

Who does not adore the sound
Of music in the name of towns?
To build a city on such picturesque ground
That takes some sort of flair

We draw a line the ink is fear
You stay that side we'll stay here
It's far harder to keep it up
Than to tear it down

Does it take you back to the kind of world
Hindsight calls the good old days ?
Now that there's no room in an Einstein world
For simple cause and effect

Dublin, Dublin home of pretty Coleen's
Dublin, Dublin, nurse of such bitter dreams

Behind the soft and peachy skin
Where D N A or God begin
Where sub-Gaelic rot sets in
With stories from your mother

In myths and less exalted forms
The heady cocktail glory is born
You know it's not a bottled storm
So why do you indulge it?

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