

Hidden Stories

Moya Brennan

Hidden names and hidden stories
Hidden stories, can't imagine what could happen
Can't imagine going 'round and 'round in my world
Are we any wiser, why this little child falls down to sleep?

I'm running, running, I'm running all around
I'm running up and down
I'm running, running, I'm running all around
I'm running up and down

Precious times and precious moments
Precious moments, certain seasons almost turning
Almost turning rhyme and reason into wonder
Is it any wonder, why this little child falls down to sleep?

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