

## The Other Side

Christy Moore

Where John paints in Caribbean colours  
And Tyrone boys dream of loving on the strand  
Flowers heaped in gesture on the courthouse steps in Kerry  
And we trampled on the outstretched hand  
Roman posters on the wall outside the graveyard  
"No Divorce" is all they say  
I saw a little sister of Mercy  
Invoke the wrath of God on polling day

Oh the Island, where Tyrone boys dream of loving on the strand  
Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand

The lady sends squaddies on the water  
Geordie don't be afraid to die  
In blackened face he dreams of his darling bairns and hinny  
On the watchtower overlooking aughnacloy  
In Long Kesh the Tyrone Boys are dreaming  
Of making love upon the strand some day  
On the news came a mid-Atlantic accent  
Plastic bullet has taken Julie Livingstone away

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Oh the Island, where we trampled on the outstretched hand

The King he came to see his people  
And he took a soldier by the hand  
Eyes averted from the Gloucester Diamond  
To comfort those who occupy the land  
High above the clouds a promised heaven  
On the street a confused and homeless child  
While men in black declare a social order  
Frightened women sail to the other side

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All the young ones are leaving the Island  
Out the door, down the steps, around the side  
Unwanted they file through departure lounges  
Like deportees dispersing far and wide  
In the distance there's cricket in Cloughjordan  
The gentle clack of croquet on the lawn  
As our children shackled by illegal status  
Hold their heads down behind the Brooklyn wall

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