

The Town I loved so well

G D C G
In my memory I will always see,
C G D
the town that I have loved so well.
G D C G
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall,
C G D G
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell.
Em D C G
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane,
C D
past the jail and down behind the fountain.
G D C G
Those were happy days in so many, many ways,
C G D G
in the town I loved so well.

In the early morning the shirt factory horn,
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog.
While the men on the dole played a mothers role,
fed the children and then trained the dog.
And when times got tough, there was just about enough,
but they saw it through without complaining.
For deep inside was a burning pride,
in the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the thin Derry air,
like a language that we all could understand.
I remember the day, when I earned my first pay,
when I played in a small pickup band.
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth,
I was sad to leave it all behind me.
For I learned about life and I found me a wife,
in the town I loved so well.

But when I returned, how my eyes must have burned,
to see how a town could be brought to its knees.
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas, that hangs in every tree.
Now the army's installed by the gas yard wall,
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher.
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done,
to the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone, but they carry on,
for their spirit's been bruised, never broken.
They will not forget, but their harts are set,
on tomorrow and peace once again.
For what's done is done, and what's won is won,
and what's lost is lost and gone forever.
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day,
in the town I loved so well.