

# Cavan Girl

Thom Moore

C G Am Em F G C  
As I walk the road from Killashandra, weary I sit down  
C G Am Em  
For it's twelve long miles around the lake  
F Em F  
to get to Cavan town  
C G Am Em  
Though Oughter and the road I go  
F Em F  
once seemed beyond compare  
C G Am Em F G C  
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so fair

C G Am Em F G C  
The autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will soon be bare  
C G Am Em F Em F  
Each red-gold leaf around me seems the colour of her hair  
C G Am Em F Em F  
My gaze retreats to find my feet and once again I sigh  
C G Am Em F G C  
For the broken pools of sky remind me of the colour of her eyes

[instrumental]

C G Am Em F G C  
At the Cavan Cross each Sunday morning there she can be found  
C G Am Em F Em F  
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan town  
C G Am Em F Em F  
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her smile  
C G Am Em F G C  
And to break the hearts of Cavan men, she'll talk to me a while

C G Am Em F G C  
Sunday evening finds me homeward - Killashandra bound  
C G Am Em F Em F  
To work the week, till I return and court in Cavan town  
C G Am Em F Em F  
When asked if she would be my bride at least she'd not said "no"  
C G Am Em F G C  
So next Sunday morning, rouse myself, and back to her I'll go

[instrumental & repeat verse 1]