

The Pogues, The Leaving Of Liverpool

(Traditional)

Farewell to you, my own true love,
I am going far, far away
I am bound for California,
And I know that I'll return someday

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And her Captain's name was Burgess,
And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain,
For I know that it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee