

Mystic Lipstick

Christy Moore

She wears mystic lipstick
She wears stones and bones
She tells myth and legend
She sings rock and roll
She wears chains of bondage
She wears wings of hope
She wears the gown of plenty
And still it's hard to cope

Chroi, o mo chroi
Your heart is breaking
Your eyes are red, your song is blue
Your poets underneath the willow in despair
They have been lovers of your sad tune
Lovers of your slow air

She keeps fools for counsel
She keeps the wig and gown
The cloth and the bloody warfare
The stars and stripes and crown
And still we pray for a better day now
God willing it's for the best
But I've just seen the harp on the penny
With a dollar on her naked breast

Chroi, o mo chroi
Your heart is breaking
Your eyes are red, your song is blue
Your poets underneath the willow in despair
They have been lovers of your sad tune
Lovers of your slow air
Lovers in sweet despair

(And though they feed on what hurts you
To sing the book of your heart
Oh sweet Black Rose
How they've loved you
And it's hard to
But they do, Eire, they do)

Chroi, o mo chroi
Your heart is breaking
Your eyes are red, your song is blue
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They have been lovers of your sad tune
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Lovers in sweet despair