

Irish Song Lyrics

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Wanderlust
G. Curtis

Once I loved a lady,
she meant the world to me.
Her eyes as green as a shady lake
and her smile like a springtime breeze.
Her long hair shone like golden silk,
with the rolling sea in her stride.
I found my comfort in a feathery bed
with m'lady by my side.

But a long dark winter took her from me.
I must have wept for forty days.
As the sparks from the pyre blew up to the stars,
I thought about my ways.
M'lady was my hearth and heat.
M'lady was my home.
Without her love and without my tears,
I'll pick up my staff and roam.

Harvest time turns the trees to rust
and my travels bring me to town.
The smell of straw blows up from the fields
and the sounds of music roll down.
The skalds sing out and the merchants deal
and the women dance till dawn.
There's ale and merriment enough for me
but in the morning I'll be gone.

I'm at my best when my boots wear thin
I'll see the world by the mile.
Every lake is green as my lady's eyes.
Every breeze is welcome as a smile.
From caravans of gold and silk,
to ships on the new moon's tide.
I found my comfort in a mossy bed,
with the road close by my side.

Summertime brings the drums of war
and banners from lands far away.
The fields burn as the farmers arm,
so I lend my sword to the fray.
"You've won a place of honor here, lad.
Why is it you won't stay?"
But the winding road keeps calling me back,
so this is what I say,

I'm at my best when my boots wear thin
I'll see the world by the mile.
Every lake is green as my lady's eyes.
Every breeze is welcome as a smile.
From caravans of gold and silk,
to ships on the new moon's tide.
I found my comfort in a mossy bed,
with the road close by my side.

On a cold mountain road in a traveler's inn,
I find shelter in the wintertime.

I warm my bones by the crackling fire
and I trade my tales for wine.
The innkeepers always ask the same,
"What calls you to the open road?"
As they turn for a answer all they see
is me vanish in the swirling snow.

I'm at my best when my boots wear thin
I'll see the world by the mile.
Every lake is green as my lady's eyes.
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