



after the interval

ENDA KENNY

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The Dawning

At the dawning of the decade we were here
In the smoke-filled wreckage of an unhappy new year
Scraping off the land like toast
Picking through the bones of a Christmas roast

Looking to the heavens for some rain
Or a wind to blow, so we'd see stars again
For the roads to open so they'd let us through
To pick up the pieces, if we only knew

When it rains, it pours
You'll catch your death
(stay indoors)
When it rains it pours, it pours

At the dawning of the decade we were here
Trying to hold it all together with a constant fear
That it might be someone we loved or knew
We didn't know how long, didn't know what to do

The seagulls had the city to themselves
Toilet rolls were walking off the shelves
We had our meals delivered, had our coffee take-away
And we lived to see the dawning of a brand-new day

Alarm Bells

Alarm bells ringing, here we go again
Tomorrow's news, what happens then?
The wheels keep turning, who's taking care
Of the last ones noticed and the first ones there?

When the call is answered, and you're on your way
When the siren's wailing like it was yesterday
It's not just a job, it's a badge you wear
When you're the last ones noticed
And the first ones there

And you can move on for a while but you still recall
The bucket keeps on filling
And a hard rain's gonna fall

Alarm bells ringing, you're afraid to talk
From a hundred mile an hour you can slow down to a walk
When it's life or death, when it's everywhere
When you're the last ones noticed
And the first ones there

When insurance doesn't get it and the bosses seldom do
When its too late for some of your mates
And you're standing in that queue

Alarm bells ringing, here we go again
Tomorrow's news, what happens then
The wheels keep turning, who's taking care
Of the last ones noticed
And the first ones there?

It's not just the job
It's the weight you bear
When you're the last ones noticed
And the first ones there

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My Father's Coat

I wore my father's coat today against the winter morning
That same January wind that blew the day that I was born
It's forty years since that cold day when first I breathed the air
I wore my father's coat today and there's silver in my hair

I see my mother in my face, I have her nose and eyes
But when I look in the mirror my source I can't disguise
Sometimes I feel the heavy weave of his coat will drag me down
But when storms of life roll over me it is my solid ground

My father loved the harvest time, loved to cut turf in the moss
He showed me where the hare had slept to keep her from the frost
He never learned to smile enough, though the fault was not his own
Perhaps the coat he had to wear had pockets filled with stones

He left the spring of '94 just before the Eastertime
His coat hangs out there in the hall, right there next to mine
I never thought to throw it out, it takes so little room
And I thank him for the loan of it while mine was on the loom

