

Thinking 'Bout My Paddy

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1. The sun is trying hard to pierce the mist that fills the dells.

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The only sound above the sea is the ancient village bell.

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The winds they blow a bitter cold across the northern moors.

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I'm thinking of my Paddy, but Paddy thinks no more.

2. That sea that surrounds us has taken him away.

And returned a lifeless rag doll covered in her spray.

We buried him among the rocks that look out from the shore.

We're crying for our Paddy, but Paddy cries no more.

3. Let's drink a pint to keep the cold away another hour.

To help us face the darkness in which we all do cower.

We will hold on to the future though it's changed forever more.

(Nothing feels the same today or will forever more.)

We're drinking toasts to Paddy, but Paddy drinks no more.

4. The sheep have wandered far afield. Their sheppard is now gone.

We'll have to spend the whole long day collecting here and yon.

But our voices aren't the ones they seek to beckon them back home.

They're calling out for Paddy, but Paddy calls no more.

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5. She sits upon the empty bed, dressed in her nighttime lace.

She slips beneath the sheets and pulls the blankets to her face.

She reaches out her arm to where his head had lain before.

Feeling for her Paddy, but Paddy feels no more.

6. There's nothing left but cinders of the fire that hotly blazed.

The hearth is quiet, the room is cold, the floors an empty stage.

The dog has raised and cocked her head. She's listening through the door.

She's waiting for her Paddy, but Paddy comes no more.

7. I stumble into morning on the misty covered hills.

A rain is lightly falling. I feel the new day's chills.

I climb up to a craggy cliff that juts out from the shore.

Howling for my Paddy, but Paddy howls no more.

