

# From Claire to Here

Ralph McTell 1976

There's four who share this room  
and we work hard for the crack.  
Sleeping late on Sunday well  
And we never got to Mass.

*It's a long long way from Claire to here.  
It's a long long way from Clair to here.  
Oh, it's a long long way, it gets further day by day.  
It's a long long way from Claire to here.*

When Friday comes around  
Teddie's only into fighting.  
Me ma would like a letter home  
but I'm too tired for writing.

Well, it almost breaks my heart  
when I think of Josephine.  
I told I'll arrive be coming home  
with pockets full of green.

The only time I feel alright  
is when I'm into drinking.  
It sorts off ease the pain a bit  
and levels out me thinking

I sometimes hear a piper play,  
maybe it's emotion.  
I dream I see white horses dance  
upon that other ocean.

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