

# Christy Moore, Barrowland

There's an easy place down Gallowgate to the East End of Glasgow  
It's a ballroom of remembrance and a disco  
Where the shooting stars light up the fresco  
Where the last ones and the lovers go ... to carry on  
We sang about the Nicky Tams in the back room of the Scotia  
We drank sweet wines and called for neon pints of Fidel Castro  
Till it was time to fly to dreamland  
Out of Bairds, up the stairs to hell or to heaven we'd go  
Come all you dreamers hear the sound of the Barrows humming  
Come all you dreamers to Barrowland  
Hear Mags McIvor and the ghost of the GayBirds calling  
Come all you dreamers to Barrowland  
The Lassies of the Broomielaw in their Cuban Heels are dancing  
Here comes Our Lady of the Clyde and there goes Jinky Johnston  
They've come back to rock and roll in the church of ceili  
To waltz beneath the carousel of healing  
To jitterbug and boogie the night away  
Come all you dreamers.....