

The Islands

Black 47

If it's all so far behind me why does it seem like yesterday

 The lark in the morning, your auld lad tossin' hay

 The ferry in the harbor dancing jigs upon the waves

The day I turned my back on you and the islands Seven years I stayed away though I wrote from time to time

 Down all those dancing days your eyes haunted me

 But Bainbridge was the sweetest whore, took care of my demands

Bade me turn my back on you and the islands I brought you petticoats of silk, a diamond from the deuce

 No price too steep to pay for your commitment

 To lie once more beside you and to roll you in my arms

That's why I came back home to you and the islands No smoke from your chimney

 Your yard was choked with grass

 They said you'd upped and gone to the mainland

 One mentioned that you'd met someone

 Now lived in Dublin town

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