

# Last of the Travelling People

## Pecker Dunne

The Last of the Travelling People  
Words and Music Patrick "Pecker" Dunne

I'm an amethyst Paddy  
I'm called Pecker Dunne,  
My cry, "It is all for all, one for one".  
I walk the roads but I never run,  
I'm the last of the travelling people.

With me banjo and fiddle  
I honour the song,  
I'll sing to all people who do me no wrong,  
But if others despise me I'll just move along  
And know I'll find friends in the morning.

Oh, the money is money and  
Friends they are friends,  
I'm drinking with them  
After our money ends.

But it isn't the money,  
It's on them I depend,  
When times and the gods are against me.

From Belfast to Wexford, from Clare to Tralee,  
A town with a pub is a livin' for me.  
I haven't a home, but by God I am free,  
I'm the last of the travelling people.

Oh, the road isn't easy but it's what I choose,  
I'm not always a winner but I'll never lose.  
I've the pride of me race and the last of the few,  
And I live like my father taught me.

Now I'm on the road again, travelling still,  
Summer and winter, keep travelling I will.  
For the road it is long and I know it'll kill  
The last of the travelling people

Lyrics Submitted by Kieran McElligott

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