

So Cold in Ireland

The Cranberries

Here is a story
Of hope and of glory.
He's eighteen years old
And well I fell in love.
But after that,
Where have you gone, from me?
The one that I loved endlessly.

We used to have a life,
But now it's all gone.

Mystify...

Does it have to be so cold in ireland?
Does it have to be so cold in ireland, for me?

Are they ready for me?

Where have you gone, from me?
The one that I loved endlessly.
We were to have a child.
Yesterday's gone.
Well I knew the time would come.
When I'd have to leave.
Go on.
Look what they've done to me.
They've taken my hand...
And it's killing me.
Killing me, killing me, killing me!

Does it have to be so cold in ireland?
Does it have to be so cold in ireland, for me?
Are they ready for me?

But I'm afraid I'm returning to ireland.
I'm afraid I'm returning to ireland.
I see, that there is nothing for me.
There is nothing for me.