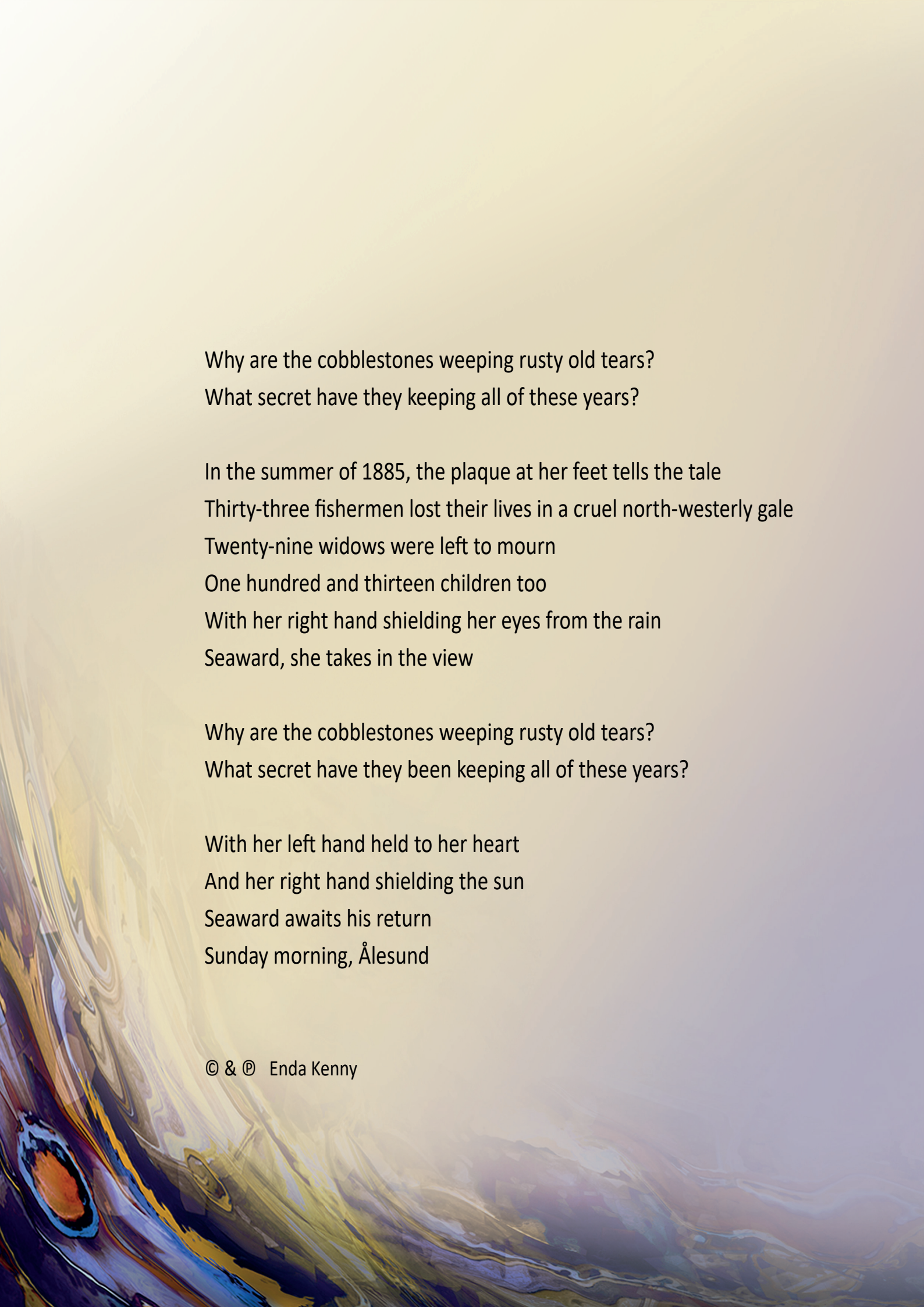
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Ålesund, Sunday morning (Seaward)

Sorting and salting the herring, just like they did in the day
One frozen hand on the barrel, the other one on the tray
She has no mind for the harbour behind
For the herring are her way of life
Ålesund, Sunday morning, see the herring wife
Follow the foals galloping down to the harbour
Follow the fish down the days like you've always done
Hear the cry of the newspaper boy, forever singing the headlines
Sunday morning, Ålesund

Why are the cobblestones weeping rusty old tears?
What secret have they keeping all of these years?

Through the old town I travel, remembering that it's all new
How the fisherfolk thank the old Kaiser
For his help when the fire went through
Then in the distance I see her, barefoot and long flowing dress
Seaward in Ålesund, Sunday morning, eyes ever gazing west



Why are the cobblestones weeping rusty old tears?
What secret have they keeping all of these years?

In the summer of 1885, the plaque at her feet tells the tale
Thirty-three fishermen lost their lives in a cruel north-westerly gale
Twenty-nine widows were left to mourn
One hundred and thirteen children too
With her right hand shielding her eyes from the rain
Seaward, she takes in the view

Why are the cobblestones weeping rusty old tears?
What secret have they been keeping all of these years?

