

Thursday "Phoenix Park"

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In the park I sat down with my love,
and not a thing was wrong.
The sun shone down from above,
and not a thing was wrong.

And I go to where our voices paired,
and leapt from off the stone.
And that's the voice that I still here whenever I sing
alone, alone.
Whenever I sing alone.

Not many a thought did I abide,
nor was I help when things went wrong.
At the cemetery by your graveside,
now everything is wrong.

Well I know exactly where I'm going,
And God knows who I adore.
Tho' my prayers did ask to take my pain,
I wish I could've taken yours much more.

Phoenix Park in summertime,
gathering by day and night.
By the hearth in wintertime,
gathering just to say goodbye.

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