

## Carrickfergus

Ronan Keating

I wished I had you in Carrickfergus,  
Only for nights in Ballygrand,  
I would swim over the deepest ocean,  
The deepest ocean to be by your side.

But the sea is wide and I can't swim over  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
I wish I could find me a handy boatman  
To ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy days so long ago.  
My boyhood friends and my own relations.  
Have all passed on now like the melting snow.

So I'll spend my days in endless roving,  
Soft is the grass and my bed is free.  
Oh to be home now in Carrickfergus,  
On the long road down to the salty sea.

And in Kilkenny it is reported  
On marble stones as black as ink,  
With gold and silver I did support her  
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.

For I'm drunk today and I'm rarely sober,  
A handsome rover from town to town.  
Oh but I am sick now and my days are numbered  
So come on ye young men and lay me down.