

Orthodox Celts

Hidden Corner

Sometimes I feel
That I'm not belonging here
In this world of pain and sorrow
But I know that I have to carry on

From time to time
I know it isn't crime
To feel the way I feel
But the life is hard and real

A hidden corner on an empty street
A pound of bread an' a peace of meat
A bottle of whiskey an' I pint of beer
That is all I need