

Factories

Damien Dempsey

Factories, trains and houses, playground of my youth
The place that left me mute,
I threw back my shoulders
Factories, trains and houses,
The place that makes some strong,
And hurries you along,
Some grow old very quick there.
No star ever played the cellar bar,
Glass and bottle fights,
We saw some crazy nights,
But then fights do excite you.

I'm awoken by a...
Handbrake turn outside,
I knew lads who died,
That sound chills me inside still.
Howth Junction could take you away
And in the hayfields we'd squander the day
And from the corner of Holywell road.
See the sunset over Saint Donaugh's,
See the sunset over us all,
See the sunset over Saint Donaugh's.

Some boys want to get me,
Because I hit one back,
I still can hear the crack,
Of his head on the concrete
Doin' drugs and drinking,
Makes you so depressed,
And then you think you're blessed,
When you're dropping a tablet.
Troubled years and fighting,
Makes you sad you know,
And Mammy had to go,
Sure it's best in the long run.
Howth Junction could take you away
And in the hayfields we'd squander the day

And from the corner of Holywell road.
See the sunset over Saint Donaugh's,
See the sunset over us all,
See the sunset over Saint Donaugh's,
See the sunset over the world.