

# Westwind

Text und Musik: Morgain

The westwind is there where I was born  
The concert master who sets the tone.  
He blew me away from his father's farm  
Up to Dublin town.  
Here I studied, here I worked  
I married, have children seven or eight.  
I never felt home, can hardly wait  
To the day when the wind will turn.

Back home to Baileatha Linn  
To the brightest green, to the deepest blue.  
Back home to Baileatha Linn  
To the purest sea, to the place where I feel back home.

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I never felt home, can hardly wait  
To the day when the wind will turn.

Back home...

Listen to the wind can you hear the tune?  
A sad melody is blowing to me.  
Isn't it the whistling of Sean McLair  
Home in my County Clare?

Back home...