

The Corrs, No Frontiers

If life is a river and your heart is a boat
And just like a water baby, baby, born to float,
And if life is a wild wind that blows way on high,
And your heart is Amelia dying to fly,
Heaven knows no frontiers and I've seen heaven in your eyes

And if life is a bar room in which we must wait,
'round the man with his fingers on the ivory gates,
Where we sing until dawn of our fears and our fates,
And we stack all the dead men in self addressed crates,
In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark,
That somehow this black night,
Feels warmer for the spark,
Warmer for the spark,
To hold us 'til the day,
When fear will lose its grip,
And heaven has its way,
Heaven knows no frontiers,
And I've seen heaven in your eyes

If your life is a rough bed of brambles and nails,
And your spirit's a slave to man's whips and man's jails,
Where you thirst and you hunger for justice and right,
And your heart is a pure flame of man's constant night,
In your eyes faint as the singing of a lark,
That somehow this black night,
Feels warmer for the spark,
Warmer for the spark,
To hold us 'til the day when fear will lose its grip,
And heaven has its way,
And heaven has its way,
When all will harmonise,
And know what's in our hearts,
The dream will realise

Heaven knows no frontiers,
And I've seen heaven in your eyes,
Heaven knows no frontiers,
And I've seen heaven in your eyes