

Fontaines D.C., I Love You

I love you, I love you, I told you I do
It's all I've ever felt, I've never felt so well
And if you don't know it, I wrote you this tune
To be here loving you when I'm in the tomb
I've eddied the heart now from Dublin to Paris
And if there was sunshine, it was never on me
So close the rain, so pronounced is the pain
Yeah

Well, I love you, imagine a world without you
It's only ever you, I only think of you
And if it's a blessing, I want it for you
If I must have a future, I want it with you
System in our hearts, you only had it before
You only opened the window, never opened up the door
And I love you, I love you, told you I do

Selling genocide and half-cut pride I understand
I had to be there from the start, I had to be the fucking man
It was a clamber of a life I sucked the ring off every hand
Had 'em plying me with drink, even met with their demands
When the cherries lined up I kept the spoilings for myself
Till I had 30 ways of dying looking at me from the shelf
A cloud-parting smile I had, a real good child I was
But this island's run by sharks with children's bones stuck in their jaws
Now the morning's filled with cokeys tryna talk you through it all
Is their mammy Fine Gael and is their daddy Fianna Fáil?
And they say they love the land but they don't feel it go to waste
Put a mirror to the youth and they will only see their face
Makes flowers read like broadsheets, "every young man wants to die"
Say it to the man who profits and the bastard walks by
And the bastard walks by, and the passer walks by
Say it to him fifty times and still the bastard won't cry
Would I lie?

I love you, I love you, I told you I do
It's all I've ever felt, I've never felt so well
And if you don't know it, I wrote you this tune
To be here lovin' you when I'm in the tomb
System in our hearts, you only had it before
Echo, echo, echo, the lights they go
The lights they go, the lights they go
Echo, echo

Selling genocide and half-cut pride I understand
I had to be there from the start I had to be the fucking man
It was a clamber of a life, I sucked the ring off every hand
Had 'em plying me with drink, even met with their demands
And I loved ye like a penny loves the pocket of a priest
And I'll love you till the grass around my gravestone is deceased
And I'm heading for the cokeys, I will tell them 'bout it all
About the gall of Fine Gael and the fail of Fianna Fáil
And now the flowers read like broadsheets, every young man wants to die
Say it to the man who profits and the bastard walks by
And the bastard walks by, and the passer walks by
Say it to him fifty times and still the bastard won't cry
Would I lie?