

McCormack's Wall

Glen Hansard

Well, I've not been honest, darlin'
No, I've not been straight at all
Well, I beg your pardon
The night we jumped McCormack's Wall
I was so happy just to be with you
I would have said anything at all
Now I could scream your name
Till you do the same
But I know you won't respond Well, here we are
What can we do
La din da
I'm gonna ride black river With the lark in the morning
And the dew upon the dawn
Well, a-home we came a crawling
With our sickness and our song
For all guitar makers
for the prisoners and the law
And the fine wine drinkers
Who drank their bellies raw
And to all the good samaritans
Whoever found us in the dark
And to all who've been
Or come between
The lovers in the park
And to all the "DÃ-omasagh singers
With their roots in holy ground
And forgiveness still lingers
In the bells above the town Well, here we are
What's there to do
La din la
I'm gonna ride on black river

Songwriters

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