

Glen Hansard, The Feast Of St. John

See the low fires burning at the Feast of St John
See the heroes returning, all but one
And I'll be with you brother if good fortune allows
'Cause all that was east is west of me now

And oh don't go down when you're lit on by sorrow
Oh don't take that shit on

Oh, oh like birds of bad weather
Oh, oh here they come
Oh, oh may they all fall together
Oh monsters begone

Hope we won't have to wait 'round forever

See a man of good standing
Pushed to the ground
And his lover attending and her arms all around
And her anger, and her ire, and her blood raging full
Muster, muster to the depths of your soul

And oh don't go drowning when they drag you down in the hollow
Oh don't take their shit on

And oh, oh let them circle, let them hover
Oh, oh here they come
And oh, oh they all deserve one another
Oh monsters begone

I was all boogie boogie till you came along

Oh, oh like birds of bad weather
Oh, oh here they come
Oh, oh may they all fall together
Oh monsters begone

We should have seen it coming

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