

Traditional Irish Music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Natives

A E A
For all of our languages we can't communicate
E F#m
For all of our native tongues we're all natives here
E F#m A
Sons of their fathers' dream the same dream
E F#m
The sound of forbidden words becomes a scream
D E
Voices in anger, victims of history
F#m E A
Plundered and set aside, grown fat on swallowed pride.

With promises of paradise and gifts of beads and knives
Missionaries and pioneers are soldiers in disguise
Saviours and conquerors they make us wait
The fishers of men they wave their truth like bait
With the touch of a stranger's hand innocence turns to shame
The spirit that dwelt within now sleeps out in the rain.

For all of our languages we can't communicate
For all of our native tongues we're all natives here
The scars of the past are slow to disappear
The cries of the dead are always in our ears
Only the very safe can talk about wrong or right
Of those who are forced to choose some will choose to fight
For all of our languages we can't communicate