

# 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 same Theres 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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