

# Conor McLaughlin, Simple Talk And Tea

Where glows the Irish heart  
There lives a subtle spell  
The faint blue smoke, the gentle heat  
Of simple talk and tea

White road winding to the edge  
Of bare, untamed land  
Where dry stone wall or ragged hedge  
Run wide on either hand

Where glows the Irish heart  
There lives a subtle spell  
The faint blue smoke, the gentle heat  
Of simple talk and tea

The cottage lights that lure you in  
From rainy western skies  
And by the friendly glow within  
Of simple talk and tea

And tales of magic, love or arms  
From days when princes met  
To listen, to lay that charm  
Upon your hearts and heads

Where glows the Irish heart  
There lives a subtle spell  
The faint blue smoke, the gentle heat  
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There honor shines through passion and desire  
There beauty blends with laughter  
Wild hearts never did aspire never did tire  
Of simple talk and tea

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