

Subliminal Dublinia

David Keenan

Noiseless nomad, what does the road hold
For this cradle capped croppie
Hands covered in chalk
I've withstood many tremors
In this constellation of plasticity
Water diviner, point me towards the source
I am a stevedore hauling heavy cargo
From the bowels of the ship
I spat a thought cleansing spit
Wiping my lips on my sleeve
The dope seeking dopamine
Walks the streets of Dublinia
Subliminal Dublinia
Shhh... there are those fast asleep

But there is warmth to be found in our hearts
Decent sons and daughters
Jesus Christ, is that you bedding down for the night
Ah, with your knees tucked to your chin?
Ah, would you look at him?
Ah, would you take one
Ah, would you take one look at him?
The eyes, the eyes that draw you in
Get a look at her
Ah, would you take one look?
Ah, would you take one look at her?
Do you see yourself in her?
Weren't you at the school with her?

I spat a thought cleansing spit
Into the medicinal breeze
That chews up all the leaves
Upon the streets of Dublinia
I spat a thought cleansing spit
Into the medicinal breeze
That chews up all the leaves
Upon the streets of Dublinia

I spat a thought cleansing spit
Into the visceral winds that rage
And lift the words from the lazy page
Awakened minds, take to the stage
Overthrowing the weak
Denying beds to those who sleep
Upon the semi-conscious streets
Of subliminal Dublinia

Give me a Dublinia
Where no one dies of the cold
While others reap what they stole
Isn't that a start?
Isn't that a start?
Dublinia, I love you
But you're breaking my heart

Revolution, I call you from this horse drawn cart
A revolution of the mind

And of the soul
And of the heart
Isn't that a start?

Oh, Dublinia, I love you
But you're breaking my heart
Revolution, I call you from this horse drawn cart
A revolution of the mind
And of the soul
And of the heart
Isn't that a start?

Occupy the city with original Ideas
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Occupy the city with original Ideas...

Oh, Dublinia, I love you
But you're breaking my heart
Revolution, I call you from this horse drawn cart
A revolution of the mind
And of the soul
And of the heart
Isn't that a start?

I still love you
Isn't that a start?

Occupy the city with original Ideas
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Isn't that a start?