

Freeman

Fiddler's Green

I met him on the motorway, said he was a free man
And did I have a cigarette
He'd been all over travelling, looking for a little
gold
He said with a laugh, I found nothing yet
He had to get out of Ireland
The police there they've got a lot of tricks
They give a dog a bad name -
You better believe that it always sticks

chorus:

And he was worried about the rain
Lord, he'd never seen it rain so hard
And I was thinking about that flame that burned in his
heart

He'd heard about a job in London town
He hit the road from Liverpool
But if your name is Pat or Michael
Some men treat you like a fool
And he loved to hear old Brady sing
He knew all the words to Arthur Mc Bride
And when I put it on my stereo,
Old man broke right down and cried

He talked about a bar he knew in Dublin
Lord, he wished we were there tonight
And we talked about the travelling -
Sooner or later we're gonna get it right
When I left him on that same motorway,
It was a bright cafe in a dark night
And as I turned away to leave him
He said, Lady Luck may she treat you right