

Spirit Of The West

"The Crawl"

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Well, we're good old boys, we come from the North
Shore,
Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen;
And this night, by God! We drank till there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

It all began one afternoon on the shores of Ambleside,
We were sittin' there quite peacefully with the rising of
the tide;
When an idea it came to mind for to usher in the Fall,
So we all agreed next Friday night we'd go out on the
crawl.

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Shore,
Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen;
And this night, by God! We drank till there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

We planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did not
spare,
We left all the cars at home and paid the taxi fare;
I got out to Horseshoe Bay a little after five,
From a table in the corner I heard familiar voices rise.

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Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen;
And this night, by God! We drank till there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

Spirits they ran high that night, old stories we did
share,
Of the days when we were younger men and never had
a care;
The beer flowed like a river and we drank the keg near
dry,
So we drained down all our glasses and were thirsty

by-and-by.

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Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen;
And this night, by God! We drank till there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

Park Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square-Rigger and
Queen's Cross,
We'd started out with eight good boys but half had
gotten lost;
For you'll never keep the lads together when their eyes
begin to rove,
So there was just the three of us that made it to Deep
Cove.

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Shore,
Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen;
And this night, by God! We drank till there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

We arrived out at The Raven just in time for the last
call,
The final destination of this the first annual crawl;
We dug deep into our pockets there was no money to
be found,
Nine miles home and for walking we are bound.

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