

# Luka Bloom, Cool Breeze

I walked through the hailstones and the merciless wind  
To where the island disappears and the sea begins  
It was new year's eve at the mountainside  
On the winding road that slopes down to where Frankie lies

I stood still and stared down at the clay  
Waiting for sorrow I started to pray  
Ah but Errigal was wrapped up in brilliant white snow  
Smoke rose from the turf fires of Bunbeg bungalows  
I stood before the mountain waiting for sorrow  
But the waves kept time and I let go  
Go..... go.....  
Go..... go..... to where the cool breeze sighs  
Go..... go..... to where your flute tones rise  
Go..... go..... to where Errigal's in your eyes  
We hear your grace notes they fill our nights  
We miss you too much but it's all right  
It's all right, it's all right

We know you're all right now, Frankie

I waited for darkness to torture my mind  
But the Atlantic waves banged out a rhythm behind  
I saw his fresh face with that killer smile  
The flute up to his lips and in his own style  
Eyes closed he took me to his wonderland  
And the waves kept time on the Donegal strand  
I stood before the mountain waiting for sorrow  
But the waves kept time and I let go

We know you're all right now, Frankie

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To where the island disappears and the sea begins...