Dublin

The Radiators from Spa ce

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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