

David Ford

"Stephen"

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Stephen, the flag's at half-mast at the station
There's a cloud hanging over this town
The wind blows apologies; the sun looks ashamed
As it hides out behind Portadown

And out there are children still raised on old anger
Who believe there's a reason to fight
A piece of land's only a piece of land
And you will not come home tonight

Stephen, the uniformed visitors came,
Unexpectedly, late yesterday
I opened the door to a man and a woman
And I knew what they'd come here to say

Oh, I've never seen any darkness so deep
As the moment when I clicked off the light
And a piece of land's only a piece of land
But you will not come home tonight

Stephen, the news has been filled with your picture
It seems the whole world knows your name
And would you believe there was Martin McGuinness
Out condemning these bastards to blame?

Oh, I've never seen so much orange and green
Come together on a thin strip of white
Still, a piece of land's only a piece of land
And you will not come home tonight
Yes, a piece of land's only a piece of land
And you will not come home tonight...

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