

Gaelic Storm, Mary's Eyes

Mary's eyes are startling blue
And her hair's Newcastle gold
And she walks the thin white line between the body and the soul
She's as faithful to her history
As a novice to his fast
For she's standing on the bones of Ireland's past

Chorus:
She's singing of the troubles
And the fire in the land
'Til I can almost feel the famine slipping through my trembling hand
And i wonder as I hear her,
That the spirit still shines through
And she can reach across the ocean deep and break my heart in two...

Mary's wise and she is foolish
She's as constant as the tide
For it's a woman's heart that beats beneath that stubborn Irish pride
We are saints and we are sinners
We are heroes we are thieves We are all of us beginners on the road to Galilee

Chorus

So let us hoist a pint of silence
To the east where Ireland lies
And we will stare across the waters
For a glimpse of Mary's eyes
We are ships without a harbor
We are sailors on dry land
And the song goes on forever
Even though the record can't

Chorus