

Maudlin Of The Well

"West Coast Of Clare"

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Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief
Memories I have of you
Won't leave me in peace
My mind was running back
To the west coast of Clare
Thinking of you
And the time we had there
I walked to Spanish Point
I knew I'd find you there
I stood on the white strand
Your face was everywhere
Vivid memories fade
But the wound still remains
I wish I could go back
And be with you again
In Milltown there's a pub
T'was there that I sat down
I see you everywhere
Your face is all around
The search for times past
Contains such sweet pain
I'll banish lonesome thoughts
But they return again
I walk along the shore
The rain in my face
My mind is numb with grief
Of you there is no trace
I'll think of this again
When in far off lands I roam
Walking with you
By this cold Atlantic foam
Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief
Memories I have of you
Won't leave me in peace

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