

Ronan Keating **"Hushabye Mountain"**

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A gentle breeze from Hushabye Mountain
Softly blows o'er lullaby bay.
It fills the sails of boats that are waiting--
Waiting to sail your worries away.

So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain.
Wave good-bye to cares of the day.
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain
Sail far away from lullaby bay.

It isn't far to Hushabye Mountain
And your boat waits down by the key.
The winds of night so softly are laughing--
Soon they will fly your troubles to sea.

So I'll spend my days in endless roving,
Soft is the grass and my bed is free.
Oh to be home now in Hushabye Mountain,
On the long road down to the salty sea.

And in Kilkenny it is reported
On marble stones as black as ink,
With gold and silver I did support her
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.

For I'm drunk today and I'm rarely sober,
A handsome rover from town to town.
Oh but I am sick now and my days are numbered
So come on ye young men and lay me down.

So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain.
Wave good-bye to cares of the day.
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain
Sail far away from lullaby bay.

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