

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.