

# Ralph McTell, From Clare to Here

There's four who share this room as we work hard for the crack  
And sleeping late on Sundays I never get to Mass

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

When Friday comes around Terry's 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 Josephine  
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green

Chorus

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

Chorus

I sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it's a notion  
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus

It's a long, long way from Clare to here.