

The Tide Flows Into Miltown

Tim O'Brien

I walk into a corner bar, it says Lynch above the door
I had just arrived in Miltown to frolic there once more
I see a Cavan man expatriot who now resides in old Oslo
And he's holdin' to an old friend's hand as his mate sings loud
and slow

When they're done we reminisce on Shetland back in ninety seven
Where we met aboard a ferry bound for five days of folk heaven
Siobahn and John start jiggin', push and pulls from box and bow
And Peter reaches for his drum to punctuate the flow

And the tide flows into Miltown, they come from far and near
The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year

I sit next to two I've known since I first came of age
Each Tuesday night in Pigtown we'd play from O'Niell's page
We raise our jars, it's July fourth, so I guess they're Yankees
still
Though they've moved back to Cork now, up Military Hill

And the tide flows into Miltown, we come from far and near
The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year

I stayed this time on Spanish Point with a Nashville guy I know
You can swim in quiet water there, in the tide pools down below
But there were too many toasts to raise, to many tunes to play
I only saw that coast while walking home in the dawning of the
day

I've seen these folks in Donegal, New York and Tennessee
Since a fleagh in seventy six made a believer out of me
James Kelly made a point back then, said "what's the point of
sleepin',
There'll be time for that when we get done with the company we'
re keepin'?"

And the tide flows into Miltown, we come from far and near
The tide flows into Miltown, this time every year
And the tide flows into Miltown, of smiles and tunes and tears
The tide flows into Miltown, bring the wife and kids next year