

Moya Brennan, Ancient Town

No place to hide dreams in crying faces
Nowhere to turn to in ancient town
No names to follow, some empty stations
No one remembers this ancient town

No trees to shelter a night for sleeping
No love to silence an ancient town
No voice confesses the heart is broken
No time to mourn an ancient town

No street to find you, just falling circles
No way to answer for ancient town
No road to guide me, the signs are drowning
No way to trouble this ancient town