

I Miss The Craic In Cricklewood

**I miss the craic in Cricklewood, in the Bush and Countingtown
Miss the boys in Bidy Mulligans, The Junction and The Crown
And the girls in the Galtymore, now they were something else
Now I'm back home in Ireland feeling sorry for myself.**

I left my home so long ago like many of my time
We had no jobs or nothing here, we didn't have a dime
So I went across to England, I was trying to survive
The years I spent in London were the best years of my life.

**I miss the craic in Cricklewood, in the Bush and Countingtown
Miss the boys in Bidy Mulligans, The Junction and The Crown
And the girls in the Galtymore, now they were something else
Now I'm back home in Ireland feeling sorry for myself.**

Well I worked with the subbies, the Murphy's grey and green
I must say I payed no contribution to the green
We'd draw our pay on Fridays and we'd bin it in the pub
We'd drank and ding all weekend and on Monday got the sub.

The foreman would be on the site, roarin' like a crow
And the Wexford coilies let you go, ringing in my skull
Monday was the worst day, the rest were not so bad
We were headed towards the weekend, back then sure we were mad.

**I miss the craic in Cricklewood, in the Bush and Countingtown
Miss the boys in Bidy Mulligans, The Junction and The Crown
And the girls in the Galtymore, now they were something else
Now I'm back home in Ireland feeling sorry for myself.**

Instrumental

The JCB man Sunday mornings, the Castle in Chileselle
Jimmy-Joe would play the sax', and the lumberjack would sing
Daman drove his mini-cab when he had too much to drink
Now I'm back home in Ireland all I do is sit and think.

**About the craic in Cricklewood, in the Bush and Countingtown
Miss the boys in Bidy Mulligans, The Junction and The Crown
And the girls in the Galtymore, now they were somewhere else
I'm back home in Ireland all I do is sit and think
Now I'm back home in Ireland feeling sorry for myself.**