

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"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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