

# So Cold In Ireland

## The Cranberries

Here is a story of hope and of glory  
He's eighteen years old and well I fell in love  
But after that where have you gone, from me?  
The one that I loved endlessly  
We used to have a life but now it's all gone  
Mystify, mystify, mystify, mystify  
Mystify, mystify, mystify, mystify  
Does it have to be so cold in Ireland?  
Does it have to be so cold in Ireland, for me?  
Are they ready for me? Are they ready for me?  
Are they ready for me?  
Where have you gone, from me?  
The one that I loved endlessly  
We were to have a child  
Yesterday's gone

Well I knew the time would come  
When I'd have to leave and go on  
Look what they've done to me  
They've taken my hand and it's killing me  
Killing me, killing me, killing me  
Does it have to be so cold in Ireland?  
Does it have to be so cold in Ireland, for me?  
Are they ready for me? Are they ready for me?  
Are they ready for me?  
And I'm afraid I'm returning to Ireland  
I'm afraid I'm returning to Ireland  
I see, that there is nothing for me  
There is nothing for me, there is nothing for me

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