

At Cilantro (with my Friends), 2005

Sitting here laughing with my fiends
A little bit of happiness it seems
Flows inside this old café
This day is pretty good
Sitting here laughing with my friends.

Now Allan he's a straight up guy
He plays his Lowden well
He has got that Irish pride
And man you just can tell.

Me and Allan play the session
At Cilantro Wednesdays
It's hard for him but he plays the gig
Cause this is our place.

Now Frank is here with us today
He was lucky to get away
From his wife and newborn child
It's a living hell, he sighs.

Between the songs, drinking bear
And telling dirty jokes
In his eyes, they just can't lie
He rather stay at home.

*And I know he could be a dreamer tonight
I know he could be a lover all right
I know he could say forever this time
But he's just sitting here at Cilantro
With his friends.*

Mr. Kelly just arrived Cilantro
On a plane from Ireland
He lives there with his girlfriend
And all his beat up guitars

I think he might have lost his head
Somewhere and in between
His homeless heart and the greenest land
That man has ever seen.

And me I'm just a stupid lad
I'm great full to be here
It's doesn't make me feel that sad
I don't burst into tears.

To write new songs and play them here
Tonight is quite all right
A little bit of happiness
Loosing time here with my friends.

*And I know I could be a dreamer tonight
I know I could be a lover all right
I know I could say forever this time
But I'm just sitting here at Cilantro
With my friends.*

*Sitting here laughing, talking,
Playing with my friends.*

Sitting here at Cilantro with my friends.