

## Inishmore "187"

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Who wants to hear my story?  
Do I want to face the truth?  
The shadows of my worries  
Are tearing at my youth.

Where else could I go?  
What more shall I try?  
When the kiss of love  
Turns into a lie!

Can I steer the ship before it hits the shore?  
Another broken cradle lying on the floor.

I've been searching for a God  
But his face was turned away.  
Father don't deceive me now  
Your child led astray.

The dove has left, it's out sight,  
An open door, a ray of light.  
But it's just another night  
Father, how can this be right?

Can I steer the ship before it hits the shore?  
Another broken cradle lying on the floor.

I've been searching for a God  
But his face was turned away.  
Father don't deceive me now  
Your child led astray.

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