

Black 47, Her Dear Old Donegal

Now that she's so far away from her dear old hills of Donegal
I wonder does she ever think of me at all
On that wet Monday I drove her down to Shannon
We drank brandy and kissed in the airport hall
She said she'd be definitely home for Christmas
But since then not even a word - not even a phone call

Now some of the boys said she's gone a little bit crazy
Said they've seen her hangin' round the Bronx
Runnin' with a rough crowd
I wonder does she ever think of me at all
'Cause I've got no intention of hangin' round this dump forever
Wonderin' about whether she'll love me or leave me
Or is about to deceive me
So if you see her, you tell from me....

You better sleep tight in New York City
Now you've got a different angel watchin' over you
And you know I tried to ring you but your phone is always busy
And I don't think I'm ever gonna get through again to you

So in the meantime,
Dream on in New York City
Now you've got a different angel watchin' over you.....

She'll be steppin' out down Bainbridge Avenue
Goin' down to the Village Pub on her nightly crawl
I wonder does she ever think of me at all
Just one more Amaretto for fortification
Then it's "good night you good people one and all
I've got a girlfriend, I've got to go see her over on Broadway"
Who does she think she's foolin' at all, at all

'Cause her dark angel waits on the corner
With his silver pills and his Spanish charms
Just one more moment's hesitation
Before she falls into his arms
Now anyone else would go over there and rescue her
And drag her back to her dear old Donegal
But she's left all that so far behind her
So, if you see her, you tell her from me

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