

# 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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