

# Luka Bloom, The Man Is Alive

The night sometimes seems dangerous  
We wonder what it hides  
It sometimes brings us closer  
And forever changes our lives  
Strangers talk in open ways  
We cannot always understand  
Who have not felt the loving touch  
And seen the guiding hand

I was brought up near the riverside  
In a quiet Irish town  
An eighteen-month-old baby  
The night they laid my daddy down  
Everyone knew everyone  
And everybody else as well  
My home was filled with sorrow then  
Too much for me to tell

The man is alive  
Alive and breathing  
It's taken me so long to see  
The man is alive  
Alive and breathing  
The man is alive in me

We stood among the totem poles  
Under the Canadian moonlight  
She told me all about her childhood days  
On the Vancouver mountain side  
An eighteen-month-old baby  
The night her daddy passed away  
We stood and watched the darkness  
Flowing into the light of day

The night sometimes seems dangerous  
We wonder what it hides  
It sometimes brings us closer  
And forever changes our lives  
Strangers talk in open ways  
We cannot always understand  
But we begin to feel the loving touch  
And see the guiding hand

The man is alive  
Alive and breathing  
It's taken me so long to see  
The man is alive  
Alive and breathing  
The man is alive in me