The Faery's Last Song

The Waterboys

Man has the fields of heaven
But soulless a faery dies
As a leaf that is old and withered
And cold when the winter winds arise.

Soon shall our wings be stilled And our laughter over and done So let us dance on the waves Let us dance in the sun.

Soon shall our wings be stilled And our laughter over and done So let us dance on the waves Let us dance in the sun.