

# The Pogues, The Broad Majestic Shannon

(Shane MacGowan)

The last time I saw you was down at the Greeks  
There was whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks  
You sang me a song as pure as the breeze  
Blowing up the road to Glenaveigh  
I sat for a while at the cross at Finnoe  
Where young lovers would meet when the flowers were in bloom  
Heard the men coming home from the fair at Shinrone  
Their hearts in Tipperary wherever they go

Take my hand, and dry your tears babe  
Take my hand, forget your fears babe  
There's no pain, there's no more sorrow  
They're all gone, gone in the years babe

I sat for a while by the gap in the wall  
Found a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball  
Heard the cards being dealt, and the rosary called  
And a fiddle playing Sean Dun na nGall  
And the next time I see you we'll be down at the Greeks  
There'll be whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks  
For it's stupid to laugh and it's useless to bawl  
About a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball

So I walked as day was dawning  
Where small birds sang and leaves were falling  
Where we once watched the row boats landing  
By the broad majestic Shannon