

Something About Ireland

Deacon Blue

Driving through the frocess in the snow
two lines of trees consent to let us go
it tells a story of long ago
another love that won't let goit told me

Something about Ireland
something I should know
something about Ireland
something makes me want to go

Standing in the suberbs at midnight
out of the warm of dim TV light
a cold shiver gripped on hearing the distant sound
these dangerous places can turn your head around
thet tell me

Families meet families mutter
backdrop radio news stutters
dead body in a dead-end street
men media on while widows meet

In sunlit morn crossing the red sea
two lights laugh from a hillside and beckon me
"mythical light of the ever present hope"
bidding farewell, letting me know, telling me