

# Choppin' Wood

Van Morrison

You wired the trains and went back home to St. Claire's shores  
Before you became a spark down at the yard  
You were passing through those hungry years alone  
You were just trying to make a living out in Detroit

When you came back off the boats you didn't want to go anywhere  
You sit down to TV in your favorite chair  
You watch the big picture fade away down at Harland and Wolff  
But you still kept on choppin' wood

And you came back home to Belfast  
So you could be with us like  
You lived your life of quiet desperation on the side  
Going to the shipyard in the morning on your bike

Well the spark was gone but you carried on  
You always did the best you could  
You sent for us once but everything fell through  
But you still kept on choppin' wood choppin' wood

Well you came back home to Belfast  
So you could be with us like  
And you lived a life of quiet desperation on the side  
Going to the shipyard in the morning on your bike

Well the spark was gone but you carried on  
Well you did just the best that you could  
You sent for us one time but everything fell through  
But you still kept on choppin' wood

Kept on choppin'wood  
Kept on choppin' wood  
Local man chops wood  
You know you did the best you could

Well everything just fell through  
Kept on choppin' wood  
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,  
Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,  
Chop, chop, chop, keep on choppin'  
Chop, chop, chop, choppin' wood