John Wallace

The East Pointers

The smoke is a blowing son
And the flames reaching high to the sky
It was there for the knowing son
that the fever was clear in his eyes

He told of the Wallace
Taken over by hellish blue death
It's a wonder he made it here
but the stables they suited him best

Ohoh, and his body's aching
Oh oh, and my heart is breaking
Oh oh, not even god could save him
Oh, oooh

Can you give me a minute
I need a place to lay
I've been swimming from the Wallace
So many a mile away
And I know I was in it
I know that I'm not well
If you give me a minute, sir
The stories I could tell.

Ooo ooo ooo the stories I could tell (x3)
Ooo ooo ooo

He sailed here from Liverpool
The journey of 42 days.
The fever came early on
And the Captain, he couldn't be saved
They were turned away in Georgetown,
Cos the word of the trouble had spread
By the tame they had run aground
Most of his shipmates were dead.

Ohoh, and his body's aching
Oh oh, and my heart is breaking
Oh oh, not even god could save him

Can you give me a minute
I need a place to lay
I've been swimming from the Wallace
So many a mile away
And I know I was in it
I know that I'm not well
If you give me a minute, sir
The stories I could tell.

The stories I could tell. (x3)

The [girl?] first in Laurencetown,
Sure makes an icy cold grace
The Wallace is in it sir,
And the passage whose passage she gave
He cheated the water son
But the fever has sure taken hold
The smoke is a blowing, son
A prayer he should pray for his soul

Can you give me a minute
I need a place to lay
I've been swimming from the Wallace
So many a mile away
And I know I was in it
I know that I'm not well
If you give me a minute, sir
The stories I could tell.

The stories I could tell. (x4)

The stories I could tell. (x3)

Lyrics Submitted by Anonymous

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