

The Man Is Alive

Luka Bloom

The night sometimes seems dangerous
We wonder what it hides
It sometimes brings us closer
And forever changes our lives
Strangers talk in open ways
We cannot always understand
Who have not felt the loving touch
And seen the guiding hand

I was brought up near the riverside
In a quiet Irish town
An eighteen-month-old baby
The night they laid my daddy down
Everyone knew everyone
And everybody else as well
My home was filled with sorrow then
Too much for me to tell

The man is alive
Alive and breathing
It's taken me so long to see
The man is alive
Alive and breathing
The man is alive in me

We stood among the totem poles
Under the Canadian moonlight
She told me all about her childhood days
On the Vancouver mountain side
An eighteen-month-old baby
The night her daddy passed away
We stood and watched the darkness
Flowing into the light of day

The night sometimes seems dangerous
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It sometimes brings us closer
And forever changes our lives
Strangers talk in open ways
We cannot always understand
But we begin to feel the loving touch
And see the guiding hand

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