

Malin Head

I am walking down the path of Malin Head	Am Dm
The storm blows through the holes in my soul	Em G Am
The spume is high and sprinkles my face	Am Dm
Each troplet washes away profane minds	Em G Am
This is the place where the freak of nature lives	Dm G C C/H Am
The storm, land and sea in a constant fight	G Dm Am
This is the place where all matters loose their weight	Dm G C C/H Am
I am soaking up the strength of Malin Head	G Dm Am

The cliffs try bravely to breast the mighty waves
But they are at the mercy of the sea
Sailors do not come too close to Malin Head
The wild Irish Sea might be hungry

Chorus

Instrumental over Verse

Trees would' t dare to grow at Malin Head
White dots of sheep keep out of harms way
I wonder who can stand to live at Malin Head
Just moss and tresses seem to be abode

This is the place where the freak of nature lives
The storm, land and sea in a constant fight
This is the place where all matters loose their weight
I surely will return to Malin Head
I surely will return to Malin Head

Outro over Verse and Chorus