

# 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