With her left hand held to her heart
And her right hand shielding the sun
Seaward awaits his return
Sunday morning, Ålesund

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The Two Brothers

I don't care who started it, I just want to see you play
I just want to see you smiling in the glory of the day
Israel give him his ball back, stop pulling his hair
Both of you! My sons, I know it isn't fair

I don't care who started it, just stop all the noise
I can see you're two very over-tired little boys
Palestine, I saw you kick him. Israel sit still!
Let us have some peace now, if you will

I don't care who started it, must I ask you again?
Put aside your anger, all your sorrow and all your pain
Put aside your angers, clear the mess up from the floor
I don't want to hear you squabbling anymore

I don't care who started it, just try and get along
Every time I come round here there's always something wrong
One day in the future this won't mean a thing
One day in the future as brothers you will sing (x2)

I don't care who started it, I just want to see you play
I just want to see you smiling in the glory of the day

Bello' Brave Baristas

In Bello' below Dorrigo, those hippies do abound
You can see them in their cafés with their fairtrade freshly ground
Organic coffee beans from Dili, way up in East Timor
They're the Bello' Brave Baristas
They don't go to sea no more

For they sailed right up the Bellinger on a dark and windy night
And they bought up all the real estate by talking to Ray White
And they're pumping out the long blacks and the flat whites by the score
They're the Bello' Brave Baristas
They don't go to sea no more

And they've traded their old surfboards for a bit of handy cash
It helps them buy the café and hang on to their stash
They've got lots of lovely cookies when you walk in through the door
They're the Bello' Brave Baristas
They don't go to sea no more

Of ristretto and espresso they are the King and Queen
They're the Captain of The Milk Jug, the soy and coffee bean
And they're chained to the machine that has them rooted to the floor
They're the Bello' Brave Baristas
They don't go to sea no more

In Bello' below Dorrigo, those hippies do abound
You can see them in their cafes with their fairtrade freshly ground
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Supermarket Wine

You'd insist we share the driving as we left the city lights
In a clapped-out Morris Minor heading west on Friday nights
And the heater wasn't working, and we never had a spare
But we called that old car 'Flattery', 'cause it got us everywhere
And when we'd stop to pitch the tent, it always seemed to rain
It was then that I discovered you'd forgot the pegs again
And I couldn't get that campfire lit no matter what I tried
Don't you remember?

We had roadside stops for bread and cheese and supermarket wine
When the world was ours and I was yours and I thought you were mine

Do you remember Galway Races and that man in Harris Tweed?
Who because he knew your father, said he'd "do us a good deed"
And the horse he put our money on, I'd swear it's running still
We were staying in a boarding-house, and we couldn't pay the bill
But you laughed when I went overboard, and you told me not to swear
You said "The town's full of Americans, let's go busking in Eyre Square
And the Blarney Stone and the leprechauns, they're sure to see us through"
Don't you remember?

We sank Danny Boy in Galway Bay at least eighty-seven times
When the world was ours and I was yours and I thought you were mine

Then you called me from the airport just before you caught your plane
And you told me you were leaving but that I was not to blame
And you hoped that I would understand, and we'd always be good friends
But I knew from what you told me we'd never meet again
And I must admit it hurt like hell and that I miss you yet
For you were not the kind of girl that's easy to forget
And sometimes some half-forgotten fragment of you trips my mind
And I remember

All the roadside stops for bread and cheese and supermarket wine
When the world was ours and I was yours and I thought you were mine

© & ℙ Mickey McConnell

Day After Blues

I got them day after St Patrick's day blues
I'll never touch another drop, I'm giving up the booze
18/3 what are you doin' to me
I got them day after Paddy's Day blues

Beware the ides of March, that's what them Romans used to say
On the fifteenth and the sixteenth, I was doing ok
But I haven't got a clue what happened yesterday
I got them day after Paddy's Day blues

My house is full of Guinness cans, my Jameson's all gone
I woke up with a German girl and she had nothing on
Except a shamrock waistcoat she must have bought last night
I've got a green eye and a black one, and I ain't been in no fight

A Fairytale of New York is running through my head
I don't know how I'm ever gonna get out of this bed
I need another earworm, I'm not that kind of guy
Dear Lord don't let it be 'The Fields of Athenry'

