

# I Wish I Were Back In Liverpool

The Dubliners

I wish I was back in Liverpool, Liverpool town where I was born  
Where there ain't no trees, no scent of grease, no field's of w  
aving corn

But there's lots of girls with peroxide curls and the black and  
tan flows free

There's six in a bed by the old pier head and it's Liverpool to  
wn for me

'Tis seven long years since I wandered away to sail the wild wo  
rld o'er

Me very first trip on an old steam ship that was bound for Balt  
imore

I was seven days sick and I just couldn't stick that bobbin' up  
and down

So I told them "Jack, you'd better turn back for dear old Liver  
pool town"

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We dug the Mersey tunnel, boys, way back in thirty-three

Dug an hole in the ground until we found an hold called Wallase  
y

Then the foreman cried "Come on, outside! The roof is fallin' d  
own"

While I'm tellin' you, Jack, we all swum back to dear old Liver  
pool town

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There's every race and colour of face, there's every kind of na  
me

But the pigeons on the pier head they treat you all the same

And if you walk up upon Parlament Street you'll get faces black  
and brown

And I've also seen the orange-green in dear old Liverpool town

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