

# Duck Street

## Mad Dog Mcrea

Pour a wee drink, sit down by the fire  
Hear a fisherman'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 they're dancing on duck street  
Waltzing into the mists of time  
And they're dancing on Duck Street  
The fisherman 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 they're dancing on Duck Street  
(Dancing on Duck Street)  
Waltzing into the mists of time  
And they're dancing on Duck Street  
(Dancing on Duck Street)  
The fisherman 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  
O'er the shifting sands of time and change

Let's go dancing on Duck Street  
And we'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 Iâ€™ll walk alone  
But Iâ€™ve been away but this still feels like home

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