

The Bells of St. Michaels

Gibson
Smith

Verse: Cobble - Stone street by an Old carriage house
Walking and whisp - er - ing - and looking through win - dows
see how they live don't know the rea -
son we wander the night both of us searching
searching to - geth - er for something to give
Chorus: While the bells while the bells - while the bells of St. Michaels are
ring ing Bridge: Holding your hand like the
most precious thing - that ever I touched in my life . (While the)

THE BELLS OF ST. MICHEALS
P12

- ② We sit on the swings
in a back pocket park
watching the streetlights mercury golden
shimmer and glisten
Footsteps of strangers inhabit the night
sometimes like strangers trapped in their silence
we sit there and listen.
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Bridge: Holding your hand like the most precious
thing that ever I touched in my life.

CHORUS: WHILE THE BELLS, ETC.

- ③ Lovers in Old Town at least so I hear
discover the secret of weaving together their
pleasures and tears
St. Michael's steeple looks down from above
finding each other and coming together
forever in love.