

Song for the Mira

Anne Murray

Out on the Mira one warm afternoon,
Old men go fishing with black line and spoon
And if they catch nothing they never complain,
I wish I was with them again.

As boys in their boats call to girls on the shore,
Teasing the one that they really adore,
And into the evening the courting begins,
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine a piece of the universe
more fit for princes and kings?
I'll give you ten of your cities
for Marion bridge and the pleasure it brings

Out on the Mira on soft summer nights
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight
They dance round the flames singing songs with their friends;
I wish I was with them again.

And over the ashes the stories are told
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island gold
The stars on the river they sparkle and spin;
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine a piece of the universe
more fit for princes and kings?
I'll give you ten of your cities
for Marion bridge and the pleasure it brings

Out on the Mira the people are kind,
They'll treat you to home-brew and help you unwind.
And if you come broken they'll see that you mend
I wish I was with them again.

And thus I conclude with a wish you go well,
Sweet be your dreams, may your happiness swell,
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins,
I'm going to be with them, going to be with them,
I'm going to be with them again.