

Song for the Mira

Out on the Mira, on warm afternoons

Old men go fishin' with black line and
spoons,

And if they catch nothin', they never
complain,

I wish I was with them again.

As boys in their boats call to girls on the
shore,

Teasin' the ones that they dearly adore,

And into the evening the courting begins,

I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine, a piece of the universe
More fit for princes and kings,
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion
Bridge,
And the pleasure it brings,

Out on the Mira, on soft summer nights,
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight,
They dance 'round the flames singin'
songs with their friends,
I wish I was with them again.

And over the ashes, the stories are told,
Of witches and werewolves and Oak
Island gold,

Stars on the river face, sparkle and spin,
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine a piece of the universe,
More fit for princes and kings,
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion
Bridge,
And the pleasure it brings.

Out on the Mira, the people are kind
They treat you to tea and they help you
unwind,
And if you come broken, they'll see that
you mend,
I wish I was with them again.

Now I'll conclude, with a wish you go well,
Sweet be your dreams and your
happiness swell,
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins,
I'm going to be with them again
I'm going to be with them again.
Hmm.