

The Crawl

Spirit of the West

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

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,
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 by-and-by.

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Park Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square-Rigger and Queen's 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 begin 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.

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