

Johnny Connors

Christy Moore

My name is Johnny Connors I am a traveling man
My people have been traveling since time it first began
With my horse and covered wagon and my family by my side
Grazing the long acre, I traveled far and wide
I met Bridie Maughan my sweet wife on a fair day in Rathkeale
She was the finest traveling girl that ever wore a shawl

We worked the tin around Galway on up to Ballinasloe
For a traveler with a horse to sell it was the place to go
We sold the old linoleum, swapped carpets for old pine
But as the years passed on, the traveling life got harder all the time
Where have all the halting places gone all them friendly doors
Where we'd haul spring water from the well and sell paper flowers

Now it's guards and jailers and JCB's to roll big boulders in
Temporary dwellings are prohibited
Innocent little traveling children lost out on them streets
Sons and Daughters on the wine and lying round me feet
As they try to dull the hurt and pain the rejection that's imposed
Travelers are not wanted here but there's no place left to go

My name is Johnny Connors I am a traveling man
I've taken everything that's been thrown at me
Now it's time to make a stand