

Moya Brennan

"Ancient Town"

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No place to hide dreams
In crying faces
Nowhere to turn to
In Ancient Town
No names to follow
Some empty stations
No one remembers
This Ancient Town

No trees to shelter
A night for sleeping
No love to silence
In Ancient Town
No voice confesses
The heart is broken
No time tomorrow
In Ancient Town

Seantithe briste bearnacha
(The ruins of old houses)

No street to find you
Just falling circles
No way to answer
For Ancient Town
No road to guide me
The signs are drowning
No way to trouble
This Ancient Town

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