

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Killybegs

My heart was warm with family love as I slipped into a chair
Beside my uncle John, my daughters 'cross the table there
I'd walked the docks in misty rain, a pain was in my legs
But I'd seen the dream of kinsmen in the boats of Killybegs

The banter of my uncle and my daughters filled the air and the gunning brothers? next to us were gone
I was kind of quiet listening at the window ledge
For the music of the harbor, the birds of Killybegs

Down the coast not far was Galway land of joys and Kinnamar? at their supper and asleep we would
I worried if my words would e'er be sung by Irishmen

Or out here on the docks? ?
Like the fish of Killybegs

A radio was playing though we never heard a word
But the rhythm of the music was familiar if absurd and harkning intensity? for silence did I beg
Oh what a song was playing in the air of Killybegs

I couldn't quite believe it for it sounded rather strange
The instruments were different and the key had been changed
I reached to turn the volume up then teetered on my legs
A girl from Tipperary sang my song in Killybegs