

Galway John

I was sittin' on a barstool, down town the other day.
When I said hello to this old man, to pass the time away.
He told me he was Irish, and his accent rang a bell.
He was from a place In Galway, that I knew quite well.

I bought a drink, he reminisced – he said his name was John.
And he hadn't been back since he left in nineteen sixty one.
The years just seemed to roll away as he slipped down memory lane.
And I couldn't bring myself to tell him that things were not the same.

Chorus:

**How do you tell an old man, who's lonely and alone?
That the oldies are just memories, and gone forever more.
It doesn't matter when you left, or just how far you roam.
That little island over there, will always be your home.**

8 BAR SOLO

We talked of favourite places, and days when we has young.
He asked about a lot of folk, they were mostly dead and gone.
He couldn't erase those childhood days, and fun filled starry nights.
And the close-knit family circle whose memories burdened bright.

I shook his hand and said goodbye, I had to catch a plane
And it hurt to see his shoulders droop, his eyes fill up with pain
He said I'll never see again, the moon on Galway Bay
But tell them all you talked to John, and everything's O.K

Chorus

**It doesn't matter when you left, or just how far you roam.
That little island over there, will always be your home.**