

The Voice House

Misty Blue

The Proclaimers

When the inspiration is above my station
Thoughts are melancholy, and I let them pass
I tend to view this nation through the condensation
On a dirty glass.

When the singer solemn was a bonnie laddie
When she brushed his hair with a watered comb
Then he could have dandered, and he could have shown ye
Seven hills like Rome

If misty eyes can witness
Love and affection, love and affection
Why does the heart still resist?
What the hell is wrong with you?
I've got eyes of misty blue!
All the things I want to do are all
I ever wanted to

As the laddie grew, and he looked around him
At the thugs and rapists in their stolen suits
Louder beat the rhythm of his bloody heart
Telling him to shoot

Thoughtless competition, like a home-made prison
Made him fix his vision on a certain fate
What's the use in winning all the world's creation
If you won't create?

Nkosi Mdali Wethu

Nkosi, Mdali wethu
Sixolele
Si pathe nge sandwa sakho
Thina bantwana bahko!

U si hlanganise nkose
U si hlanganise bawo
U si hlanganise thixo
Thina bantwana bahko