

O' Cealleigh

"Village Nights"

Visit "[Village Nights](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A clear night
On a midnight street
A village up
In the district of peaks
Fresh cool air,
Silhouettes of trees
Walking nostalgia
In a breeze
Church bell chimes
I know I am home
This could be gloucester
Stroud or holme
Hands in my pockets,
Owl hoots above,
Big fat moon shines down
With love
Cosgrove hall,
I saw on the way,
Heard happy voices
With good things to say.
Finally home,
At my gate,
Up to bed
My feet do take

Visit [O' Cealleigh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.