

# Key

David Rovics

Let me tell you 'bout a la - dy Known as grand - ma to me She  
died back in nine - teen eight - y two She liked to tell sto - ries of how  
things used to be Just like o - ther old la - dies do  
There on a string a - round her neck Dang - ling in front of her heart The  
key to her home The key to her peo - ple The key to her world  
Blo - o - wn - a - part

She talked about her neighbors  
Muslims and Christians  
Arabs, Britons and Jews  
They'd come over for dinner  
In her house in Jaffa  
And they'd talk about business and news  
We got along fine  
A long time ago  
Before everything started to change  
I never imagined  
Back in those days  
I'd end up here on this firing range

*Chorus*

I recall the days well 1948  
The year of the Catastrophe  
With machine guns and torches  
They drove us away  
To the land of the refugee  
We all thought it would pass  
But the decades dragged on  
And my heart turned to flame  
To those who live in my home  
Where is your conscience  
Do you feel the remorse and the shame

*Chorus*

Now after two generations  
I and her grandchildren say  
The key is theirs and mine  
And all over the world  
We cry for Al-Awda  
Home in Palestine  
Maybe we will prevail  
But come what may  
As empires fall and rise  
Nothing will change  
The memory  
Of the tears in my grandmother's eyes

*Chorus*