

## Celtic Days

Smokie

In a smoke filled room in a back ally bar  
with a fiddle in song against Paddy's guitar  
the stakes get raised where the black stuff's praised  
Those were my Celtic days

My second hand shoes aint got no value  
But a part ime job will bring in what I need  
coz my school books I had to steal or borrow  
so my school days, were few and far between

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Lismoe-ahan some days would seem so empty  
We'd watch the longboats bringing in the grain  
We three brothers sitting down and plans aplenty  
the end resuld we all agreed would be the same

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The three of us somehow we made the distance  
The rolling hills afar the sea is getting near  
The war is over work is what we're seeking  
not long now we'll be sat down sipping bear

In a smoke filled room in back ally bar.....