



NATHAN CARTER ON THE BOAT TO LIVERPOOL

Sailed away from the old North Wall
Travelling feet gave me the call,
Leaving, a suitcase in my hand,
With the price of a pint, didn't need a bite.
There was good old craic on the boat that
night.
As we left our homes in Ireland.

Chorus
And the lights they flickered from the
shore,
The boat was rocking to and fro,
Heading for the docks in Liverpool,
We sang and danced the night away,
The squeezebox, sang and the fiddle played,
Stepping off the boat in Liverpool.

Rise up at the craic of dawn,
Working hard the whole week long,
At night time I'd play me old guitar,
And we sang together one and all,
Side by side and standing tall.

Chorus
And the lights they flickered from the
shore,
The boat was rocking to and fro,
Heading for the docks in Liverpool,
We sang and danced the night away,
The squeezebox, sang and the fiddle played,
Stepping off the boat in Liverpool.

Now that was many years ago,
But fortune came I'll have you know,
Leaving that old suitcase in my hand,
The time has come to bid adieu
To good old pals in Liverpool
Tomorrow I'll be back in Ireland.

And the lights they flickered from the
shore,
The boat was rocking to and fro,
Heading for the docks in Liverpool,
We sang and danced the night away,
The squeezebox, sang and the fiddle played,
Stepping off the boat in Liverpool.