

Eric Bogle

"Leaving Nancy"

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In comes the train, and the whole platform shakes,
it stops with a shudder, and a screaming of brakes,
my leaving has come and my weary soul aches,
i'm leaving my nancy o.

You stand there beside me determinedly gay,
we talk of the weather and events of the day,
but your eyes tell me all that your lips would'nt say,
goodbye my nancy o.

cho.
So come a little closer,
put your head upon my shoulder,
and let me hold you one more time,
goodbye my nancy o.

My suitcase is lifted and stoad on the train,
a thousand regrets whirl around in my
brain,
the ache in my heart is a black sea of pain,
i'm leaving my nancy o.

You stand there before me so lovely to see,
the grip of your hand is an unspoken plea,
you're not fooling yourself, and your're not fooling me,
goodbye my nancy o.

cho.

Our time has run out and the whistle has blown,
and here i must leave you standing alone,
we had so little time and now the times gone,
i'm leaving my nancy o.

And as the train starts gently to roll,
and as i lean out for to wave and to call,
i see the first tears trickling forth,
goodbye my nancy o.

cho.

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