

# Richard Hawley, Heart Of Oak

You're precious to me like always poetry  
And wish you well, my Heart Of Oak  
When you sang Bay Of Biscay  
The whole world had drifted away,  
And the winded side through the Hearts Of Oak  
I'll always be beside, my Heart Of Oak  
my Heart Of Oak

You're precious to me like place poetry  
And wish you well, bold Heart Of Oak  
With your arms raise open wide  
Singing to the skies  
What a mighty soul  
With a Heart Of Oak

Can we born our souls  
Not the Heart Of Oak  
My Heart Of Oak  
My Heart Of Oak

You're the keeper of the flame  
And time, was so much is it stay  
I wish you well, pure Heart Of Oak  
Can we born our souls  
Not the Heart Of Oak  
And form the lake .. grow  
The mighty oaks  
My Heart Of Oak  
My Heart Of Oak  
My Heart Of Oak