

Out of a Celtic Fog

Tad Tuleja

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Out of a Celtic fog
With boots of border clay
The singer sang the songs of going home

Am G
D C
Am G D

From a burning peat bog
With head a bit astray
The captain sang the wrongs of going home

Turning from the dog star
They made their double way
Measuring the long way home

Till not a man of God
Or any who soothsay
Could tell the two apart any more

Or say for sure
They were not the same

C
D