

Letter from Java (Foreign Drillers)

[Accordion, piano, double bass, and guitar playing]

[Man singing] The streets here are wide and bound by trees
The mountains high as one can see
The perfume from the flowers rare
Seems to always fill the air
And skies reveal a morning star
Above the ancient antiar
It's here I walk upon the strand
As I live out a dream in a foreign land

[Back-up vocals come in.] Like miners digging gold
Like poets with stories untold
We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land

Just yesterday in all the heat
I made my way through crowded streets
And joined the other men to toil
And dig in the ground for foreign oil

You see my dear when other men
Stayed to work in Enniskill'n
I felt the urge to lend my hand
And live out a dream in a foreign land

[Back-up vocals] Like miners digging gold
Like poets with stories untold
We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land

[Accordion, piano, double bass, and guitar music]

You've heard of young William McGarvey and how
He dressed in white collars and strolled through the town
Well they made him a king down in Austria now
He's made a fortune and wondering how
He's told everyone there are other men

Young and daring and ready to win
Now they say we're the ones here in such high demand
As we live out our dreams in these foreign lands

[Back-up vocals] Like miners digging gold
Like poets with stories untold
We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land

We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land