

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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