

Thin Lizzy, Shades Of A Blue Orphanage

When we were kids he used to go over the back wall into old Dan's scrapyard
Into the snooker hall where most us kids were barred
An' into the Roxy and the Stella where film stars starred
That's where me and Hopalong an' Roy Rogers got drunk and jarred
And we might have been the saviour of the men,
the captured captain in the devil's demon den
And we might have been the magic politician in some kind of tricky position
Like an old, old, old master musician we kept on wishin'
We was headed for the number one hit country again

{Chorus}
And it's true
True blue
Irish blue
And it's true
True blue
And sometimes it reminds me of you

There's an old photograph of Dan that I wish you could-a seen
Of him and the boys posed, standing in St. Stephen's Green
Ya see, they were a part of the great freedom dream
But they were caught and detained and are locked inside the frame
of the photograph
And he might have been the clever con, the good samaritan, the rassclaut man
An' he might have been the loaded gun, the charlatan of the tap dancin' fan
But like an old pioneer from outer Afghanistan,
headed for the number one hit country again

{repeat chorus}

Old Dan in a raincoat hums the very, very, very special notes
of a long lost favorite melody
It reminds him of a love affair when he was young and did not care
And how he parted so soft, so sadden
And he might have been the laughing cavaliero, the wise old commanhero
Ow, the desparate desparado, the good looking Randolph Valentino,
the gigolo from Glasgow
But like an old, old hunter of the female buffalo,
he's headed for the number one hit country again

{repeat chorus}
And it's true
True blue
Irish blue
True blue
Irish blue
And it's true
It's so true
Ummm, it's true
I swear I've said it
Swear I've said it
I swear I said it
I swear it's true
And it's true
True blue
Oh, its Irish blue
And it's true...