The town I loved so well

G D C G
In my memory I will always see
C G e D
the town that I have loved so well.
G D C G
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall,
C e D G
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
C D G e
Going home in the rain running up the dark lane,
C a7 D
past the jail and down behind the fountain.
G D C G
Those were happy days in so many ,many ways,
C G D G
in the town I loved so well.

In the early morning the shirt factory horn,
called women from Cregan,the moor and the bog,
while the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs.
And when times got tough there was just about enough
but they saw it through without complaining,
for deep inside was a burning pride in the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air,
like a language that we all could understand,
I remember the day when I earned my first pay,
and I played in a small pick-up band.
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth,
I was sad to leave it all behind me,
for I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well.

But when I returned how my eyes have burned,
to see how a town could be brought to his knee
by the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to ev'ry tree.
Now the army's installed by the old gasyard wall,
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher,
with their tanks and their guns oh my god, what have they done,
to the town that I loved so well.

Now the music‘s gone, but they carry on, for their spirits been bruised,
never broken, they will not forget but their hearts are set,
on tomorrow and peace once again.
for what‘s done is done and what's won is won,
and what's lost is lost and gone for ever,
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well.

(Phil Coulter)