

Seven Nations "From Clare To Here"

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From Clare To Here
(Ralph McTell)

There's four who share this room
And we work hard for the craic
Sleepin' late on Sunday's well I
Never get to mass

It's a long, long way from Clare to here
It's a long way-ay from Clare to here
It's a long, long way; it gets further day-by-day
It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around
Well we're only into fighting
Mum would like a letter home, but
I'm too tired for writing

It almost breaks my heart
When I think of Josephine
I told I'd be coming home
With pockets full of green

The only time that I feel alright
Is when I'm into drinking
It'll sort of ease the pain
And level out my thinking

Sometimes hear a 'piper playing
Maybe it's a notion
I dream I see white horses dancing
On that other ocean

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