

Luka Bloom

"No Matter Where You Go, There You Are"

Visit "[No Matter Where You Go, There You Are](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'll sing to you of a carpenter, a Muslim man
He was forced to join an army, he chose to leave his
land
He was born in Northern Africa, with the desert all
around
He loved his innocent childhood in the bosom of a
desert town
Mohamed left Algeria, his family and his friends
Knowing he would never see his loved ones ever again

You must go, follow your star
No matter where you go, there you are
No matter where you go, there are you
So don't let go of what you know to be true

Mohamed went to Amsterdam, to Paris and to Rome
Nowhere in these cities did Mohamed feel at home
He'd walk the streets into the night, thrown-out wood to
find
Making wooden boxes occupied his mind
Little wooden boxes in a line on Mohamed's stand
Bringing food and shelter to a Muslim man

You must go, follow your star
No matter where you go, there you are
No matter where you go, there are you
So don't let go of what you know to be true

One summer's day in Paris, he heard a haunting sound
Of a lonesome Irish fiddle, he let his tools fall down
Looking up he could not see the man, whose music
filled this place
But he knew his heart was breaking, and the tears
rolled down his face
Mohamed walked until he saw the man, with a fiddle to
his chin
He stood and let the music glow, underneath his skin
He felt longing for Algeria, and loving for this song
How the music of a stranger helps the dreamer move
along
The carpenter and the fiddler became the best of
friends

And Mohamed lives in Galway, where the music never
ends

You must go, follow your star
No matter where you go, there you are
No matter where you go, there are you
So don't let go of what you know to be true

By the Claddagh in the evening, you might see this
southern man
Selling boxes, toys and fiddles, made with Muslim
hand
Don't you feel no pity, nor think he is alone
For the music in his spirit, is his shelter and his home
Mohamed's fire ignited with the ancient jigs and reels
He sometimes chants in Arabic across the Galway
fields
His prayers go to Moher, out to the Atlantic sea
And echo to Algeria to the land he had to flee

You must go, follow your star
No matter where you go, there you are
No matter where you go, there are you
So don't let go of what you know to be true

There's a woman in Algeria, she looks across the sand
And hears a loved one's prayer from the distant land...

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