

McCormack's Wall

Glen Hansard

Well, I've not been honest, darlin',
No, I've not been straight at all.
Well, I beg your pardon;
The night we jumped McCormack's Wall
I was so happy just to be with you
I would have said anything at all.
Now I could scream your name
Till you do the same,
But I know you won't respond

Well, here we are.
What can we do?
La din da...
I'm gonna ride black river

With the lark in the morning
And the dew upon the dawn,
Well, a-home we came a-crawling
With our sickness and our song
For all guitar makers;
for the prisoners and the law;
And the fine wine drinkers
Who drank their bellies raw;
And to all the good samaritans,
Whoever found us in the dark;
And to all who've been
Or come between
The lovers in the park;
And to all the Ó Díomasaigh singers
With their roots in holy ground.
And forgiveness still lingers
In the bells above the town.

Well, here we are.
What's there to do?
La din la...
I'm gonna ride on black river

Well, this is a song of drinking,
And for a drink it will be sung,
And I'll sing it right, and I'll say goodnight
Unless they're serving another one