,
We share your love of harmony, enjoy a joke or two,
Drink your health and clap and cheer the same as you all do.