

# Raglan Road

**Jim Mccann**

On raglan road on an autumn day,  
I saw he first and knew  
That his dark hair would weave a snare  
That i might one day rue.  
I saw the danger and yet i walked  
Along the enchanted way  
And i said let grief be a falling leaf  
At the dawning of the day. On grafton street in november,  
We tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of a deep ravine where can be seen  
The worst of passions pledged.  
The queen of hearts still baking tarts  
And i not making hay,  
For i loved too much; by such and such  
Is happiness thrown away. I gave he the gifts of the mind.  
I gave he the secret sign  
Thats known to all the artists who have  
Known true gods of sound and time.  
With word and tint i did not stint.  
I gave he reams of poems to say  
With his own dark hair and his own name there  
Like the clouds over fields of may. On a quiet street where old ghosts meet,  
I see he walking now away from me,  
So hurriedly. my reason must allow,  
For i have wooed, not as i should  
A creature made of clay.  
When the angel woos the clay, hell lose  
His wings at the dawn of the day.

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