

Donegal Breeze

Mary Black

With your dark hair in the donegal breeze,
Bringing me softly and sweetly to the ground,
But, there's madness in the sycamore trees,
And there's no salvation to be found.

Right now the only thing that my mind ever holds,
Are long dark silences or screaming that explodes,
Burning rocking beds with visions of a land,
Long dark tunnels, questions and calm,
But, with you, you know I have no doubts,
And fear will have no sting,
With your brilliant eyes and your lost and broken wing,
My head upon your shoulder as you take me in your arms,
Continents will crumble, we will find no harm.

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Bringing me softly and sweetly to the ground,
But, there's madness in the sycamore trees,
And there's no salvation to be found.

Well I'll brace myself against the dark, endeavour to go on,
No matter how long it takes, and even though I might be wrong,
And I will ask a little favour of whatever God I find,
And I will come back for you darling, when I find some peace of mind.

Well I don't know about tomorrow, it will be here and gone,
I don't know about tonight, it'll be too long,
Sometimes I think I'm dying, and I don't care how,
All I know is that I want you, and I want you here and now.

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