

# Prefab Sprout, Dublin

Who does not adore the sound  
Of music in the name of towns  
To build a city on such picturesque ground  
That takes some sort of flair  
We draw a line the ink is fear  
You stay that side we'll stay here  
It's far harder to keep it up  
Than to tear it down  
Does it take you back to the kind of world  
Hindsight calls the good old days ?  
Now that there's no room in an Einstein world  
For simple cause and effect  
Dublin Dublin home of pretty Coleens  
Dublin Dublin, nurse of such bitter dreams  
Behind the soft and peachy skin  
Where D.N.A. or God begin  
Where sub-Gaelic rot sets in  
With stories from your mother  
In myths and less exalted forms  
The heady cocktail glory is born  
You know it's not a bottled storm  
So why do you indulge it ?  
Dublin Dublin home of pretty Coleens  
Dublin Dublin, nurse of such bitter dreams