

## Shamrock Busker

## Fiddler's Green

I got the hang of Irish Music  
When I saw the Gaelic shore  
All my continental fears  
Now seem such a bore  
The ferry boat took me to Dublin  
And the Shannon to the west  
To all the people and the hills  
My soul likes the best

Now I am a Shamrock busker  
All the songs are for the free  
All the tunes and Irish airs  
Can't stand slavery  
We square the circle, start again  
We try and try, if all's in vain  
We're looking for a brand new morning  
Break the chain

Now I am a rambling rover  
Roving over hilly land  
Lookin' for the final answer  
Written in sand  
I also jump in at the deep end  
Have a stout in Gallway town  
Also like the city lights  
They can't drag me down

Didn't you know  
The Shamrock busker's songs  
To Ireland he belongs  
With all his wild dreams

Whenever we will play an Irish tune  
The Shamrock revives  
Whenever we can see a waxing moon  
Tim Finnegan will rise