

Magic Nights in the Lobby Bar

Christy Moore

There were magic nights in the lobby bar when Brendan Ring played
Madame Bonaparte
And every note that the piper would play would send me away
Send me away
Away through the window, away in the rain, over the city, away
on the air
To a field by a river where the trees are so green, the deepest
of green that you've ever seen
Where once you have been you can go back again, you can go anyt
ime, you can go anytime
Cause it's only in your mind

There were magic nights in the lobby bar with Ricky Lynch and h
is golden guitar
Singin' Autumn in Mayfield and the barley was ripe and the harv
est moon was low in the sky
We were children, our mothers were young, and fathers were tall
and kind
And every note Ricky Lynch would play would send me away, send
me away
Away through the window, away in the rain, over the city, away
on the air
To a field by a river where the trees are so green, the deepest
of green that you've ever seen
Where once you have been you can go back again, you can go anyt
ime, you can go anytime
Cause it's only in your mind

There were magic nights in the lobby bar when Ger Wolfe would s
ing like a lark
Singing Winter hung her coat on a hanger of dark
Singing I am the blood of Eireann spilled in a lonely cave
And I am the flower of Ireland adrift on the ocean wave
And I am the lark of Mayfield tumbling down the hill
I am the child of Summer and I can remember it still
And every note that Ger Wolfe would play would send me away, se
nd me away
Away through the window, away in the rain, over the city, away
on the air
To a field by a river where the trees are so green, the deepest
of green that you've ever seen
Where once you have been you can go back again, you can go anyt
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Cause it's only in your mind

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