

Lovely Young One

Christy Moore

Oh my lovely young one
When you took your leave last night
You offered me no teardrops no kisses no goodbyes
No simple explanation you walked out the door
Leaving Tir na nog for Tir na noiche

Oh my lovely young one
I'm left standing at your wake
My eyes are searching but I can find no trace
Of your final footsteps as you walked out the door
Leaving Tir na nog for Tir na noiche

Oh my lovely young one
Oh my lovely young one
Gone from Tir na nog to Tir na noiche