

# Eyes of Ireland

## Camel

Latimer/Hoover  
Listen now boys,  
my grandmother said -  
I'll tell you a story and  
then off to bed.  
There once was a time,  
we lived off the land.  
Harvest would come,  
and we all lent a hand But winds blew our lives,  
and scattered our seeds.  
Changing the landscape,  
from flowers to weeds.  
See in the graveyard  
the families gone.  
The grandest of tombstones  
carry them on...When you sail from the Harbour,  
It's your last eyes of Ireland. We tended the fire,  
and faeries appeased  
the flame never died  
until we had to leave.  
And when we were gone,  
the house tumbled down  
and covered our footprints,  
we'd left on the ground. When you sail from the Harbour,  
It's your last eyes of Ireland. My eyes are now tired  
and no longer see.  
But visions of Ireland  
linger in me. So carry your past  
in the rooms of your heart  
and you'll never be empty  
of love when you part When you sail from the Harbour,  
It's your last eyes of Ireland.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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