

# Pogues, Thousands Are Sailing

The island it is silent now  
But the ghosts still haunt the waves  
And the torch lights up a famished man  
Who fortune could not save

Did you work upon the railroad  
Did you rid the streets of crime  
Were your dollars from the white house  
Were they from the five and dime

Did the old songs taunt or cheer you  
And did they still make you cry  
Did you count the months and years  
Or did your teardrops quickly dry

Ah, no, says he, 'twas not to be  
On a coffin ship I came here  
And I never even got so far  
That they could change my name

Thousands are sailing  
Across the western ocean  
To a land of opportunity  
That some of them will never see  
Fortune prevailing  
Across the western ocean  
Their bellies full  
Their spirits free  
They'll break the chains of poverty  
And they'll dance

In Manhattan's desert twilight  
In the death of afternoon  
We stepped hand in hand on Broadway  
Like the first man on the moon

And "The Blackbird" broke the silence  
As you whistled it so sweet  
And in Brendan Behan's footsteps  
I danced up and down the street

Then we said goodnight to Broadway  
Giving it our best regards  
Tipped our hats to Mister Cohen  
Dear old Times Square's favorite bard

Then we raised a glass to JFK  
And a dozen more besides  
When I got back to my empty room  
I suppose I must have cried

Thousands are sailing  
Again across the ocean  
Where the hand of opportunity  
Draws tickets in a lottery  
Postcards we're mailing  
Of sky-blue skies and oceans  
From rooms the daylight never sees  
Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees  
And we danced to the music  
And we dance

Thousands are sailing  
Across the western ocean

Where the hand of opportunity  
Draws tickets in a lottery  
Where e'er we go, we celebrate  
The land that makes us refugees  
From fear of Priests with empty plates  
From guilt and weeping effigies  
And we danced to the music  
And we dance