Missing You

Christy Moore

In nineteen hundred and eighty six
There's not much for a chippie but swinging a pick
And you can't live on love, on love alone
So you sail cross the ocean, away cross the foam

To where you're a Paddy, a Biddy or a Mick
Good for nothing but stacking a brick
Your best mate's a spade and he carries a hod
Two work horses heavily shod

Oh I'm missing you
I'd give all for the price of a flight
Oh I'm missing you
Under Piccadilly's neon

Who did you murder, are you a spy?
I'm just fond of a drink helps me laugh, helps me cry
So I just drink red biddy for a permanent high
I laugh a lot less and I'll cry till I die

All ye young people now take my advice
Before crossing the ocean you'd better think twice
Cause you can't live without love, without love alone
The proof is round London in the nobody zone

Where the summer is fine, but the winter's a fridge
Wrapped up in old cardboard under Charing Cross Bridge
And I'll never go home now because of the shame
Of misfit's reflection in a shop window pane

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