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 MassIt's a long way from Clare to here
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 hereWhen Friday comes around Terry's only into fighting
My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writingChorusIt almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of greenChorusAnd the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking
It sort of eases the pain of it and levels out my thinkingChorusI sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it's a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other oceanChorusIt's a long, long way from Clare to here.

Songwriters
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