

# From Clare To Here

Ralph McTell

[intro]

C . . . | D . . . | G . | G/F# . | Em . . . |  
C . . . | D . . . | G . . . | G . . . |

C

There's four who share this room

D

And we work hard for the crack

C

Sleeping late on Sundays

D

I never get to Mass

[chorus]

Am

D

G

G/F# Em

It's a long long way from Clare to here

Am

D

Em

It's a long long way from Clare to here

C

Bm

Em

Oh it's a long, long way, it grows further by the day

Am

D

Em

It's a long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around

Terry's only into fighting

Me ma would like a letter home

But I'm too tired for writing

It almost breaks my heart

When I think of Josephine

I told her I'd be coming home

With my pockets full of green

The only time I feel alright

Is when I'm into drinking

It sort of eased the pain of it

And it levels out my thinking

I sometimes hear a fiddle play

Or maybe it's a notion

I dream I see white horses dance

Upon that other ocean