

Bundle Of Their Dreams

Tim Finn

They did everything together
Through the thunder and the rain
The Northern Irish weather
Then they'd do it again

They did everything together
Through the famine of the war
Kept it warm inside
Kept it outside the door

They did everything together
Since the day they wed
Down the road to buy the paper
Past the flower shop on the corner
To buy that special loaf of bread

They did everything together
I know how much that means
When you put it all together
I'm just a bundle of their dreams

She was Irish Catholic
He was Church of England
But when they hit the dance floor
They felt their skin tingling

So they decided to get married
But the parish priest said
You can't get married in the church
So they did it in the sacristy instead

They did everything together
They had breakfast in bed
Sometimes we'd join in
A nice cup of tea
And plain butter on the bread

They did everything together
You know how much that means
When you put it all together
I'm just a bundle of their dreams

I could meet you in the Temple Bar
But I'm done with travelling
It's eleven thousand miles too far
Here in the muddle of my themes

The Irish mongrel's humble final scene
Floating naked in a tiny stream
Can't fight the sundial of your genes
Together like sardines
In the bundle of each other's dreams

I'm doing what I can
Wandering across the world
And I love my parents
And I love the girls

I'm not a bad person
Though I've been told I am
All I'm saying is one thing
I know what it means
I'm just a bundle of their dreams

A bundle of their dreams