

## Black 47

### "American Tragedy"

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Open up the door, she's standin' there  
With the smile in her eyes but the gray in her hair  
Betrays the fact you strayed far from home  
With your drinkin', your smokin', you're whorin' around

Sit down by the fire, put your feet on the grate  
Spend the night reminiscin' 'til the hour grows late  
Always remember at the end of the day  
You can always go home, you just can't stay

Then it's off to the pub for to see your old mates  
Ah, they all look older, but nothin' has changed  
And you drink 'til you're nearly out of your head  
Hey, what are yez all doin', snakin' off to bed?

Then you're outside her flat but she's no longer there  
The tears scald your eyes as you think of her hair  
In the photo they sent you of her wedding day  
You can always go home, you just can't stay

Then you see her at Mass with the kids at her side  
And it all comes back in the blink of an eye  
The tears and the laughter, the love and the lies  
And that dress she wore the night you said,? Goodbye?

Then her husband says, "It's good to have you back"  
And she smiles for a moment and squeezes your hand  
But you know what she's thinkin', she doesn't have to say  
You can always go home, you just can't stay

And you swear to yourself, time and time again  
It was all in the past, she don't mean anything  
Now your life is full of laughter and bars  
What did you leave behind, just the sun, the moon and the stars?

Then it's up in the mornin' at the crack of dawn  
With your stomach churnin', she says, "Come on, now, Sean  
You'll be late for the plane" but that crack in her voice

Betrays the fact that you made your choice

A long time ago, now there's no turnin' back  
'Cause last night you had your American wake  
And the bells are still ringin', can't you hear what they  
say?  
You can always go home, you just can't stay

Say goodbye, say goodbye, say goodbye  
In the wind, the river and the pourin' rain  
One last drink, one last drink, one last drink  
At Shannon Airport, then we're outa here

History around here, catch you again next year  
Landin' at Kennedy, landin' at Kennedy, landin' at  
Kennedy  
All you feel is the pain  
But it's too late, it's too late 'cause last night you had  
You had your American wake

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