

## Fairmount Hill

Dropkick Murphys

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
My mind was spent on rambling to Boston I did fly  
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with the wind  
When next I came to anchor at the rocks on Fairmount Hill

It was on the 23rd of June the day before the fair  
When Boston's sons and daughters and friends assembled there  
The young, the old, the brave, and the bold  
Came their duty to fulfil at the parish church on Thatcher Street  
A mile from Fairmount Hill

I went to see old friends there to see what they might say  
The old ones were all dead and gone  
The young ones turning gray  
I met the broker Hughes  
He's as odd as ever still  
See I used to crash at his mother's house when I hung on Fairmount Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
She's as white as any lily, and as gentle as a dove  
She threw her arm around me saying "Andy I love you still"  
Oh, she's one Miss Bazo Bailey, the pride of Fairmount Hill

I dreamt I fought a violent war for the hand of this darling girl  
Against an angry jealous foe by the name of Danny Gill  
The clock it rang in the morning  
It rang both loud and shrill  
When I awoke in California many miles from Fairmount Hill