

Christy Moore, Rory's Gone

And Rory's gone,
To play the blues in heaven.
Above the clouds,
With all the angels singing there.
His records scratched,
Like his beaten-up old Fender,
But the songs are strong,
And the notes hang in the air.

Gone with Steve Ray,
And Jessie Ed Davis.
They died too young,
And much too premature.
Another rock'n'roller,
Gone but not forgotten,
As his old guitar still mourns and plays,
And wails and screams the blues.

It sings for Mississippi Fred,
And Muddy Waters,
Son House, Sleepy John,
And the Nighthawk too.
Blacks, whites, blues and greens,
All the colours mixed together
Now Rory's gone to Heaven.

Since Rory's gone to Heaven,
To play the blues.
And Rory's gone to play,
The blues in Heaven,
And Rory's gone to Heaven,
To play the blues.