

I wrote her name and address on the back of a cigarette pack
I didn't know then that I'd never be goin' back
the ferry was leaving when we pulled up to the quay
When we reached Hollyhead I was as sick as I could be
I didn't choose this way they made me go
I was a week on the job and I wanted to go back home
What I wouldn't do for a glimpse of the Christmas tree
hear all your voices callin' me
if I go back home again I'll just be hanging 'round
Maybe next year if my ship doesn't run aground
I should've listened to my brother Moran when he said
I was a fool, but it's too late now and I didn't make the rules
Oh, God, please have mercy on me
I'm all alone in another man's city
I'm not askin' for much just wanta go back home
see Mam and Dad and the boys, oh, God!
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