

Gary Moore, Blood Of Emeralds

I was born up on the North side,
Where the Lagan River flows.
When I came across the border,
I was following my nose.
Dublin city '69,
There could have been no better place,
There was no better time.
Through the thunder and the rain,
The deepest blood of emeralds
Was running through my veins.

Blood of emeralds.

I was down and out on Skid Row,
But I held on to my pride.
The darkest son of Ireland,
He was standin' by my side.
We would sail the stormy seas.
Never looking back,
We were afraid of what we'd see.
Through the thunder and the rain,
The deepest blood of emeralds
Was running through our veins.

Some of us will win and some of us will lose,
The strong will survive.
Some of us will fall,
Some of us won't get out of here alive.

Blood of emeralds.
Blood of emeralds.

I was angry, I was sad,
Just thinking about the times we had.
I felt so lost and lonely too,
What could I say, what could I do?
After all, the time goes by.
No one knows the reasons why.
You lived each day like there was no tomorrow.
You spent those years living on time you borrowed.
And in your eyes, all I could see was sorrow.

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The deepest blood of emeralds.
The deepest, deepest blood of emeralds.