

Tyrone Boys

Christy Moore

Where John Hinde paints in Carribbean colours
Tyrone Boys dream of lovin on the strand
Flowers heaped in gesture on the courthouse steps in Tralee
As the law trampled on Joanne's hand
Roman posters on the wall of Rathmore graveyard
No Divorce is all they say
I saw a little sister of mercy
Invoke the wrath of god on polling day

When the pope came here to meet his people
He knelt and kissed the holy ground
Diverted from the Gloucester Diamond
Where good people had built a holy shrine
High above the clouds a promised heaven
On the street a confused and homeless child
While men in black declare social order
Frightened women sail to the other side

Far away from The Island where Tyrone Boys dream of lovin on the strand
Far away from the Island where the law trambles on Joanna's hand

Thatcher sent young squaddies o'er the water
Geordie dont be afraid to die
In blackened face he dreams of his darlin bairns and hinny
On the watchtower overlooking Aughnacloy
In Long Kesh young Ulstermen are dreaming
Of making love upon the strand some day
On the downtown news comes a mid-Atlantic accent
Karen Livingstone has been blown away.

A body slips quietly through the rushes
Mountcharles surveys the battlefield
The silk clad pompadour who played sun city
Hears little of the corpse amongst the reeds
The mist comes swirling off the mountain
The children have forgotten how to play
Death train sneaks across the island
Deadly poisen bound for Killala Bay

All the young ones are leaving the Island
Out the door down the steps around the side
Unwanted they file through departure lounges
Like deportees dispersing far and wide
Back home theres cricket in Cloughjordan
The gentle clack of croquet on the lawn
Our children shackled by illegal status
Hold their heads down behind the Brooklyn wall