

Mr. Connaughton

Ralph McTell

Mr Connaughton my memory's long, though the years have flown
Though the years have gone.
Was your wife's name Marjorie or Mary?
Were you from Cork or Tipperary?

Mr Connaughton when we lived underneath
Oh you said it was a lucky man had a gap between his teeth
And for a while I had a gap too
But it closed when my big teeth came through.
Oh it closed when my big teeth came through.

Mr Connaughton you seemed to laugh such a lot
And that would make us smile too, as often as not
Did you have a friend who was a soldier?
Well I'm gonna join the army when I'm older.

Well I know you paid a fiver for that old motorbike
And they said it wouldn't run, but I thought that it might.
I was nearly asleep when it spluttered into life
And I clenched my fist and smiled a secret smile of delight
Was your first name Kevin or Mike?

I remember when you built us a soap-box cart
With the wheels off a pram, and a plank out in the yard,
And you gave us a bit of string but we steered it with our feet
. .
Oh boy it was the best one on the street,
And you said "Jesus, that's the best one on the street".

I remember when your little girl was born
You brought her downstairs to show us all,
And we were allowed to kiss her
And I wished she was my sister.

Mr Connaughton, you moved away
With your wife and your baby, but we stayed
Till finally we got re-housed too
And I never will forget you

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