

Business As Usual

Gary Moore

The pink crucifix with the ivory Jesus I wanted
The man with the blood on his hands, as I ran from the river
Kissing my cousin, before they took her to the graveyard
Trembling at night from the violence I heard from my bedroom
These are my memories
Coming home
Called up at school, for my hand wasn't there to say, Present
Running the gauntlet outside the Club Rado at dawn
Rory and me, without a spare string between us
Catching the last bus halfway through, I'm so glad
These are my memories
Coming home
Philip and me and the brush ridin' 'round in a transit
The Bailey, the Strangely's, the smoke and the speed and the acid
I lost my virginity to a Tipperary woman
A heart that was broken but it wasn't the first or the last time
These are my memories
Coming home
Under the wings of the man they called Green, I found freedom
Three children, one wife, a twist of the knife and a scandal
Divorce, separation, some kind of salvation came lately
So many have gone but I know it's just business as usual
These are my memories
These are my memories
These are my memories
These are my memories
Coming home
These memories keep coming back
Those memories keep coming back
All those years ago
All those years ago
These are my memories
These are my memories
These are my memories

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