

John Mayer Trio

"Galway Bay"

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Galway bay : to uncle ed, boston, mass.

If you ever go across the sea to ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over claddagh
And see the sun go down on galway bay
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream
The women in the meadow making hay
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from ireland
[Galway Bay lyrics on]Are perfumed by the heather as
they bloom
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know
For the stranger came and tried to teach us their way
They scorned us just for being what we are
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams
Or light a penny candle from a star
And if there's going to be a life hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's going to be
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven
In that dear land across the irish sea

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