

The Corrs, Song For Ireland

Walking all the day
Near tall towers where falcons build their nests
Silver winged they fly
They know the call for freedom in their breasts
Saw Black Head against the sky
With twisted rocks that run down to the sea

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day
With true friends who try to make you stay
Telling jokes and news
Singing songs to pass the night away
Watched the galway salmon run
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play
Someone touched the bow
He played a reel that seems so fine and gay
I stood on dingle beach and cast
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night
I saw a land where no-man had to fight
Waking in your dawn
I saw you crying in the morning light
Lying where the falcons fly
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

Living on your western shore
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And I sang a song for Ireland