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THE COLOUR OF DREAMS

On the day that they shot Martin down
I was working in a mill in a Scottish valley
Just marking time as the years rolled round
I had no star or dream to guide me
"I have a dream" Martin said
So the slavemasters shot him dead
For they knew what it would mean
If they allowed a slave to dream

Without dreams all we do is just exist
We're born, we live and die, then turn to dust
It's the colours of our dreams that makes some sense of it all
That gives us hope and purpose, and makes us walk not crawl
And though the future can't be seen
We can fill it with the colours of our dreams

On the day Neil Armstrong walked on the moon
I was sailin' across the Indian ocean
To where a new life was waitin' for me
Somewhere beneath that blue horizon
I'd left it all behind
My family friends and home
So on the day Neil took his giant leap
I was takin' one of my own

Sometimes you have to reach for the moon
Sometimes you have to sing your own tune
Sometimes it seems your life is just a slow and endless dance
But in reality it's a short and crazy game of chance
The dance is over all too soon
So sometimes you have to reach for the moon

On the day Nelson walked through those prison gates
I was drivin' down some dusty highway
To sing my songs in one more dusty town
For the few there who looked at the world in the same way
I sang along with the radio
As the miles went rollin' past
Wishin' Martin was there to sing along with me
When Nelson walked free at last

One by one the walls come tumblin' down
Brick by brick, row by row, stone by stone
Relics of fear and bigotry who've long outlived their time
They crumble into ruin, their foundations undermined
And not by weapons or machines
But by people armed with nothing more than dreams