

# The Burren

Ben Howard

Your carnation revolution was buried  
In these rock pools and I'm grateful  
And the sun looks like the afterlife  
In a battlefield after the rainfall

We walked out on out on to the burren frothy from the wind  
Full of yesteryear's sorrow, bad dreams within  
We were children again, we were children again  
And home hit me like blasted stone of rattle snake unturned

Blind, can't you see I am letting go  
I take with me what you left unburned

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Full of yesteryear's sorrow, bad dreams within  
We were children again  
We were children again

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Oh I come here to borrow time  
Oh I come here to start a fire  
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Oh I come here to start a fire