

## Bloomsday

Fontaines D.C.

Saw the city hall in flames  
I suppose it doesn't do as much these days  
You put on your coat and smile  
Saddest one I've seen for a country mile  
Brought it down the road, Quicksmart  
There's always fuckin' rain and it's always dark  
When you were at the gate soaked through  
Let's not say a word if it isn't true

Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday

Cordoned off the rest, too young  
Looking for a thing no do-er's done  
We won't find it here my love  
Drinking with the tourists and fighting in front of them  
Oh, to be young  
Once more  
I know all the lines lived it all before  
When you were at the gate soaked through  
Never said a word that wasn't true

Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday

Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday  
Bloomsday