

Belfast

The Irish Rovers

Oh, I wish I was in Belfast
With some good old friends of mine
Some good old rough companions
And some good old smooth red wine
We could talk about the old times
And the old town's sad decline
And drink to the boys on the road

Oh, I Was born in Belfast
In the center of the town
I'd take you there and show you
But they've pulled the old place down
And when I think about it
It always makes me frown
They bulldozed it all to make a road

And that great old place I miss so much
Has seen much better days
And still talk about it
As we go out separate ways
Ah, but Belfast gave me more
Than she ever took away
She prepared for me the life on the road

My mother was a cleaner
My grandad drove a tram
My father was an engineer
And they made me all I am
They have seen the city come and go
And still they give a damn
There's so much to learn along the road

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Has seen much better days
And still talk about it
As we go out separate ways
Ah, but Belfast gave me more
Than she ever took away
She prepared for me the life on the road