

# Rory Is Gone

Christy Moore

And Rory's gone  
To play the blues in heaven  
Above the clouds  
With all the angels singing there  
His records scratched  
Like his beaten-up old Fender  
But the songs are strong  
And the notes hang in the air

Gone with Steve Ray  
And Jessie Ed Davis  
They died too young  
And much too premature  
Another rock'n'roller  
Gone but not forgotten  
As his old guitar still mourns and plays  
And wails and screams the blues

It sings for Mississippi Fred  
And Muddy Waters  
Son House, Sleepy John  
And the Nighthawk too  
Blacks, whites, blues and greens  
All the colours mixed together  
Now Rory's gone to Heaven

Since Rory's gone to Heaven  
To play the blues  
And Rory's gone to play  
The blues in Heaven  
And Rory's gone to Heaven  
To play the blues