Fairmount Hill

Dropkick Murphys

ast night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind was spent on rambling to Boston I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind
When next I came to anchor at the rocks on Fairmount Hill
It was on the 23rd of June the day before the fair
When Boston sons and daughters and friends assemble there
The young, the old, the brave, and the bold
Came there till they took their fill
At the parish church of Thatcher, a mile from Fairmount Hill
I went to see old friends there, to see what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning gray

I met the broken hills, hazes on as ever still
See I used to crash at his mother's house, when I hung on Fairmount Hill
I paid a fly and visit to my first and only love
She's as white as any lily, and as gentle as a dove
She threw her arm around me saying Andy I love ya still
Oh, she's one Miss Fayes O'Bailey, the pride of Fairmount Hill
I dreamt I fought a violent war for the hand of this darling gal
Against an angry jealous fool by the name of Danny Gill
The clock it rang in the morning, it rang both loud and shrill
When I awoke in California, many miles from Fairmount Hill

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