

MAGUIRE

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I can still see crowded nights
As you moved towards the mics
A cheshire cat in black beret
You came to sing your poetry - and we did listen

You sang with pride and grace
Of trials that we face
And ballads that would stir
The son of the Clydeside carpenter - with holy vision

You sang "Hillhead Friday Night"
and "Rocking the Boat"
and "I Believed I Could Float Beneath A White Moon"
"Beneath A White Moon"

You would talk of celtic bards
And histories so hard
You held the giants of the past
In your palm against the blast - of our deaf time

You sang "Hillhead Friday Night"
and "Rocking the Boat"
and "I Believed I Could Float Beneath A White Moon"
"Beneath A White Moon"

I believe the only way
To take stock and celebrate
Is to double what we do
When we lose the ones like you - are you really gone?

You sang "Hillhead Friday Night"
and "Rocking the Boat"
and "I Believed I Could Float Beneath A White Moon"
"Beneath A White Moon"