

## Boys from Tralee

Patty Griffin

We came across the ocean for the price on the passage  
Came across the ocean for one English pound  
We slept in the hay bed with the sheep and the shit, yeah  
We slept in the hay, me and three boys from our town

Hunger did surround us  
Came on like a black sea  
Everything it came for, rotten on the ground  
Food was had for money  
And as we had none  
All the world around us came a tumbling down

Four boys from Tralee  
Going to a factory  
In a place a foreign man called Ontario  
Four boys from Tralee  
Forty days out on the sea  
Without home or family  
Nowhere left to go

One morning our boy Tommy lay dying beside me  
Cold and sick and dying and blue was what we found  
Before he took his last breath the ship's sailors found him  
Before he took his last breath they tossed him in to drown

If hunger makes you nothing, then boy I am nothing  
Just another hungry boy washed up on the sand  
The lucky boys who did survive the cruel deeds of cruel men  
Would live a short and lonely life in a foreign land

Four boys from Tralee  
Going to a factory  
In a place a foreign man called Ontario  
Four boys from Tralee  
Forty days out on the sea  
One of them four boys was me  
I wanted you to know