

Paddy Schmidt**"THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL"**

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In my memory I will always see

The town that I have loved so well

Where THE school played ball by the gasyard wall

And we laughed through the smoke and THE smell.

Goin' home in the rain running up THAT dark lane

Past the jail and down BEHIND the fountain

THEY were happy days in so many many ways

In the town I loved so well.

In the early morn the shirt factory horn

Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog

WOMEN ON THE DOLE played a mothers role

Fed the children and ----- walked the dog

BUT when times got rough, there was just about
enough

AND they saw it through without complaining

For deep inside was a burning pride

for the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air

Like a language ---- we --- all COULD understand

I remember the day when I earned my first pay

as I played in a small pickup band

There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
For IÂ´d learned about life and IÂ´d found MYSELF A
wife
In the town I loved so well.
But when I returned how my eyes HAVE burned
To see how a LAND could be brought to itÂ´'s knees
WITH THEIR armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the armyÂ´'s installed by that---- gasyard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and THEIR guns
Oh my God, what have they done
To the town THAT I loved so well.
Now the musicÂ´'s gone but they STILL carry on
For their spiritÂ´'s been bruised, never broken
THEY WILL not forget BUT their hearts are ALL set
On tomorrow and peace once again
Now whatÂ´'s done is done and whatÂ´'s won is won
And whatÂ´'s lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a ----- brand new day
In the town I loved so well

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