

Band Without a Country

The Irish Rovers

We left our home in Ireland many years ago
And crossed the wide Atlantic to a place called Mimico
Just outside Toronto we started our new life
Far from dear ould Ireland her troubles and her strife

Raised with love and music we knew the old songs well
I met big Jim from Belfast and together we did gell
It was derry's quay and Brigid Flynn and whiskey in the jar
When Joe would sing Kellswater there was quiet in the bar

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear

We travelled cross the country to Canada's western shore
Will was singing children's songs 'twas there he jumped on board
We left for California with a pocketful of dreams
The goodship Irish rover was sailing at full steam

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear

The icehouse and the troubadour became our stomping grounds
The purple onion hungry I the circuit we went round
The bitterend the lumbermill and Mecca were the cream
We played them all from east to west and all spots in between

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear

Shel was writing stores and singing on the side
He let us have his unicorn and we took it for a ride
It served us well a good few years fifty comes to mind
Wherever we went roving round providence was kind

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear

Not Irish enough for Ireland that's hard to understand
And Canada turned her back because we're not from Newfoundland
So we'll leave it to the people our fans beyond compare
The ones who hear the music of the boys from god knows where

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us and no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear

Gold records on the wall a doorway to the past
Memories to ponder on but memories never last

But music lives forever and we'll always have a song
But still I have to wonder where the hell do we belong

A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear
A band without a country a band without a home
And yet we're always welcome no matter where we roam
No one wants to claim us no one knows we're there
A band without a country is our cross to bear