

# The Corrs, Song For Ireland

Walking all the day  
Near tall towers where falcons build their nests  
Silver winged they fly  
They know the call for freedom in their breasts  
Saw Black Head against the sky  
With twisted rocks that run down to the sea

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Talking all the day  
With true friends who try to make you stay  
Telling jokes and news  
Singing songs to pass the night away  
Watched the galway salmon run  
Like silver dancing, darting in the sun

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Drinking all the day  
In old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
Someone touched the bow  
He played a reel that seems so fine and gay  
I stood on dingle beach and cast  
In wild foam we found Atlantic bass

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And sang a song for Ireland

Dreaming in the night  
I saw a land where no-man had to fight  
Waking in your dawn  
I saw you crying in the morning light  
Lying where the falcons fly  
They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

Living on your western shore  
Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
I stood by your Atlantic Sea

And I sang a song for Ireland