

# Luka Bloom, Ciara

In our troubled times  
We simply hide away  
And dream of the one  
We'd love to see  
At the end of the day  
Solitary winter chill me no more  
I dream an angel by the western seashore

Ciara...  
Ciara...

There is an angel  
I would like to know  
I sing and dream her face  
Lying on my pillow  
I kissed her one day  
In the cool of Brigid's well  
My heart beat crystal clear like a church bell

Ciara...  
Ciara...

I can hear the winter knockin' on my door  
I dream an angel by the western seashore

Ciara...  
Ciara...