

Christy Moore, Among The Wicklow Hills

The autumn evenings filled with copper shades
I see the birds' neck in the frame
A figure walks into the sunset
Someone goes past suspended from the sky

Takes more imagination
When everything's remote control
For me it's just a case of
What's on the far side of the road

Tell everybody
I'm going away for ten years
I'm going to wander
Among the Wicklow hills

The travelling children in their Sunday clothes
Lost on the corner of the Street
Fat gypsy lady smacks the windowpane
A farm dog gets out on the motorway

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