

Dar Williams

"Ireland"

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When the morning mist is rising
And the Hudson nearly blue
With the branches all a' blowing
And the sun comes sifting through
I stare with homesick wonder
For my thoughts all turn to you
And my memory fills with deeper greens and blues
And Ireland is always in the news
I called your struggle useless
And my home a battlefield
And I cursed the hope of moving
I left you all behind me
Crying that your fate was sealed
But the anger not the love here I did lose
And Ireland is always in the news
But now I'm having nightmares
For the picture will not fade
Of one hundred black umbrellas
Shining in a great parade
I guess I had it coming
It's a cold hard price I paid
For yes I did choose
To find my brother's funeral in the news
So don't you get your hopes up
But I think I'm coming home
For maybe there'll be freedom
With one more shoulder to that stone
I may end up a martyr
But I will not end alone
Oh your are a family that I can't refuse
Oh Ireland you're dying in the news

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