

# 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

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by HUNTLEY, ALEXANDER PAUL KAPRANOS / MCCARTHY, NICHOLAS JOHN

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>