Dublin

Prefab Sprout

Who does not adore the sound
Of music in the name of towns
To build a city on such picturesque ground
That takes some sort of flair
We draw a line the ink is fear
You stay that side we'll stay here
It's far harder to keep it up
Than to tear it down
Does it take you back to the kind of world
Hindsight calls the good old days?
Now that there's no room in an Einstein world
For simple cause and effectDublin Dublin home of pretty Coleens
Dublin Dublin, nurse of such bitter dreamsBehind the soft and peachy skin
Where D.N.A. or God begin
Where sub-Gaelic rot sets in
With stories from your mother
In myths and less exalted forms
The heady cocktail glory is born
You know it's not a bottled storm
So why do you indulge it?Dublin Dublin home of pretty Coleens
Dublin Dublin, nurse of such bitter dreams

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