

Get Back

The Tossers

One bright mornin' I walked down the glen
and down the mountain side
Not bound to work in the clay no more,
to go where the day may bide
And down the boreen a cold wind rose, a ghost upon the breeze
To moan and kick up old angers and torments upon me

Get back you specters, back you shades that haunt me in my dreams
For I am bound to see a brand new lover

And off they ran as small birds sang at me within the trees
Under the sun and how I enjoyed my own continuity
It was luck and privilege that brought me here, and strength
That makes me stay and the song upon the breeze tells how kindness reciprocates