

Pogues

"Mother Mo Chroi"

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It was 1962 and I was
two years out of school
When I got on board a boat
That was bound for Liverpool
The day we sailed away
I remember it so well
Took one look at the North Wall
And bid a fond farewell

It's a hard thing to leave the land
of your childhood
Touched by the rivers
And kissed by the sea
The places you played
with your childhood companions
To leave dear old Ireland and
Mother Mo Chroi

Though I'm going far away
And I may never return here
There is always one thing
that I'll keep within me
Deep in my heart a furious devotion
The love of old Ireland
And Mother Mo Chroi
At the top of Pentonville Road
I saw the sun setting
The town laid out before me
Looked beautiful to me
Away from all the sighing
The suffering and dying
I dreamed of the future
The young and the free

But the years they go by quickly
Now I know I can't remain here
Where each day brings me closer
To that final misery
My kids will never scrape shit round here
And I won't die crying in a pint of beer
I'm going back to Ireland
And my Mother Mo Chroi

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