

Cranberries, The "Yeat's Grave"

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Na, na na na. Na, na, na...

Silenced by death in the grave,
Da da da da. William Butler Yeats couldn't save.
Da da de da. Why did you stand here,
Were you sickened in time?
But I know by now.
Why did you sit here, ah...

In the grave, in the gra-a-ave.
In the grave, in the gra-a-a-ave?

Why should I blame her,
that she filled my days with misery,
Or that she would of late have taught
To ignorant men most violent
Ways or hurled the little streets upon the great.
Had they but courage equal to desire.

Sad that Maud Gonne couldn't stay,
Da da da da, but she had Mac Bride anyway.
And you sit here with me on the Isle Inisfree,
And you're writting down ev'rything.
But I know by now.
Why did you sit here, ah...

In the grave, in the gra-a-ave.
In the grave, in the gra-a-a-ave?
La da da da; La da da da...

William Butler... [X 4]

Why should I blame her,
Had they the courage equal to desire.
William Butler... [X 3]

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