

Tribal Dance

Fiddler's Green

They meet in different places
And go into a trance
They come together

To celebrate that crazy feeling
The Tribal Dance
They recognize each other
By something in there eyes
They come together
And rally round an Irish dance tune
The Gaelic ties

And when the moon is shining
They meet to have a ball
They come together
A movement and a secret union
The Gaelic Call
They do the Irish Stylee
And dance around the blaze
They come together
And dance around a weeping willow
As in ancient days

They are like birds of a feather
That flock together in tribe
A secret union
That gets on like a house of fire
With every tribe

O-o-oh, now stamp your feet
O-o-oh, in Tribal dance
O-o-oh, and when we meet
O-o-oh, it's Tribal dance