

Luka Bloom

"The Fertile Rock"

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In the flowering desert
Lies the heart and soul of man
Find a deep well to draw from
And give back as you can
In the moonlight musicians
Hear their tunes in the Burren wind
And in the shadows
Where an old faith's sheltered
The painter's work begins

Footsteps, I could learn to listen
Footsteps, how I long to trace
Footsteps, I could learn to listen
To footsteps of an ancient race
The fertile rock

To the flowering desert
Roll the wheels of greed
Wells dry forever
The orchid starts to bleed

Footsteps, I could learn to listen
Footsteps, how I long to trace
Footsteps, I could learn to listen
To footsteps of an ancient race
The fertile rock

Fertile rock
Ancient Place
Walk there, walk there
Footsteps
Ancient Place
Not for sale
Walk there, walk there
Fertile rock

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