The Brave

Jordan Reyne

There's a black dog from the Fenian Rd
He follows everywhere I ever go.
When the earth is bare and nothing grows
He is company and we, will turn the stones.When the men are gone and the women speak
O her pretty eyes turn blind to me.
Though we mark the earth as we mark the time
Still she'll look at us, look at us as if we're nothing.But maybe, we are the Brave.
Though I know she'll never say.
Maybe we are the Brave
but she'll leave here, all the sameTheres a dark man on Umere Rd
He speaks the native tongue none of us knows.
And of all her men, and all their deeds
She never speaks a word of his to me

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