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Luka Bloom "Hands Of A Farmer"

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Hands of a farmer And dreams of a child Your melody lingers Through a winter too wild

The gulls rise and fly around here And the cliffs look so grey Blackbird echos A tune you might play

Boys oh boys I'm glad to meet you In Doolin you might sing Out over the limestone Those sweet words still ring

People in Germany
They remember your name
Some people at home still
See your face in the rain

Hands of a farmer And dreams of a child Your peace lingers Through a winter too wild

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