

Campfire In The Dark

Paddy Houlihan

D G Em
My father rises early and he makes a cup of tea
A A7 G D
He lights the kitchen stove and then he calls me
D G Em
His days are often empty, he's nothing much to do
A A7 G D
So he sits and tells me stories of the travelling life he knew

Bm G
In the evening they would meet in lonely country lanes
Bm G
A field away you'd hear a collie bark
Bm G
And they'd pass the time away with talks about the day
A G Bm
Standing 'round the campfire in the dark
A G Bm
Standing 'round the campfire in the dark

D G Em
My mother likes the house, the hot water and the rooms
A A7 G D
It's warm in the winter and she's handy with the broom
D G Em
Sometimes she makes Colcannon, more often Griddle Bread
A A7 G D
But there's hunger deep inside her for a travelling life thats dead

Bm G
In the evening she would lift the black pots from the coals
Bm G
A bit to eat she always would remark
Bm G
There'd be vessels left to clean while children could be seen
A G Bm
Playing 'round the campfire in the dark
A G Bm
Playing 'round the campfire in the dark

D G Em
We'd go down to the pool hall to chat up the town bears
 A A7 G D
Sometimes at their discos we can't get past the doors
 D G Em
We're still tinkers to them and it's thrown at our ears
 A A7 G D
We're still the awful strangers after all these years
 D G Em
And I think about my own life and the way that it will be
 A A7 G D
An Escort van, a bit of dealing, a wife and family
D G Em
Thursday I collect the Dole, friday pitch and toss
 A A7 G D
But on the site I think about the travellers' ways we've lost

 Bm G
And I wish that I could rise, wash the sleep out of these eyes

 Bm G
And listen to the sweet song of the lark

 Bm G
And I wish that I could be in campfire company

 A G Bm
With the sound of horses moving in the dark

 A G Bm
With the sound of horses moving in the dark

 A G Bm
With the sound of horses moving in the dark