

Clifford T. Ward "Waiting For The Garda"

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A face that haunts me smilin' down
A broken doll with eyes so wild
O'Connell Bridge you're fallin' down
And hangin' on a ragged child
Amid the to and fro
Watchin' as we come an' go
Footsteps an the motor cars
Shyin' from her beggin' jar
Cryin' in the night
Where love will fall
Dyin' as she might
An' we all laugh
Knowin' it's a con
Waitin' for the garda
To come.

Her face still haunts me shinin' down
A meadow flower growin' wild
O'Connell Bridge you're fallin' down
And on your ledge a frightened child
Amid the heat an' dust of rush around
The feet an' wheels that spin
Shyin' from her beggin' tin
Cryin' in the night

Where love will fall
Dyin' out of sight
An' we all laugh
Knowin' it's a con
Waitin' for the garda
To come.

Amid the heat an' dust of rush around
The feet an' wheels that spin
Shyin' from her beggin' tin
Cryin' in the night
Where love will fall
Dyin' out of sight
An' we all laugh
Knowin' it's a con
Waitin' for the garda
To come.

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