

## 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