

# The Stardust Song

Christy Moore

St. Valentine's day comes around once a year  
All our thought turn to love as the day it draws near  
When sweethearts and darlings, husbands and wives  
Pledge love and devotion for the rest of their lives

As day turns to evening soon nighttime does fall  
Young people preparing for the Valentine's Ball  
As the night rings with laughter some people still mourn  
The 48 children who never came home

Have we forgotten the suffering and pain  
The survivors and victims of the fire in Artane  
The mothers and fathers forever to mourn  
The 48 children who never came home

Down to the Stardust they all made their way  
The bouncers stood back as they lined up to pay  
The records are spinning there's dancing as well  
Just how the fire started sure no one can tell

In a matter of seconds confusion did reign  
The room was in darkness fire exits were chained  
The firefighters wept for they could not hide  
Their anger and sorrow for those left inside

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All around the city the bad news it spread  
There's a fire in the Stardust there's 48 dead  
Hundreds of children are injured and maimed  
And all just because the fire exits were chained

Our leaders were shocked, grim statements were made  
They shed tears in the graveyard as the bodies were laid  
The victims have waited in vain for 4 years  
It seems like our leaders shed crocodile tears

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Half a million was spent on solicitor's fees  
A fortune to the owner and his family  
It's hard to believe not one penny came  
To the working class people who suffered the pain

Days turn to weeks and weeks turn to years  
Our laws favour the rich or so it appears  
A woman still waits for her lads to come home  
Injustice breeds anger and that's what's been done

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