

## Gordon Goodwin

### "Bad News From Home"

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High on a cliff in the County Mayo  
Staring down at the rocks  
And the sea below  
I can hear the church bells ring  
I can hear the choir

I remember the night she left  
I drove to the station in the pouring rain  
Sat all night behind my big iron desk  
The oil on the water made a rainbow

At the end of this bone white gravel road  
They both lie sleeping on their feather bed  
And their hair's as black as the sky at night  
But her eyes are grey like the moon

You can run but you can't hide  
You can run but you can't hide  
You said you loved me but I know you lied  
You said you loved me but I know  
You lied

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