

# Fiddler's Green, Connemara

Speaker: "While I'm sitting here  
The waves of the sea are lapping  
Against the wild shores of Connemara  
The sky breaks  
Dazzling light pierces through  
Down to the water  
Giving forth a thousand reflections of silver  
So that I have to close my eyes  
And then together with the vile wind  
I fly away to all the places  
I've never seen"

He said his eyes were looking queer  
"Can't you take me out of here?  
Can't you see the sky of Connemara?"  
This is how his warning goes:  
"Beware the night a whirlwind blows  
Better leave this town for Connemara"

We hit the road, we hitched a ride  
The morning faded into night  
But we were on our way to Connemara  
Asylum was a basic right  
But socialism lost the fight  
Thousands headed down to Connemara

In my imagination  
I can feel the wild wind blow  
The morning breeze will wipe away my fear  
In my imagination  
I can hear the howling sea  
The cottage on the shore belongs to me

And when we reached the Emerald Isle  
We stayed in Dublin for a while  
But soon we reached the cliffs of Connemara  
It's just the place I want to be  
Shining in my fantasy  
Can't you take me back to Connemara

Connemara, Connemara on my mind  
Connemara, where even the rain shines  
Connemara, leaving all my troubles behind  
Connemara on my mind