

The Leaving Of Liverpool

The Pogues

Fare thee well to you, my own true love,
There were many fare thee wells
I am bound for California,
A place that I know right well

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee

I am bound on a Yankee clipper ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And her Captain's name it is Burgess,
And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee

Oh I've sailed with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along
If he's not then he's sure to tell

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain,
For I know that it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee