

Last night I flew around the world
To see what I could find
I guess what I was looking for
Were places in my heart and mind
It's history, oh history
That tells you who you are
Just look into your past, my friends
You don't have to look too far

I flew beyond Caucasia
Saw the burning of the guns
Watched the Cossacks beat the people
Their blood just ran and ran
I stopped in old Batumi
From where the Doukhobors sailed
On cattle boats, through mists of time
Their courage never failed

I saw sod houses in Saskatchewan
Where women pulled the plows
Where communal villages dotted the land
And everyone was proud
Then I saw the commune disappear
Through government decree
Some stayed to farm the prairie
Some moved on to BC
It's history, oh history
That tells you who you are
Just look into your past, my friends
You don't have to look too far

I saw brickyards, sawmills, jam factories
Orchards and farms serene
Peaceful lands for peaceful people
Milestones of their history
But there I also saw despair
Villages burned to the ground
The police "douk" squad standing by
I cried, oh why, oh why

I saw Farron Hill where a railroad bomb
Killed a leader still revered
I saw children weeping in New Denver
For reasons all- too- clear

I saw Hilliers, Peirs Island, Krestova
The great march to Aggassiz
I heard choirs sing to the heavens
In voices full and free

Last night I flew around the world
To see what I could find
I guess what I was looking for
Were places in my heart and mind
It's history, oh history
That tells you who you are
Just look into your past, my friends
You don't have to look too far
Just look into your past, my friends
You don't have to look too far