

## Celtic Woman

Shakhan

Celtic woman she's my friend

Celtic woman she's my friend good things she placed in my heart  
sometimes flow from my pen. Brick by brick she pulled down the  
wall of fear. She used them to built a bridge to the land she  
calls "I care".

Celtic woman hair firey red I've watched her mouth shaping word  
s "love" she softly said I'm like that moth dancing near the sw  
eet golden flames. Weary of the fire weary of the desire in cas  
e I'm mamed.

Celtic woman she's a good thing. She's like the sun that's is r  
ising making the birds sweetly sing. I'll head out through that  
scary no man's land to fight my way through to reach the other  
side then touch her hand.