

Barrowland

Christy Moore

There's an easy place down Gallowgate to the East End of Glasgo
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It's a ballroom of remembrance and a disco
Where the shooting stars light up the fresco
Where the last ones and the lovers go... to carry on

We sang about the Nicky Tams in the back room of the Scotia
We drank sweet wines and called for neon pints of Fidel Castro
Till it was time to fly to dreamland
Out of Bairds, up the stairs to hell or to heaven we'd go

Come all you dreamers hear the sound of the Barrows humming
Come all you dreamers to Barrowland
Hear Mags McIvor and the ghost of the GayBirds calling
Come all you dreamers to Barrowland

The Lassies of the Broomielaw in their Cuban Heels are dancing
Here comes Our Lady of the Clyde and there goes Jinky Johnston
They've come back to rock and roll in the church of ceili
To waltz beneath the carousel of healing
To jitterbug and boogie the night away

Come all you dreamers...