

# Dubliners, The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory I will always see  
the town that I have loved so well  
where our school played ball by the gasyard wall  
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell.  
Going home in the rain running 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 have loved so well.

In the early morning the shirt-factory horn  
called women from Craigeen the Moor and the Bog  
while the man on the dole played the mother's role  
fed the children and then trained the dogs.  
And when times got rough there was just about enough  
but they saw it through without complaining  
for deep inside was a burning pride  
for the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air  
like a language that we could all understand  
I remember the day when I earned my first pay  
as I played in the small pick-up band.  
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
for I'd learned 'bout life and I've 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 its 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 gasyard wall  
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher  
with their tanks and their guns, oh my god what have they done  
to the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but I still carry on  
for their spirit's been bruised never broken  
they will not forget for their hearts are a-set  
on tomorrow and peace once again.  
For what's done is done and what's won is won  
and what's lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a bright brand new day  
in the town I loved so well.