

# Deora Ar Mo Chroi

Enya

You ever hear the story of Mr. Faded Glory?  
Say he who rides a pony must someday fall  
I've been talkin' to my alter, says "Life is what you make it  
And if you make it death well rest your soul away, away, away" It's a broken kind of feeling, she'd have to tie  
me to the ceiling  
A bad moon's comin', better say your prayers  
I wanna tell her that I love her, but does it really matter?  
I just can't stand to see you dragging down again, again, again So I'm singing, oh this is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's some kind that leaves me alone, you know  
Oh this is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves me alone I used to treat you like a lady, now you're my substitute teacher  
This bottle's not a pretty, not a pretty sight  
I owe the man some money, so I'm turnin over honey  
Yes, Mr. Faded Glory is once again doin' time, yeah This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves me alone  
Now this is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that, it's the kind that Leaves me alone  
Like a crown of thorns  
It's all who you know  
So don't burn your bridges, woman  
'Cause someday, yeah So I'm singing  
This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that leaves you alone, yeah  
This is my kinda love  
It's the kind that moves on  
It's the kind that, kind that leaves me alone Like a crown of thorns  
It's all who you know  
Come on, come on, come on  
Don't burn your bridges, woman