

Tir Eile

Saint Sister

Just like all the times before
I find you staring at the door
If I leave will you love me more?
Well I can't answer that
And just like all those other men
Whose heart is taken by the pen
If I leave will you write me then?
Well I can't promise that

And won't it hurt if I refuse
To give you love you'd never lose?
Give you love you'd never use
I can answer that
And won't it hurt if I resist
And take the love you'd never miss?
Hide the hand you'd never kiss
I can promise that

Ah-ah, ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah, ah-ah-ah

Paralysed through wide awake
I give you love you'd never take
Memories you will not make
Inside that clever head
Your sickness turned out to be
All in your head and never me
Tell me once more how you're free
Let's put this to bed