

# No Matter Where You Go, There You Are

Luka Bloom

I'll sing to you of a carpenter, a Muslim man  
He was forced to join an army, he chose to leave his land  
He was born in Northern Africa, with the desert all around  
He loved his innocent childhood in the bosom of a desert town  
Mohamed left Algeria, his family and his friends  
Knowing he would never see his loved ones ever again

You must go, follow your star  
No matter where you go, there you are  
No matter where you go, there are you  
So don't let go of what you know to be true

Mohamed went to Amsterdam, to Paris and to Rome  
Nowhere in these cities did Mohamed feel at home  
He'd walk the streets into the night, thrown-out wood to find  
Making wooden boxes occupied his mind  
Little wooden boxes in a line on Mohamed's stand  
Bringing food and shelter to a Muslim man

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No matter where you go, there are you  
So don't let go of what you know to be true

One summer's day in Paris, he heard a haunting sound  
Of a lonesome Irish fiddle, he let his tools fall down  
Looking up he could not see the man, whose music filled this place  
But he knew his heart was breaking, and the tears rolled down his face  
Mohamed walked until he saw the man, with a fiddle to his chin  
He stood and let the music glow, underneath his skin  
He felt longing for Algeria, and loving for this song  
How the music of a stranger helps the dreamer move along  
The carpenter and the fiddler became the best of friends  
And Mohamed lives in Galway, where the music never ends

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By the Claddagh in the evening, you might see this southern man  
Selling boxes, toys and fiddles, made with Muslim hand  
Don't you feel no pity, nor think he is alone  
For the music in his spirit, is his shelter and his home  
Mohamed's fire ignited with the ancient jigs and reels  
He sometimes chants in Arabic across the Galway fields  
His prayers go to Moher, out to the Atlantic sea  
And echo to Algeria to the land he had to flee

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No matter where you go, there are you  
So don't let go of what you know to be true

There's a woman in Algeria, she looks across the sand  
And hears a loved one's prayer from the distant land...