

Shakhan "Celtic Woman"

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Celtic Woman, she's my friend

Celtic woman she's my friend good things she placed
in my heart sometimes flow from my pen. Brick by brick
she pulled down the wall of fear. She used them to built
a bridge to the land she calls "I care".

Celtic woman hair firey red I'vee watched her mouth
shaping words "love" she softly said I'm like that moth
dancing near the sweet golden flames. Weary of the
fire weary of the desire in case I'm maimed.

Celtic woman she's a good thing. She's like the sun
that's rising making the birds sweetly sing. I'll head out
through that scary no man's land to fight my way
through to reach the other side then touch her hand.

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