

Patrick

Kirsty MacColl

He was a stranger in London at night
And he felt alone so he followed a light
Into a bar where the music was loud
He ordered a pint and got lost in the crowd
He asked a girl if she wanted to dance
She turned up her nose and she told him, "No chance"
He felt rejected and stood by the wall
And wondered why he'd ever bothered at all
He missed his family and wished he was home
With all of those strangers he felt so alone
Patrick, don't be afraid
You'll live to laugh another day
Patrick, don't be afraid
The cavalry is on the way
He stood in silence, looked round for a while
Then he saw a girl and she looked back and smiled
Then he went over and started to talk
She looked a bit like his sister in Cork
He bought her a drink with his last two quid
When he said, "Come back for a coffee" she did
Patrick, you've got it made
You're halfway there, you're on your way
Patrick, she's not afraid
And now I bet you're glad you stayed
Looking so lovely and perfectly groomed
She showed in the center of Patrick's room
She was lit up from the inside and out
Oh, he was enchanted as she moved about
She touched him like sunlight on cold mountain stone
And he grew afraid lest she leave him alone
Patrick, don't be afraid
You've won the girl and saved the day
Patrick, you've got it made
The girl's not going to run away
Patrick, don't be afraid
The cavalry is on the way
Patrick, you've got it made
Just look outside it's a lovely day

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