

# Duck Street

## Mad Dog Mcrea

Pour a wee drink, sit down by the fire  
Hear a fishermanâ€™s tail, as the flames dance higher  
An old photograph, comes alive on the wall  
As he drifts back in time, to his wild Donegal

And theyâ€™re dancing on duck street  
Waltzing into the mists of time  
And theyâ€™re dancing on Duck Street  
The fishermanâ€™s lays down his nets for a while  
As he plays his old squeeze box  
The melody carries him off on a breeze  
And then he went a roving  
And he roamed the world over

And the winds of time will never tame  
The ghosts I know them all by name

In a far distant land, of my hopes and desires  
I tell the tails, around the campfires  
That old photograph, that hangs on my wall  
Takes me back to that Isle, in wild Donegal

And theyâ€™re dancing on Duck Street  
(Dancing on Duck Street)  
Waltzing into the mists of time  
And theyâ€™re dancing on Duck Street  
(Dancing on Duck Street)  
The fishermanâ€™s lays down his nets for a while  
As he plays his old squeeze box  
The melody carries him off on a breeze  
And then he went a roving  
And he roamed the world over

And the ghosts are calling out my name  
Oer the shifting sands of time and change

Letâ€™s go dancing on Duck Street  
And weâ€™ll go a roving

And the winds of time will never tame

The ghosts are calling out my name  
On her wild and rocky shores I'll walk alone  
But I've been away but this still feels like home

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