

# Gary Moore, Business As Usual

The pink crucifix with the ivory Jesus I wanted  
The man with the blood on his hands as I ran from the river  
Kissing my cousin, before they took her to the graveyard  
Trembling at night from the violence I heard from my bedroom

These are my memories  
These are my memories, coming home

Called up at school `cause my hand wasn't there to say "present";  
Running the gauntlet outside the Club Rado at dawn  
Rory and me without a spare string between us  
Catching the last bus halfway through "I'm so glad";

These are my memories  
These are my memories, coming home

Philip and me and "the brush"; riding round in a transit  
The Bailey, the Strangley's, the smoke and the speed and the acid  
I lost my virginity to a Tipperary woman  
A heart that was broken, but it wasn't the first or the last time

These are my memories  
These are my memories, coming home

Under the wings of the man they called Green, I found freedom  
Three children, one wife, a twist of the knife and a scandal  
Divorce, separation, some kind of salvation came lately  
So many have gone, but I know it's just business as usual

These are my memories  
These are my memories  
These are my memories  
These are my memories  
These are my memories  
These are my memories, coming home

These memories keep coming back  
These memories keep coming back  
All those years ago  
All those years ago