

Celtic Woman

Shakhan

Celtic woman she's my friend

Celtic woman she's my friend good things she placed in my heart
sometimes flow from my pen. Brick by brick she pulled down the
wall of fear. She used them to built a bridge to the land she
calls "I care".

Celtic woman hair firey red I've watched her mouth shaping word
s "love" she softly said I'm like that moth dancing near the sw
eet golden flames. Weary of the fire weary of the desire in cas
e I'm mamed.

Celtic woman she's a good thing. She's like the sun that's is r
ising making the birds sweetly sing. I'll head out through that
scary no man's land to fight my way through to reach the other
side then touch her hand.