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Azalea

Raise your glass to friends gone past whose tales were tall to tell
One day they stand at your right hand then leave with sad farewell
The summer sun has all but gone, Azalea blooms no more
Save one prayer for those out there, so far from their own shore

While you and I, by fireside, recall those gallant few
Whose homes they fled, and families led to places far and new
They forged their way and pledged to stay, where none had dared before
Their faith they knew would bide them through, so far from their own shore

With life and love and Lord above and all that lies in store
These glasses raised, the saints be praised
Azalea blooms no more

So raise your glass to times gone past and empires tall and strong
Once they stood for God and good but now for right or wrong
The sun has set but few forget so far from home once more
Save one prayer for those out there so far from their own shore

With life and love and Lord above and all that lies in store
These glasses raised, the saints be praised
Azalea blooms no more

The Ghost of the Albert

The Ghost of the Albert is with me tonight
With a Cheltenham Special in hand
Like smoke in the sunlight, he's hanging around
Like a chord on an old baby grand
The lines are all clean now, the till's gone upstairs
Just me and the ash tray and these empty chairs
There is music in here but nobody cares
Just the Ghost of the Albert and me

The old leather benches look on from the wings
The barstools and pictures look strange
Just the noise of the gears slowing down for the lights
And the beep of the horns when they change
The chequer board lino, the brown carpet squares
Look up from the floor but there's nobody there
Yet there's music in here, I can feel it, I swear
It's the Ghost of the Albert and me

The badge on the pump tells me Gem is for sale
So me and the ghost raise a toast to Bath Ales

The brown wicker lanterns hide smoky old globes
The fridge rattles, glasses all clean
They've turned out the lights and they've locked all the doors
There isn't a soul to be seen
But there's music in here and I cannot deny
These rose-tinted glasses bring tears to my eye
Thursday morning is calling and saying goodbye
To the Ghost of the Albert and me

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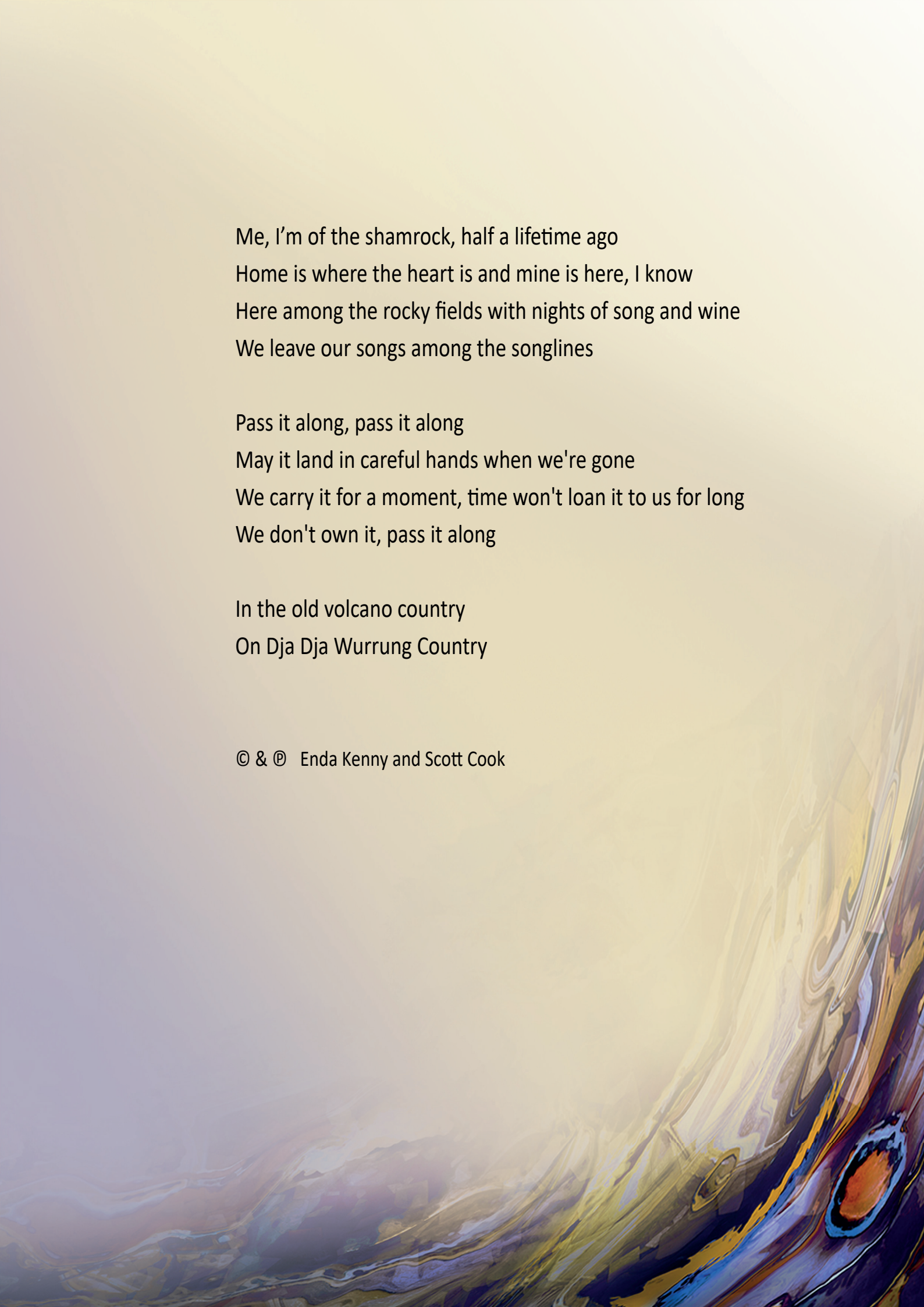
Visitors

