

## „Watching The Bobbins“

Listen now boys  
My grandmother said -  
I'll tell you a story and  
Then off to bed  
There once was a time  
We lived off the land  
Harvest would come  
And we all lent a hand

But winds blew our lives  
And scattered our seeds  
Changing the landscape  
From flowers to weeds  
See in the graveyard  
The families gone  
The grandest of tombstones  
Carry them on...

When you sail from the Harbour  
It's your last eyes of Ireland

We tended the fire  
And faeries appeased  
The flame never died  
Until we had to leave  
And when we were gone  
The house tumbled down  
And covered our footprints  
We'd left on the ground

When you sail from the Harbour  
It's your last eyes of Ireland

My eyes are now tired  
And no longer see  
But visions of Ireland  
Linger in me

So carry your past  
In the rooms of your heart  
And you'll never be empty  
Of love when you part

When you sail from the Harbour  
It's your last eyes of Ireland