

Mother Father Son

Luka Bloom

They waited on the platform
Mother, Father, Son
Parents took the young man's arms
Three got on
Small talk to pass the journey
On a Dublin train
Going to the Dublin doctor
Young man sat in pain

He said: "Rebel's words and rebel swords
They pushed into my face
And Shakespeare and Latin verse and
Words of market-place
But now I make my journeys
To sweeter greener lands
My friends and I
We dream of dreams
You would not understand."

I asked him if within his dreams
Or in his secret plans
He could see a ray of hope at all
For the people in this land

He said: "Love to see the walls and fences
Coming down around their ears
Love to see them standing naked
With all the naked fears."

Mother said: "He's just a young man
He will change in time."
(He said) "No, I won't go back there
Not this time
Chasing wealth and discipline
Have been your only goals
I feel peace in darker places
In my soul, in my soul."

He said: "Love to see the walls and fences
Coming down around their ears,
Love to see them standing naked
With all the naked fears."

Always told "Hide your feelings"
Always told "Never show your feelings"
But now I need to know my feelings, feelings.

Love to see the walls and fences
Coming down around their ears
Love to see them standing naked
With all the naked fears.

Waving from the platform
Watch them moving on
Together in the city
Mother, Father, Son
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