

Tim O'Brien "The Tide Flows into Miltown"

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I walk into a corner bar, it says Lynch above the door
I had just arrived in Miltown to frolic there once more
I see a Cavan man expatriot who now resides in old
Oslo

And he's holdin to an old friend's hand as his mate
sings loud and slow

When they're done we reminisce on Shetland back in
ninety seven

Where we met aboard a ferry bound for five days of
folk heaven

Siobahn and John start jiggin, push and pulls from box
and bow

And Peter reaches for his drum to punctuate the flow

And the tide flows into Miltown, they come from far and
near

The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year

I sit next to two I've known since I first came of age
Each Tuesday night in Pigtown we'd play from O'Niell's
page

We raise our jars, it's July fourth, so I guess they're
Yankees still

Though they've moved back to Cork now, up Military
Hill

And the tide flows into Miltown, we come from far and
near

The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year

I stayed this time on Spanish Point with a Nashville guy I
know

You can swim in quiet water there, in the tide pools
down below

But there were too many toasts to raise, to many tunes
to play

I only saw that coast while walking home in the dawning
of the day

I've seen these folks in Donegal, New York and
Tennessee

Since a fleagh in seventy six made a believer out of me

James Kelly made a point back then, said "what's
the point of sleepin,
There'll be time for that when we get done with the
company we're keepin'."

And the tide flows into Miltown, we come from far and
near
The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year
And the tide flows into Miltown, of smiles and tunes
and tears
The tide flows into Miltown, bring the wife and kids next
year

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