

Seanie (Broken Dreams)

Seanie climbs up Knocknarea, and he wonders what it's like across the bay

In his hometown of Sligo, imagining all the lands he'll never know

Had a blues band in his prime, with all to play for once upon a time

His days spent busking on the street

Going da-capo-al-fine on repeat

Oh it's hard, so hard to conceive

Reality of what can never be

Forgotten schemes and glittering themes

Left behind are only smithereens of broken dreams

Seanie stares at headline news

A new YouTube sensation got a million views

He knows his victories are real, yet hypnotic highs Seanie will never feel

Oh it hurts, it hurts to believe

Reality of what can never be

Refulgent lights and dazzling heights

All he has to keep is agony and broken dreams

Oh it's sad, so sad to perceive

Reality of what can never be

Iconic peaks he'll never reach

Opportunity he'll never see, just broken dreams

Days are long, humdrum routine

Time is short when hope has lost its sheen

Adoring crowds he'll never meet

A superstar Seanie will never be