

McCRORY

**I [G] TOOK THE [D] TRAIN TO [G] BELFAST
FIRST [G] TIME IN [C] FIFTEEN [G] YEARS
TO [G] SEE MY [D] FRIEND MC- [G] CRORY
TO [C] HAVE THE [AM] CRAIC AND THE [D] BEERS
[G] NOSTALGIA [D] MADE ME [G] MELLOW
AND [G] WHISKEY [D] BROUGHT THE [EM] TEARS
WHEN THE [G] BARMAN [D] SAID "MC- [G] CRORY?
HAVEN'T [C] SEEN HIM [D] ROUND IN [G] YEARS..."**

**WHERE ARE YOU NOW, MCCRORY?
WHERE IS THIS FRIEND OF MINE?
THE HARD MAN WHO ONCE SANG 'THE SASH'
IN SASKATCHEWAN'S COLD CLIME?
WHERE IS THE PRODDY-WODDY
WHO TOOK THE PLANE WITH ME
FAR AWAY FROM BELFAST DAYDREAMS
IN THE YEAR OF SIXTY-THREE ... ?**

**I THINK OF YOU, MCCRORY -
WE COULD NE'ER SEE EYE TO EYE
WHEN WE TRADED FRIENDLY INSULTS
WE WERE NOT AFRAID TO CRY
THE PAPIST AND THE PRODDY
AND ALL WE HAD WAS SNOW
TWO IRISHMEN SO DIFFERENT
IN A LAND WE DIDN'T KNOW ...**

**- WELL, HE'S BEEN GONE SINCE EIGHTY
SAID A DOCKER DRINKING BREW
- ON A PROMISE TO AUSTRALIA
THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT HE KNEW!
THE GUNS AND BOMBS FAIR BROKE HIS HEART
NEVER KNOWING RIGHT FROM WRONG
I DROVE HIM SILENT TO THE STATION
THERE WAS MORE THAN MCCRORY GONE...**