In the old volcano country beyond the granite hills
When the summer sun is sleeping and the night is warm and still
Where the ribbon of the highway wraps itself around the vines
I hear your song among the songlines

When it's too dry for a campfire, the moon will light our way
And those who've gone before will shine on down until the day
Shooting stars will visit, long haul flights will climb
I will hear your song among the songlines

Travelling man of Canada, far from the maple shore
Let the song roll on forever, may there always be one more
Out beyond the caravans, beneath the pale moonshine
I will hear your song among the songlines

On Dja Dja Wurrung country out beyond the granite hills
Where the summer sun is sleeping and the night is warm and still
Where the ribbon of the highway wraps itself around the vines
I hear your song among the songlines



Me, I'm of the shamrock, half a lifetime ago
Home is where the heart is and mine is here, I know
Here among the rocky fields with nights of song and wine
We leave our songs among the songlines

Pass it along, pass it along
May it land in careful hands when we're gone
We carry it for a moment, time won't loan it to us for long
We don't own it, pass it along

In the old volcano country
On Dja Dja Wurrung Country

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Look out for the Bees

When I was four years old, my grandmother sat me on her knee
She said "This is your playground
But it comes without a single guarantee
Mark how the wind blows, see how the river flows
Learn how the flowers grow, know what the trees know
Take what you wish but graciously and, on your knees
And if you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees"
If you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees

Now I'm older than she was then
But grandmother's words are on my mind
As I clean out my walking boots
I wonder at the tracks I leave behind
We've trampled without a care, now choke in the morning air
Drink the water if you dare, this cancer is everywhere
Who is the villain here? Everybody disagrees
But if you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees
If you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees

I don't know what we're waiting for
As someone said "this house is burning now"
We all need to demand that the greedy
Take their temples down somehow
Mark how the wind turns, see how the river burns
Feel as the sea churns, time that we all learn
To take a look around: paradise is dying by degrees

