

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