

## **Pogues**

# **"The Leaving Of Liverpool"**

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Farewell to you, my own true love  
I am going far, far away  
I am bound for California  
And I know that I'll return someday

So fare thee well, my own true love  
For when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling, when I think of thee

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship  
Davy Crockett is her name  
And her Captain's name was Burgess  
And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love  
For when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling, when I think of thee

Oh, the sun is on the harbor, love  
And I wish that I could remain  
For I know that it will be a long, long time  
Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love  
For when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling, when I think of thee

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