When I was four years old, my grandmother sat me on her knee
She said "this is your playground
But it comes without a single guarantee
Learn how to share the prize, know what your friendship buys
The politician always lies and Satan wears a cool disguise"
We all know the code: just don't let the rich man have the keys
And if you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees
If you want the honey you'd best look out for the bees

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Enda Kenny



Photo: www.endakennymusic.com

Hear the Lyrebird

Where the old Cathedral rises
From the valley down below
And the Black Spur is a winding road behind
Take a walk up to The Farmyard
It's a place I love to go
You never really know
What you might find

Rosellas abound
See them flying all around
While Currawongs play call and answer
Crimson, green and blue
Feathers coming through
A chorus for the morning dancer

And high above the tea tree
And the wattle in the wild wood
In the mist there lies
An answer to it all
Hear the Lyrebird
Hear the Lyrebird
Hear the Lyrebird call

The Happy Pear

As I walked by the cliffside from Greystones to Bray
The ferry was leaving way out on the bay
The bright sun was shining, blackberries grew
I remembered the time I walked there with you

The seagulls below us, a Dublin bound train
The Sugarloaf hill that we'd seen from the plane
The red lights of Ringsend I saw them again
And all I could think of was you

So far away now but I still see your face
Every step of the way you're a part of this place
And a part of me too if there's truth to be told
Winter is long, winter is cold

I had coffee this morning before I set out
In The Happy Pear, you'll remember no doubt
I love double meanings, I couldn't resist
And the long winding road has many's the twist

So far away now but I still see your face
Every step of the way you're a part of this place
And a part of me too if there's truth to be told
Winter is long, winter is cold

As I walked by the cliffside from Greystones to Bray
The ferry was leaving way out on the bay
The bright sun was shining, blackberries grew
I remembered the time I walked there with you

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Streets of Everywhere

It started in the cradle, we were just some hours apart
And it must have been that nearness had us fated from the start
Though for years I never knew you and for years I never cared
I was listening for that melody that only two could share
Like brothers we came to this world, like old friends we depart
And it's taken me some years to find the right words in my heart
There are times I can't forget you, there are things I can't recall
There were good times, there were bad times
But we shared the best of all

And it was on the streets of everywhere
We fixed them with our gaze
And we sang until our blood flowed
And you held them all amazed
It was easy to be fooled by every heart that left you cold
It was easy to be ruled by all the anger in your soul

And you were up and down so many times, you know I felt confused
And you kept wandering aimlessly, believing you were used
But by whom you never volunteered and why you never knew
But you told me once some curse was cast on everything you do
And looking back I realise the truth in what you said
For it seemed as if some voodoo witch had needles in your head
And she gave to you no mercy for as far as I could tell
You followed like some fallen angel weakened by her spell

When you walked you kept your head down like you were searching for some clue
And if you ever found your answer you kept it out of view
And there was always something on your mind, I think I nearly had it guessed
When you climbed into your chariot and you rode it to your death
And when I heard about your falling as you'd nearly learned your song
I cursed the cruel injustice of this life that served you wrong
For given time and freedom, for given half a break
You'd have shown them all the magic that in music you could make

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All the Ones

All the ones were on the clock when I lay down to sleep
All the cares of yesterday for one more night would keep
And no amount of trouble would trouble me no more
That's what the nighttime's for

All the downward digits told my eyelids what to do
I didn't need convincing, it was something that I knew
Something said "it's too late, turn that sign round on the door"
That's what the nighttime's for

No more work today, get some rest, that's what I say
Let the moon go on its way, the world is turning
Flashing beacons warn the planes
Rats are running round the drains
And I won't hear the trains until the morning

Eleven past eleven, that's an early night for me
No facebook, no macbook, there's nothin' on tv
Sleep the mighty healer lay your hand upon my brow
I hear you whisper, away with you now

All the ones were on the clock when I lay down to sleep
All the cares of yesterday for one more night would keep
And no amount of trouble would trouble me no more
That's what the nighttime's for

after the interval

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