

Old man, I heard some things about the boy you used to be.
No father, no king, just a broken old man broken by the whiskey.
Too afraid to stay, too smart to not leave,
too young to be a bird who forgot to sing,
and a ground that never knew the knees
of a boy and his own tale of two cities.

"Sometimes a man breaks, sometimes he can't bend
when his youth is a wound time won't mend.
(never the best of times)
Sometimes a man breaks, sometimes he can't bend
at the thought of peace as something only lent.
(only the worst of mine)
Sometimes a man breaks, sometimes he can't bend
when his son is another one who won't understand":

The Irish temper, it's history's chains,
and the bottle's stain that just won't wash away.
But a seed was planted in the sod of nothingness from which you came,
and flowers grew and roses bloomed
to form this garden of a life you've made.

And in this city you once knew as hell
is a garden where I enjoy myself.
And in this father I hardly know
was a son who took back what the bottle stole

So I could be the boy you couldn't be
have the father you didn't get to see
have the youth you did not get to live
or feel the love this world forgot to give.

And for this gift I don't deserve to get
I'll make damn sure I earn this.

"o' your friends say boston's beautiful,
but they didn't live here, they didn't die here
in the Hyde Park years.
o' your friends say boston's beautiful,
but they didn't live hard, they didn't die hard
when sons dragged out their fathers from bars.
o' your friends say boston's beautiful,
but they didn't dream here, they didn't scream here
when no one hears.
o' your friends say boston's beautiful,
but they didn't hide here, they didn't cry here
when little boys weren't allowed to shed their tears."

There just aren't enough men like you.