

## Foster And Allen

### "Isle Of Inishfree"

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I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer  
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say  
But sure a body-y's bound to be a dreamer  
When all the things he loves are far away

And precious things are dreams unto an exile  
They take him o'er a land across the sea-ea  
Especially when it happens he's in exile  
From that dear lovely Isle of Inishfree

And when the moonlight peeps across the rooftops  
Of this great city, wondrous though it be  
I scarcely feel it's wonders or it's laughter  
I'm once again back home in Inishfree

I wander o'er green hills, through dreamy valleys  
And find a peace no other land could know-ow  
I hear the birds make music fit for angels  
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow

But dreams don't last, though dreams are not  
forgotten  
And soon I'm back to stern reality  
But though they pave the footpaths here with gold dust  
I still would choose my Isle of Inishfree

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