

## Gaelic Storm "Mary's Eyes"

Visit "[Mary's Eyes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Mary's eyes are startling blue  
And her hair's Newcastle gold  
And she walks the thin white line between the body and  
the soul.  
She's as faithful to her history  
As a novice to his fast;  
For she's standing on the bones of Ireland's past.

Chorus:

She's singing of the troubles  
And the fire in the land,  
'Til I can almost feel the famine slipping through my  
trembling hand.  
And I wonder as I hear her,  
That the spirit still shines through  
And she can reach across the ocean deep and break  
my heart in two...

Mary's wise and she is foolish;  
She's as constant as the tide.  
For it's a woman's heart that beats beneath that  
stubborn Irish pride.  
We are saints and we are sinners,  
We are heroes we are thieves. We are all of us  
beginners on the road to Galilee

Chorus

So let us hoist a pint of silence  
To the East where Ireland lies,  
And we will stare across the waters  
For a glimpse of Mary's eyes.  
We are ships without a harbor,  
We are sailors on dry land,  
And the song goes on forever  
Even though the record can't.

Chorus

Visit [Gaelic Storm](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

