

Mercy

Christy Moore

We used to sit and watch the kids belly flop divin' in the river
Share a bottle a scrumpy by the neck, lie in the sun and you'd
make me laugh
Take of early and head on home to get dolled up for the Casino
We'd head out lookin' all shiny and new, we were Teddyboys we had
to be cool

Later that night we'd go down to Mario's for fish and chips and
vinegar
A smile for the camera man got me and you in a photograph
But time goes on and on and nothin' beautiful lasts forever
I know what you've done and what you've been through
But I don't understand why you do what you do
I give you my hand, it's a hand you can hold on to
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy

We drifted apart and you grew strange, you were more into whisky
than women
The first time you got lifted you loved it, you wrote your own
epitaph
Here lies a wanted man, couldn't take the rules when they hit him
Here lies a man with an attitude and a Polaroid shot of a hand
he could hold onto
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy

The older you get the harder it bites, when you fight you go kamikaze
It hurts so bad to see you fall back from your tender ways
Now all you've got is in a police bag beside a row of walkie-talkies
on the mantelpiece
I know what you've done and what you've been through
But I don't understand why you do what you do what you do
I give you my hand it's a hand you can hold onto
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy