

# Cricklewood

Christy Moore

Come all you true born Irishmen and listen to my song  
I am a bold buck navvy and I don't know right from wrong  
Of late I've been transported from Ireland's holy shore  
My case is sad my crime is bad I was born poor

chorus:

Cricklewood Cricklewood  
You stole my youth away  
I was young and innocent  
You were old and grey

If you are born poor me lads it is a shocking state  
The judge will sit upon your crime and this he will  
relate

I find the prisoner guilty and the law I must lay down  
Let him be transported straight away to Camden Town

chorus

Take him down to Cricklewood and leave him in the pub  
Call the barman landlord then propose to him a sub  
Leave him down in Cricklewood mid mortar bricks and lime  
Let him rot in Cricklewood until the end of time.