

## Tyrone Boys

Christy Moore

Where John Hinde paints in Carribbean colours  
Tyrone Boys dream of lovin on the strand  
Flowers heaped in gesture on the courthouse steps in Tralee  
As the law trampled on Joanne's hand  
Roman posters on the wall of Rathmore graveyard  
No Divorce is all they say  
I saw a little sister of mercy  
Invoke the wrath of god on polling day

When the pope came here to meet his people  
He knelt and kissed the holy ground  
Diverted from the Gloucester Diamond  
Where good people had built a holy shrine  
High above the clouds a promised heaven  
On the street a confused and homeless child  
While men in black declare social order  
Frightened women sail to the other side

Far away from The Island where Tyrone Boys dream of lovin on the strand  
Far away from the Island where the law trambles on Joanna's hand

Thatcher sent young squaddies o'er the water  
Geordie dont be afraid to die  
In blackened face he dreams of his darlin bairns and hinny  
On the watchtower overlooking Aughnacloy  
In Long Kesh young Ulstermen are dreaming  
Of making love upon the strand some day  
On the downtown news comes a mid-Atlantic accent  
Karen Livingstone has been blown away.

A body slips quietly through the rushes  
Mountcharles surveys the battlefield  
The silk clad pompadour who played sun city  
Hears little of the corpse amongst the reeds  
The mist comes swirling off the mountain  
The children have forgotten how to play  
Death train sneaks across the island  
Deadly poisen bound for Killala Bay

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  
Back home theres cricket in Cloughjordan  
The gentle clack of croquet on the lawn  
Our children shackled by illegal status  
Hold their heads down behind the Brooklyn wall