

Luka Bloom, Hands Of A Farmer

Hands of a farmer
And dreams of a child
Your melody lingers
Through a winter too wild

The gulls rise and fly around here
And the cliffs look so grey
Blackbird echos
A tune you might play

Boys oh boys
I'm glad to meet you
In Doolin you might sing
Out over the limestone
Those sweet words still ring

People in Germany
They remember your name
Some people at home still
See your face in the rain

Hands of a farmer
And dreams of a child
Your peace lingers
Through a winter too wild