

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.