

# Sinead O' Connor, My Man's Gone Now

My man's gone now, ain't no use a listening  
for his tired footsteps, climbing up the stairs.  
ah, oh, old man sorrow's come to keep me company  
whispering beside me when I say my prayers.  
ain't that a mine working  
working I and I travellers  
journeying together to the promised land  
but old man sorrow's marching all the way with me,  
telling me I'm old now since I lost my man  
since I lost my man.  
old man sorrow's sitting by the fireside,  
lying all night long by me in the bed.  
telling me the same thing morning, noon and evening,  
that I'm all alone now since my man is dead.  
ah, since my man is dead.  
ooohhhooo...