

Mickey Harte, Here At The Right Time

Under wide blue sky
There's a place to lie
For me and you
Deviling too high tonight
I tried my best to make a go
But I'm not sure what I don't know
Oh chariots
If you're out there then please swing low

And tell me I got here at the right time
If I did it's probably the first time
No second guesses or secret signs
Tell me I got here at the right time

Though you read in the eyes
There too low or too high
When I met you
You were sick but you did not know why
I was a pretty poor cure
My love for you was always sure
Oh the bucket was broken
But the water was pure

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