

# Atlantic Shore

Moya Brennan

You came here from a distant shore  
By your side, a friend and an open smile  
Coming over the mountains  
On the winding road  
You sit at my table  
As your stories unfold

Here is my home now  
Looking out at the sea  
Always wanted to be there  
Atlantic shore

How can we listen to your heart  
When we cannot hear and understand ourselves?  
With a soul full of music  
Still refusing to dance  
But you knew all the old songs  
You're a stranger no more

Here is my home now  
Looking out at the sea  
Always wanted to be there  
Atlantic shore

You know it's never been easy  
I could have told you so  
Your presence will linger  
On Atlantic shore