

# Ronan Keating, The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory, I will always see  
The town that I loved so well  
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall  
And they laughed through the smoke and the smell  
Going home in the rain, riding up the dark lane  
Past the jail, and down behind the fountain  
Those were happy days in so many, many ways  
In the town I loved so well

In the early mornin' the shirt factory horn  
Called women from cryin', the moor and the bog  
While the men on the dole played a mother's role  
Fed the children and then walked the dog  
And when times got tough there was just about enough  
And they saw it through without complainin'  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
In the town I loved so well

There was music there in the derriere  
Like a language that we all could understand  
I remember the day that I earned my first pay  
When I played in a small pick-art band

There I spent my youth, and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
For I learned about life, and I found a wife  
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned, how my eyes have burned  
To see how a town could be brought to it's knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed-out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
Now the army's installed by that old gas yard wall  
And the damn barbed wire gets higher and higher  
With their tanks and their guns, oh my god, what have they done  
In the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on  
For their spirits be bruised, never broken  
They will not forget but their hearts are set  
For tomorrow they'll have peace once again  
For what's done is done and what's won is won  
And what's lost is lost and gone for ever  
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day  
In the town I loved so well