

The Kelly Family, Eagle on the breeze

Eagle on the breeze
I was born to be
Like this mighty king
No more high and free
See him take the wind
Soaring high and higher
Floating on his wings
Filling my desire
Eyes as bold as fire
Through the dust to fish
Searching for the life
That feeds his youngs of fish
Dressed in cloth so fine
As no man can wear
Blue and gold and green
Crowing us this way
Through the wildest storm
One can hear his shriek
Calling to his maid
Shrill and sharp the beak
Eagle on the breeze...