

Toora Loora Lay

Celtic Thunder

I woke upon a Sunday morning
Tired eyes to greet the day
A rucksack full of expectations
Up on dreary Langton Way
The train awaiting on the platform
The bees all humming high
A one way ticket stamped for freedom
Time for just one last goodbye

Toora loora lay
I'm on my way
Make it New York City, San Francisco, Botany Bay
I've been praying I've been waiting mister
For this fateful day
Toora loora lay

Took passage on the early water
Waved the mainland sweet goodbye
Lit a cigarette above on top deck'
Watched the seagulls soar the sky
I woke up to the sound of laughter
And the strangers passing by
Stepped upon the land of dreams
And had myself a smile

Toora loora lay
I'm on my way
Make it New York City, San Francisco, Botany Bay
I've been praying I've been waiting mister
For this fateful day
Toora loora lay

Met a sham from Blarney, ginger red
On a New York City street
He was asking if I'd seen the hurling
And how the hell we'd meet
At a bar in Queens
He knew a man that came from my hometown
Then he borrowed twenty dollars
Till his pay day came around

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I got some work by Sydney Harbour
With a firm from Antrim town
We were digging up the paving stones
Laying concrete piping down
Found a place up on the hill for pints
Where they said you'd have to craic
They were singing toora loora lay
Saying we're never going back

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