

# Luka Bloom, As I Waved Goodbye

There's an ancient place, it's a city of grace  
Where I lived as in a dream  
Where the elders prayed and the children played  
By the mountainside and stream

As I waved goodbye from the riverside  
It was too much to take in  
I could see the place, and imagine the face  
Of the young Tibetan God-King

It's a bad old wind, should no good begin  
From a hurt that has been done  
When the line was crossed and the land was lost  
Oh, the holy exiled ones

As I waved goodbye from the riverside  
It was too much to take in  
I could see the place, and imagine the face  
Of the young Tibetan God-King

I can hear the cry of the geese that fly  
Between the mountain and the moon  
And the flags that blow in Himalayan snow  
Are carried like a haunting tune

As I waved goodbye from the riverside  
It was too much to take in  
I could see the place, and imagine the face  
Of the young Tibetan God-King