

Loreena McKennitt, Dickens' Dublin (The Palace)

I walk the streets of Dublin town
It's 1842
It's snowing on this Christmas Eve
Think I'll beg another bob or two
I'll huddle in this doorway here
Till someone comes along
If the lamp lighter comes real soon
Maybe I'll go home with him.

CHORUS

Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

The horses on the cobbled stones pass by
Think I'll get one one fine day
And ride into the country side
And very far away
But now as the daylight disappears
I best find a place to sleep
Think I'll slip into the bell tower
In the church just down the street

CHORUS

Maybe on the way I'll find the dog
I saw the other night
And tuck him underneath my jacket,
So we'll stay warm through the night
As we lie in the bell tower high
And dream of days to come
The bells o'er head will call the hour
The day we will find a home.