The Pogues, The Leaving Of Liverpool

(Traditional)

Farewell to you, my own true love, I am going far, far away I am bound for California, And I know that I'll return someday

So fare thee well, my own true love, For when I return, united we will be It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, But my darling when I think of thee

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship, Davy Crockett is her name, And her Captain's name was Burgess, And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love, For when I return, united we will be It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, But my darling when I think of thee

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love, And I wish that I could remain, For I know that it will be a long, long time, Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love, For when I return, united we will be It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, But my darling when I think of thee