

# Dublin

## Shane Theriot

After our affair, I swore that I'd leave Dublin  
And in that line I'd left behind  
The years, the tears, the memories  
And you in Dublin  
At the quays, friends come and say farewell  
We'd laugh and joke and smoke  
And later on the boat  
I'd cry over you  
How can I leave the town that brings me down  
That has no jobs, is blessed by God  
And makes me cry?  
Dublin  
And at sea with flowing hair  
I'd think of Dublin  
Of Grafton Street and Derby Square  
And those for whom I care and you  
In Dublin  
And you  
In Dublin

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