



## Exile's Son

Words and music by Mike Ryan© 1998

Living east of Eden in a land that's built on steel  
Ancient stones are calling lovely, lonely Carrowkeel  
Singing songs and telling stories; dance the night away  
When people hear me talk, I often hear them say

*Who are you standing there to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son  
Who are you standing there to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son*

See the little boy there sitting on the settle bed  
Pipes and flutes and fiddles; Sligo music in his head  
That was many years ago, that boy is now a man  
Although he's working hard, he'll sing it when he can

*Who are you standing there to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son  
Who are you standing there to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son*

They took the boat to Holyhead, like thousands more in droves  
Hospitals and building sites and working on the road  
Thirty years of growing and the call is still as strong  
Children reared and fortunes made and the exiles have gone home

Leaving me standing to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son  
Who are you standing there to sing those Irish songs  
I'll tell you now my love I am an exile's son

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