

The Prodigals "The Morning After"

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(chorus:)

You dance like you're drunk but you sing like you're
sober

You pulled the last pint when the party was over

When you're alone and you lie in your bed.

The rain on the roof is the dance of the dead.

The boys from the Bronx and Belturbet, Bundoran,
Brighton and Bray, they're all shouting and brawling

They're routing reflection, a kiss or a sigh

To forget or recall the old days long gone by.

And it's up in the morning, and after the evening

The wordless goodbye and the silently leaving

You turned on your side, and the dream in the bed

Was a far distant cry from the one in your head.

(chorus)

Chimeras and fantasies merging together

And thoughts of a life of a far-different feather

They brought us to where we are - now that we're here

Is it better or worse than we hoped and we feared?

Pioneers, drunkards, pilgrims and rovers,

Bridges of bone and of gold to cross over

The beckoning bar with it's circle of light

And the voice and the laugh that ring out in the night.

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