## **Blood of Emeralds**

## **Gary Moore**

I was born up on the north side, where the Lagan River flows
When I came across the border, I was following my noseDublin city '69
There could have been no better place, there was no better timeThrough the thunder and the rain
The deepest blood of emeralds was running through my veinsBlood of emeraldsI was down and out on skid row, but I held on to my pride

The darkest son of Ireland, he was standin' by my sideWe would sail the stormy seas
Never looking back, we were afraid of what we'd seeThrough the thunder and the rain
The deepest blood of emeralds was running through our veinsSome 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 aliveBlood of emeralds
Blood of emeraldsI 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 tomorrowYou spent those years living on time you borrowed

And in your eyes, all I could see was sorrowSome of us will win, some of us will lose, the strong will survive

Some of us will fall, some of us won't get out of here aliveBlood of emeralds

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