

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