Galway And Mayo

The Saw Doctors

Hardly anyone had the tele'
It was a different kind of world
Heaven was a game of football
Before I ever kissed the girls
We used to go out driving
We'd travel near and far
Nearly every Sunday in me
Father's oul' ford car
He'd be pointing out the landmarks
Everywhere we'd go, through the
Twistings , turning , winding roads
Of Galway and Mayo

Me mother in the front seat
Children in the back
We'd be imagining Indians in the
Fields waiting to attack
And we'd be asking

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