# Fiddler's Green

## Stereophonics

September 17th, for a girl I know it's mothers day
Her son has gone alee and that's where he will stay
Wind on the weathervane, tearing blue eyes sailor mean
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in Fiddler's Green
His tiny, knotted heart, well I guess it never worked too good
A timber tore apart and the water gorged the wood
You can hear her whispered prayer for men at mass that always lend
The same wind that moves her hair, moves a boy through Fiddler's Green

Nothing's changed anyway
Ah, nothing's changed anyway, ah anytime, today
He doesn't know a soul and there's nowhere that he's really been
But he won't travel on alone, no, not in Fiddler's Green
Balloons all filled with rain as children's eyes turn sleepy mean
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in Fiddler's Green

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