

Ireland

MU330

ireland is at war with herself
Hopeless that I couldn't help
When ireland is at war with herself
My heart was strong but I was wrong
To think that I could save her
Her head was mixed in politics
And I fell out of favor
There was no trial
No mercy mild
And now I am forever exiled
Ireland is at war with herself
All the time I spent in ireland
She never gave a hint of discontent
We used to run through the fields hand in hand
I was her little boy I was her somewhat bigger man
I pledged my loyalty
I was her patriot
I was her everything that she'd soon forget
Ireland is at war with herself
Hopeless cause I couldn't help
When ireland is at war with herself