

Ronan Keating, The Town I Loved So Well

In my memory, I will always see
The town that I loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall
And they laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, riding up the dark lane
Past the jail, and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
In the town I loved so well

In the early mornin' the shirt factory horn
Called women from cryin', the moor and the bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role
Fed the children and then walked the dog
And when times got tough there was just about enough
And they saw it through without complainin'
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well

There was music there in the derriere
Like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day that I earned my first pay
When I played in a small pick-art 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 a wife
In the town I loved so well

But when I returned, how my eyes have burned
To see how a town could be brought to it's knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed-out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by that old gas yard wall
And the damn barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my god, what have they done
In the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirits be bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
For tomorrow they'll have peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone for ever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
In the town I loved so well