

Summer In Dublin

Celtic Thunder

Take me away from the city and lead me to where I can be on my own,
I wanted to see you, and now that I have, I just want to be left alone,
I'll always remember your kind words, and I'll still remember your name,
But I've seen you changing and turning, and I know that things just won't be the same.

I remember that summer in Dublin, and the Liffey as it stank like hell,
And the young people walking on Grafton Street, and everyone looking so well,
I was singing a song I heard somewhere, called "Rock'n'Roll Never Forgets",
When my hummin' was smothered by a Forty Six 'A' and the scream of a low-flying jet.

So I'm leavin' on Wednesday morning tryin' to find a place where I can hear
The wind and the birds and the sea on the rocks, where open roads always are near,
And if sometimes I tire of the quiet, and I want to walk back up that hill,
I'll just get on the road and I'll stick out my thumb.
'Cause I know for sure you'll be there still.

I remember that summer in Dublin, and the Liffey as it stank like hell,
And the young people walking on Grafton Street, and everyone looking so well,
So I jumped on a bus to Dun Laoire, stoppin' off to pick up my guitar,
And a drunk on the bus told me how to get rich. I was glad we weren't goin' too far.

And if sometimes I tire of the quiet, and I want to walk back up that hill,
I'll just get on the road and I'll stick out my thumb.
'Cause I know for sure you'll be there still.