

# Richard Thompson, Josef Locke

My name is Josef Locke  
God bless all here and state your pleasure

If youll refill my glass Ill sing Ave Maria  
Ill sing The Old Bog Road or A Shawl of Galway Grey

And Ive been gone from you for some while  
Those English tax men theyve cramped my style

And if you think Im some fraud upstart  
Just let my voice be my calling card

It melted hearts, and royal teardrops fell  
They loved me well, they loved me well

My name is Josef Locke  
Ladies and gents, now on your honour

This is a damn poor show  
Youll not call me a drunkard

Ive sung for kings and princes  
How the memories still glow

O cessate di piagiarmi  
O lasciate mi morir  
O lasciate mi morir

All the applause, all the cheers and cries  
How many times did that curtain rise

And now you dare mock the Singing Bobby  
Ill find the door, take your bullies off me

A sweeter age it was that loved me well  
They loved me well