

# Shane MacGowan And The Popes, Mother Mo C

It was 1962 and I was  
two years out of school  
When I got on board a boat  
That was bound for Liverpool  
The day we sailed away  
I remember it so well  
Took one look at the North Wall  
And bid a fond farewell

It's a hard thing to leave the land  
of your childhood  
Touched by the rivers  
And kissed by the sea  
The places you played  
with your childhood companions  
To leave dear old Ireland and  
Mother Mo Chroi

Though I'm going far away  
And I may never return here  
There is always one thing  
that I'll keep within me  
Deep in my heart a furious devotion  
The love of old Ireland  
And Mother Mo Chroi

At the top of Pentonville Road  
I saw the sun setting  
The town laid out before me  
Looked beautiful to me  
Away from all the sighing  
The suffering and dying  
I dreamed of the future  
The young and the free

But the years they go by quickly  
Now I know I can't remain here  
Where each day brings me closer  
To that final misery  
My kids will never scrape shit round here  
And I won't die crying in a pint of beer  
I'm going back to Ireland  
And my Mother Mo Chroi