China Waltz

Christy Moore

Silver falls like painted dolls they sit Their endless days now done In fields of fire their hearts retire Dancing the China waltz

Their younger years touched by thoughts Their time has surely come With all their cares thrown away On love of a secret waltz

Dance me the China Waltz Under the Easter moon They move in silence their bodies rise and fall Overtaken in the breaking light of dawn

The hard release steals the peaceful dream Then takes your breath away But here behind where love is blind The sound of the China Waltz