

Moon over Clare

Donovan

There's a lovely Moon over Clare
With the wind blowing in her hair
And she hears me singing over here
On a hillside on Innisheer

And I'll always remember you
Wherever I wander to
And the lovely Moon over Clare
With the wind in her hair

There's a lovely girl asking me
Would I like some fresh milk for my tea
And the lads next door playing near
On a hillside on Innisheer

And I'll always remember you
Wherever I wander to
And the lovely Moon over Clare
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