

Van Morrison "Choppin' Wood"

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(Van Morrison)

You wired the trains and went back home to St. Claire's
shores

Before you became a spark down at the yard

You were passing through those hungry years alone

You were just trying to make a living out in Detroit

When you came back off the boats you didn't want to
go anywhere

You sit down to TV in your favourite chair

You watch the big picture fade away down at Harland
and Wolff

But you still kept on choppin' wood

And you came back home to Belfast

So you could be with us like

You lived your life of quiet desperation on the side

Going to the shipyard in the morning on your bike

Well the spark was gone but you carried on

You always did the best you could

You sent for us once but everything fell through

But you still kept on choppin' wood choppin' wood

Well you came back home to Belfast

So you could be with us like

And you lived a life of quiet desperation on the side

Going to the shipyard in the morning on your bike

Well the spark was gone but you carried on

Well you did just the best that you could

You sent for us one time but everything fell through

But you still kept on choppin' wood

Kept on choppin' wood

Kept on choppin' wood

Local man chops wood

You know you did the best you could

Well everything just fell through

Kept on choppin' wood

Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,

Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,

Chop, chop, chop, keep on choppin'

Chop, chop, chop, choppin' wood

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