

# 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