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 handBut 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 he empty
of love when you partWhen you sail from the Harbour,
It's your last eyes of Ireland.

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/