

The Other Side

Christy Moore

Where John paints in Caribbean colours
And Tyrone boys dream of loving on the strand
Flowers heaped in gesture on the courthouse steps in Kerry
And we trampled on the outstretched hand
Roman posters on the wall outside the graveyard
"No Divorce" is all they say
I saw a little sister of Mercy
Invoke the wrath of God on polling day

Oh the Island, where Tyrone boys dream of loving on the strand
Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand

The lady sends squaddies on the water
Geordie don't be afraid to die
In blackened face he dreams of his darling bairns and hinny
On the watchtower overlooking aughnacloy
In Long Kesh the Tyrone Boys are dreaming
Of making love upon the strand some day
On the news came a mid-Atlantic accent
Plastic bullet has taken Julie Livingstone away

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Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand

The King he came to see his people
And he took a soldier by the hand
Eyes averted from the Gloucester Diamond
To comfort those who occupy the land
High above the clouds a promised heaven
On the street a confused and homeless child
While men in black declare a social order
Frightened women sail to the other side

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Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand

All the young ones are leaving the Island
Out the door, down the steps, around the side
Unwanted they file through departure lounges
Like deportees dispersing far and wide
In the distance there's cricket in Cloughjordan
The gentle clack of croquet on the lawn
As our children shackled by illegal status
Hold their heads down behind the Brooklyn wall

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Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand