

Pogues

"Sally Maleannane"

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Well Jimmy played harmonica in the pub where I was
born
He played it from the night time to the peaceful early
morn
He soothed the souls of psychos and the men who had
the horn
And they all looked very happy in the morning

Now Jimmy didn't like his place in this world of ours
Where the elephant man broke strong men's necks
When he'd had too many Powers
So sad to see the grieving of the people that he's
leaving
And he took the road for God knows in the morning

We walked him to the station in the rain
We kissed him as we put him on the train
And we sang him a song of times long gone
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
(Far away) sad to say I must be on my way
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
(far away)
I'd like to think of me returning when I can
To the greatest little boozier and to Sally MacLennane

The years passed by the times had changed I grew to
be a man
I learned to love the virtues of sweet Sally MacLennane
I took the jeers and drank the beers and crawled back
home at dawn
And ended up a barman in the morning

I played the pump and took the hump and watered
whiskey down
I talked of whores and horses to the men who drank the
brown
I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away
And some people left for heaven without warning

We walked him to the station in the rain
We kissed him as we put him on the train

And we sang him a song of times long gone
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
(Far away) sad to say I must be on my way
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
(far away)
I'd like to think of me returning when I can
To the greatest little boozier and to Sally MacLennane

When Jimmy came back home he was surprised that
they were gone
He asked me all the details of the train that they went
on
Some people they are scared to croak but Jimmy drank
until he choked
And he took the road for heaven in the morning

We walked him to the station in the rain
We kissed him as we put him on the train
And we sang him a song of times long gone
Though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
(Far away) sad to say I must be on my way
So buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
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I'd like to think of me returning when I can
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