

# The Town I Loved So Well

Phil Coulter

A

In my memory I will always see  
The town that I have loved so well:  
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall  
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell.  
Going home in the rain running up the Dark Lane,  
Past the Jail and down behind the Fountain,  
Those were happy days on so many, many ways,  
In the town I loved so well.

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In the early morning the shirt factory horn  
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog  
While the men on the dole played a mother's role  
Fed the children, and then walked the dog.  
And when times got tough, there was just about enough  
And they saw it through without complaining  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
In the town I loved so well.

There was music play in the Derry air  
Like a language that we all could understand  
I remember the day that I earned my first pay  
When 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 I'd learned about life and I'd found a wife  
In the town I loved so well.

But when I returned, how my eyes were burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
Now the Army's installed by the old Gasyard wall  
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher  
With their tanks and guns, oh my God what have they done  
To the town I love so well

Now the music's gone, but they still carry on  
Though their spirit's gone, but never broken  
They will not forget for their hearts are all set  
On tomorrow, and peace once again  
For what's done is done, and what's won is won  
And what's lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a bright brand new day  
In the town I love so well