

Moore Gary "Business as Usual"

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The pink crucifix with the ivory Jesus I wanted.
The man with the blood on his hands, as I ran from the river.
Kissing my cousin, before they took her to the graveyard.
Trembling at night from the violence I heard from my bedroom.

These are my memories.
These are my memories,
Coming home.

Called up at school, for my hand wasn't there to say 'present'.
Running the gauntlet outside the club radio at dawn.
Rory and me, without a spare string between us.
Catching the last bus halfway through I'm so glad.

These are my memories.
These are my memories,
Coming home.

Philip and me and 'the brush' ridin' 'round in a transit.
The bailey, the strangely's, the smoke and the speed and the acid.
I lost my virginity to a tipperary woman.
A heart that was broken, but it wasn't the first or the last time.

These are my memories.
These are my memories,
Coming home.
Under the wings of the man they called green, I found freedom.
Three children, one wife, a twist of the knife and a scandal.
Divorce, separation, some kind of salvation came lately.
So many have gone, but I know it's just business as usual.

Oh, these are my memories.

These are my memories.
These are my memories.
These are my memories.
These are my memories.
These are my memories,
Coming home.

These memories keep coming back.
Those memories keep coming back.
All those years ago.
All those years ago.

These are my memories.
These are my memories.
These are my memories.

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