

John McDermott, Fairwell To Pripchat

It was a Friday in April 1986,
The day that nightmare begun,
When the dust it fell down on our buildings and streets,
And entered our buildings at noon,
Touched the grass and trees, bicycles, cars
Beds, books and picture frames too,
We stood around helpless, confused,
Nobody knew what to do.

At two o'clock on Sunday the buses arrived,
A fleet of a thousand or more,
We were ordered to be on our way,
Not knowing what lay in store ,
Some of our citizens fled in dismay,
And looked for a good place to hide,
When four o'clock came and the last bus pulled out,
T'was the day that our lively town died.

(Chorus)

And the shirts, sheets and handkerchiefs cracks in the wind,
On the window ledge the withering plants,
And the Ladas and Volgas are parked by the door,
And the bikes in its usual stance.

Our evergreen tree lies withered and drooped,
They've poisoned our fertile land,
The streets speak a deafening silence,
Nothing stirs but the sand.

A visit back home is so eerie today,
A modern Pompei in view,
To see all the old shops and the Forest Hotel,
And the Promyet cinema too.

The momentos we gathered all left behind,
Our photos and letters and cards,
The toys of our children untouchable now,
Toy Soldiers left standing on guard.

So fare thee well Pripchat, my home and my soul,
Your sorrow can know no relief.

A terrifying glimpse of the future you show,
Your children all scattered like geese,
The clothes lines still sways but the owners long gone.

As the nomadic era returns,
The questions in black and white blurred into grey,
The answer is too easy to learn.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)