

# From Clare to Here

Ralph McTell

There's four who share this room as we work hard for the crack  
And sleeping late on Sundays I never get to Mass  
It's a long way from Clare to here  
It's a long, long way, it grows further by the day  
It's a long way from Clare to here  
When Friday comes around Terry's only into fighting  
My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing  
Chorus  
It almost breaks my heart when I think of  
Josephine  
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green  
Chorus  
And the only time I feel alright is when I'm  
into drinking  
It sort of eases the pain of it and levels out my thinking  
Chorus  
I sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it's a  
notion  
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean  
Chorus  
It's a long, long way from Clare to here.

Songwriters

RALPH MCTELL Published by

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