Station Street

Fairground Attraction

The kids from Station Street
Don't play 'round here, no moreShe doesn't exactly understand
But it's something to do with the warSo 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 rageShe doesn't exactly understand
But it's something to do with the warLike 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 wildShe doesn't exactly understand
But it's something to do with the warSo 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 doorShe doesn't understand anything at all
Anything at all, anything at all

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