

The Town I Loved So Well (by Phil Coulter)

{ 1973 } {}

Intro: [G] [D] [C] [G] [C] [C] [G] [D]

In my [G] memo[D]-ry I will [C] always [G] see
the [C] town that [G] I have loved so [D] well
Where our [G] school played [D] ball by the [C] gas yard [G] wall
and we [C] laughed through the [G] smoke [D] and the [G] smell
Going [Em] home in the [D] rain, running [G] up the dark [Em] lane
past the [C] jail and down behind the [D] fountain
Those were [G] happy [D] days in so [C] many, many [G] ways
in the [C] town I [G] loved [D] so [G] well

In the [G] early [D] morning the [C] shirt factory [G] horn
called [C] women from [G] Creggan, the Moor and the [D] Bog
While the [G] men on the [D] dole played a [C] mother's [G] role,
fed the [C] children and [G] then [D] walked the [G] dogs
And when [Em] times got [D] tough there was [G] just about en[Em]-ough
But they [C] saw it through without com[D]-plaining
For [G] deep in[D]-side was a [C] burning [G] pride
in the [C] town I [G] loved [D] so [G] well

There was [G] music [D] there in the [C] Derry [G] air
like a [C] language that [G] we all could under[D]-stand
I re[G]-member the [D] day that I [C] earned my first [G] pay
As I [C] played in a [G] small [D] pick-up [G] band
There I [Em] spent my [D] youth and to [G] tell you the [Em] truth
I was [C] sad to leave it all be[D]-hind me
For I [G] learned about [D] life and I'd [C] found a [G] wife
in the [C] town I [G] loved [D] so [G] well

[Instrumental verse]

But when [G] I re[D]-turned how my [C] eyes have [G] burned
to [C] see how a [G] town could be brought to its [D] knees
By the [G] armoured [D] cars and the [C] bombed out [G] bars
and the [C] gas that hangs [G] on to [D] every [G] tree
Now the [Em] army's in[D]-stalled by that [G] old gas yard [Em] wall
and the [C] damned barbed wire gets higher and [D] higher
With their [G] tanks and their [D] guns, oh my [C] God, what have they [G] done?
to the [C] town I [G] loved so [D] well [G]

Now the [G] music's [D] gone but they [C] carry [G] on
For their [C] spirit's been [G] bruised, never bro[D]-ken
They will [G] not for[D]-get but their [C] hearts are [G] set
on to[C]-morrow and [G] peace [D] once [G] again
For what's [Em] done is [D] done and what's [G] won is [Em] won
and what's [C] lost is lost and gone for[D]-ever
I can [G] only [D] pray for a [C] bright, brand new [G] day
in the [C] town I [G] loved [D] so [G] well [C] [G]

