

The Reason I left Mullingar

Em **D** **C** **G**
I walked through this city a stranger,
F **G** **G** **D**
in a land I can never call home,
Em **D** **C** **G**
And I cursed the sad notion that caused me,
Em
in search of my fortune to D] rome.

Im weary of working and drinking,
a week's wages left by the bar,
And Lord it's a shame to use a friends name,
to beg for the price of a jar.

(Chorus)

Em **D** **C** **G**
I remember that bright april morning,
F **C** **G** **D**
when I left home to travel a-far,
Em **D** **C** **G**
To work till your dead for a room and a bed,
G **D** **G**
It's not the reason I left Mullingar.

Oh this London's a city of heartbreak,
on friday there's friends by the score,
But when the pay's finished on monday,
a friend's not your friend anymore.

Oh a working day seems never ending,
from a shovel and pick there's no break,
But when your not working your spending,
that fortune you left home to make.

And for everyone here that finds fortune,
and comes home to tell of the tale,
Each morning the broadway is crowed,
with many's the thousant that failed.

So young men of Ireland take warning,
in London you never will find,
The gold at the end of the rainbow,
you might just have left it behind.