

## Phoenix Park

The Tossers

In the park I sat down withy my love,  
and not a thing was wrong.  
The sun shone down from above,  
and not a thing was wrong.

And I go to where our voices paired,  
and leapt from off the stone.  
And that's the voice that I still here whenever I sing alone, a  
lone.  
Whenever I sing alone.

Not many a thought did I abide,  
nor was I help when things went wrong.  
At the cemetery by your graveside,  
now everything is wrong.

Well I know exactly where I'm going,  
And God knows who I adore.  
Tho' my prayers did ask to take my pain,  
I wish I could've taken yours much more.

Phoenix Park in summertime,  
gathering by day and night.  
By the hearth in wintertime,  
gathering just to say goodbye.