

The Crawl

Fiddler's Green

Well we're good old boys, we come from the Northern Shore
Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen
And this night by God! We drank 'til there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven with all stops in between.

But it all began one afternoon on the shores of Ambleside
We were sittin' there quite peacefully with the rising of the tide
When an idea it came to mind for to usher in the fall
So we all agreed next Friday night we'd go out on the crawl

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We planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did not spare
So We left all the cars at home and paid the taxi fare
I got out to Horseshoe Bay a little after five
From a table in the corner I heard familiar voices rise

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Spirits they ran high that night old stories we did share
Of the days when we were younger men and never had a care
The beer flowed like a river and we drank the keg near dry
So we drained down all our glasses and were thirsty bye and bye

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Park Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square-Rigger and Queens Cross
We'd started out with eight good boys but half had gotten lost
For you'll never keep the lads together when their eyes began to rove
So there was just the three of us that made it to Deep Cove

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We arrived out at The Raven just in time for the last call
The final destination of this the first annual crawl
We dug deep into our pockets there was no money to be found
Nine miles home and for walking we are bound