

Hey Sandy

Christy Moore

The sun was hot and the air was heavy and the marching men came
by
You stood at the door and you watched them pass you asked the reason why
The sound of steel on their Jackboot heel came pounding through
your head
Your reason is past, they've come at last, with the blessings of
the dead

Hey Sandy, hey Sandy why are you the one?
All the years of growing up are wasted now and gone
Did you see them turn did you feel the burn of the bullets as they flew?
Hey Sandy, hey Sandy just what did you do?

At the college square they were standing there with flag and with the gun
And the whispered words as the young ones stirred, why are these things done
And the air was still with the lonely thrill of now the hour is near
And the smell of sweat was better yet than the awful smell of fear

The awful shout as you all ran out, why are these things done
And you stood and stared yet no one cared for another campus bum
Your songs are dead and your hymns instead are to the funeral pyre
And the words of youth, like love and truth are just ashes on the fire

Did you throw the stone at the men alone with their bayonets fixed for hire?
Did you think that they would kill no one did you scream as they opened fire?
As the square ran red with your bloodstains spread and the darkness round you grew
Did you feel the pain did you call the name of the man that you never knew?

[Chorus]