

Eyes of Ireland

Camel

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