

Another Song is Born

Christy Moore

I looked over my shoulder but not for too long
It's no place to look if you're writing a song
Some songs grow ancient and live through the years
While others die off and dry up like tears

You open the cloak and lift up a veil
The hammer is raised to drive home a nail
The flesh is torn open, the bone is revealed
Wounds that fester seldom get healed

Songs written for love and written for gain
Some make you laugh, soothe a bad pain
Songs have a heart, a body, a soul
You lay one to rest and another song is born

While we rescue banks and Royal Kilmanham Halls
Hell on this earth means nothing at all
My hands are all withered and I cannot breathe
The nightmare of indifference to suffering and need

The elite on the plinth maintain status quo
Marble and granite their movements are slow
The silk stays unruffled as the eyebrows are raised
Satin and mohair the good lord be praised