

# Station Street

## Fairground Attraction

The kids from Station Street  
Don't play 'round here, no more  
She doesn't exactly understand  
But it's something to do with the war  
So she learned some tunes on piano  
She's very good for her age  
But sometimes she pounds the keys  
With her tiny fists in a rage  
She doesn't exactly understand  
But it's something to do with the war  
Like when aunt Mary took her to O' Riley's Caff  
He said, "I can't serve your kind in here, so don't go comin' back"  
So she took to painting pictures, such a promising child  
But sometimes the pictures she paints are ugly and wild  
She doesn't exactly understand  
But it's something to do with the war  
So she prays to the statues on Sundays  
She says, "Please won't you give me a sign  
If there's any sense to this, move your hand or wink an eye"  
But the statues are cold and stony faced like the soldiers by the door  
She doesn't understand anything at all  
Anything at all, anything at all

Lyrics provided by

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