

Clifford Ward

"Waiting For The Garda"

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A face that haunts me smilin' down

A broken doll with eyes so wild

O'Connell Bridge you're fallin' down

And hangin' on a ragged child

Amid the to and fro

Watchin' as we come an' go

Footsteps an the motor cars

Shyin' from her beggin' jar

Cryin' in the night

Where love will fall

Dyin' as she might

An' we all laugh

Knowin' it's a con

Waitin' for the garda

To come.

Her face still haunts me shinin' down

A meadow flower growin' wild

O'Connell Bridge you're fallin' down

And on your ledge a frightened child

Amid the heat an' dust of rush around

The feet an' wheels that spin

Shyin' from her beggin' tin

Cryin' in the night

Where love will fall

Dyin' out of sight

An' we all laugh

Knowin' it's a con

Waitin' for the garda

To come.

Amid the heat an' dust of rush around

The feet an' wheels that spin

Shyin' from her beggin' tin

Cryin' in the night

Where love will fall

Dyin' out of sight

An' we all laugh

Knowin' it's a con

Waitin' for the garda

To come.

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