

Take Back The Sky

Penny Stone, 2010

In Gaza City, Palestine, just standing by the sea,
Here I was born a refugee, but no refuge could they find for me.
Well I've been trapped here all my days, three borders closed surrounding me,
And soldiers sitting in the sea and bombs a-falling down on me.
And there's no place to hide, my home isn't even safe inside -
Nowhere to run, to play, where I can be a child:

**Just for one minute, just an hour of my troubled days,
Let this flying kite take back the sky for me.**

This kite that's flying over me seeing things that I can't see,
Saying all the things that I would say if I could leave this place;
No walls could stop me dreaming, no lies could lock me down,
And all the words in all the world couldn't stop me from roaming around.

**Just for one minute, just an hour of my troubled days,
Let this flying kite take back the sky for me.**

This kite that's flying over me, it's just paper string and wood,
and a picture that I painted and I hope it's understood.
Will you carry all my dreaming up towards the sun,
Will you show the world that freedom means the same to everyone.

**Just for one minute, just an hour of my troubled days,
Let this flying kite take back the sky for me.**

All it needs is the right wind blowing just one breath from the sea,
And where bombs and bullets have been falling I send my kite soaring.
It may seem a simple thing just holding on to a piece of string -
But don't forget I've been holding on for all of my short years,
And my mother and my father held on long before my time.

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Let this flying kite take back the sky for me.**

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