

# Don McLean, Mountains O'Mourne

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight  
With people here working by day and by night  
They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat  
But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street  
At least when I asked them, that's what I was told  
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold  
But for all that I've found there, I might as well be  
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed  
But if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball  
They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all  
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth  
Tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath  
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary McRee,  
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind  
Beautiful shapes Nature never designed  
Lovely complexions of roses and cream  
But let me remark with regard to the same  
That if at those roses you venture to sit  
The colors might all come away on your lip  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me  
In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

You remember young Diddy McClaren, of course  
But he's over here with the rest of the force  
I saw him one day as he stood on the strand  
Stopped all the traffic with a wave of his hand  
As we were talking of days that are gone  
The whole town of London stood there to look on  
But for all his great powers, he's wishful like me  
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea