

Nanci Griffith, From Clare To Here

(Ralph McTell)

Four who shared this room and we caught up in the CRAIC
Sleeping late on Sundays and we never got to Mass

Chorus

It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long, long way
It gets further by the day
It's a long, long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around we're only into fighting
My Ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing

Chorus

It almost breaks my heart when I think of my family
I told them I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green

Chorus

The only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking
It can sort of ease the pain of it and it levels out my thinking

Chorus

I sometimes hear the fiddles play, maybe it's just a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus