

# 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