

The Cranberries, Yeat's Grave

Silenced by death in the grave
W B Yeats couldn't save
Why did you stand here
Were you sickened in time
But I know by now
Why did you sit here?
In the GRAVE

W. B. Yeats "Second";

Why should I blame her
That she filled my days
With misery or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways
Or hurled the little streets upon the great
Had they but courage
Equal to desire

Sad that Maud Gonne couldn't stay
But she had Mac Bride anyway
And you sit here with me
On the isle Inisfree

And you are writing down everything
But I know by now
Why did you sit here
In the grave...

Why should I blame her
Had they but courage equal to desire