

The Anniversary, Vasil Bluey

I can leave this place tomorrow
A sad-eyed supper having to turn down
Raise a glass to old man Vasil
Who crept across the sea to find her there
And as their hands touched they disappear - we miss them dear

If you could hear her voice
That's the girl - that's the boy you took by choice
Father all your children - greet them with a smile
Stay with me for a while
Sooner you'll be gone
Sooner then you will frown
Stay with me just for now

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