

Fiddler's Green, Life Full Of Pain

He had a life full of pain, lived a life full of hope
Stayed in bars drinking jars of Irish whiskey on the run
In a world full of tears, in a world of mistrust
He just lived on borrowed time and wasted all these precious years

Another day of agony, another night in hell
He hit the bottom of the barrel, saced by the bell
They grabbed him, they punched him, they slapped him in the face
He stumbled, he tumbled, he felt like a disgrace

A dirty shirt, a lousy cap, oh, what an ugly sight
No money in his pockets, all stolen in a fight
His memory lapsed on his way to Portobello Lane
He stuttered, he uttered, he crawled through the rain

A bloody nose, blind in one eye, with demons in his head
Beggars can't be chosen, he's completely in the red
He drew a blank, went down the drain, was down in the dumps
The cards were stocked against him, lost all his bloody trumps

...such a shame!
...down the drain!
...what a game!
...a bloody game!