

Lisa Kelly, Carrickfergus

I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Only for nights in ballygrand,
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
The deepest ocean for my love to find.

But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
Nor do I, have wings to fly
If I could find me a handsome boatman
To ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections
Of happy times spent long ago.
My childhood friends and my own relations.

Have all passed on now, like melting snow.

But I'll spend my days in endless roaming
Soft is the grass and my bed is free.
But to be back now in Carrickfergus,
On that long road down to the sea.

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