

Luka Bloom

"Holding Back The River"

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Like an arc, two lovers come
From their own place beneath the sun
That shines on individual souls
Feeds us, keeps each one of us whole
Two hearts don't beat as one
Each one listens to our own drum
Slowly we come to touch
To share the fruit we want so much

We have been holding back the river
We almost drowned before
But love has changed forever
It's taking prisoners no more

So we walk to the Grand Canal
A Dublin woman and a country pal
Where the city is such a perfect place
Swans glide in total grace
Kavanagh sits in a morning dream
Smiles at the familiar scene
Of your brown eyes, your red hair
Your voice so soft, your skin so fair

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