Black 47, Fiona's Song

When first I came to New York town, my eyes were all aglow
To see the lights on Broadway, the scrapers rimmed with snow
I fell in with some Belfast boys, I whiled the nights away
Getting' drunk and stoned on the Boulevard in a bar called Maggie Mae's

Oh, the liquor flowed down freely, the grass relaxed my head By five o'clock in the mornin' I'd be driftin' off to bed With an arm around my slender waist, two lips attached to mine I'd stare up at the ceiling while some stranger enjoyed his time

But I'm thinkin' ever thinkin' by dark and by day I'm thinkin', ever thinkin' 'bout the night I went away When he held me to his firm young breast and whispered, "please don't go" Oh, I wish I was back in his own true arms where the rain and the rivers flow

Why did I ever let you go, what more can I say
My Mother didn't care for you, the ould one had her way
She wanted me to marry a girl from the university
But when I lay in your arms at night I wasn't thinkin' about your degrees

I couldn't understand the lack of your concern
For all my tears when you told me you were bound for New York Town
At your wake I stood in the kitchen my eyes abruised and red
And I clung to you like a baby that last night in your bed

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His tears dried up quite quickly from what it would appear
He was engaged to a girl from UCD in less than 1 full year
While I sit on the Boulevard in a bar called Maggie Mae's
And wait for some stranger to smile at me and get me to the next day

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