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Charlie Robison "John O'Reilly"

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My name is John O'Reilly and my father worked the fields

In the hills of old Kilarny where I helped him turn the wheels

My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17 And I used my fists for gambling in those wet Kilarny streets

Well the ship left for America and I brought my pack aboard

Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my dear Lord

But I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called hell

Well I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid me well

Fair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return

Well I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore

My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of whores

Well they called my right a cannonball and my left they called the same

And I left em' all lyin' half in blood and half in shame

Well I met a man on '32 and he stuck out his hand And he offered me a thousand if I'd fall before his man Well I said it could be done but only for another two And he smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe

Fair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return

Well they rang the bell two times before I let him have

my nose

And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen closed

Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other way

They covered every dock and every port there on the coast

Looking for that double crosser who had turned into a ghost

But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way And I'll sail from California back to Dublin one fine day

Fair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
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