

## **Black 47**

# **"The Islands"**

Visit "[The Islands](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

If it's all so far behind me why does it seem like  
yesterday  
The lark in the morning, your auld lad tossin' hay  
The ferry in the harbor dancing jigs upon the waves  
The day I turned my back on you and the islands

Seven years I stayed away though I wrote from time to  
time  
Down all those dancing days your eyes haunted me  
But Bainbridge was the sweetest whore, took care of  
my demands  
Bade me turn my back on you and the islands

I brought you petticoats of silk, a diamond from the  
deuce  
No price too steep to pay for your commitment  
To lie once more beside you and to roll you in my arms  
That's why I came back home to you and the islands

No smoke from your chimney  
Your yard was choked with grass  
They said you'd upped and gone to the mainland  
One mentioned that you'd met someone  
Now lived in Dublin town

Grown tired of haunting dreams on the islands  
Now it's all so far behind me but it seems like  
yesterday  
The lark has quit the heavens, no one bothers savin'  
hay  
I am a tourist in my hometown, an acquaintance once a  
friend  
Since I turned my back on you and the islands

Visit [Black 47](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.