

As I Waved Goodbye

Luka Bloom

There's an ancient place, it's a city of grace
Where I lived as in a dream
Where the elders prayed and the children played
By the mountainside and stream

As I waved goodbye from the riverside
It was too much to take in
I could see the place, and imagine the face
Of the young Tibetan God-King

It's a bad old wind, should no good begin
From a hurt that has been done
When the line was crossed and the land was lost
Oh, the holy exiled ones

As I waved goodbye from the riverside
It was too much to take in
I could see the place, and imagine the face
Of the young Tibetan God-King

I can hear the cry of the geese that fly
Between the mountain and the moon
And the flags that blow in Himalayan snow
Are carried like a haunting tune

As I waved goodbye from the riverside
It was too much to take in
I could see the place, and imagine the face
Of the young Tibetan God-King