

Irish Song Lyrics

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Thousands Are Sailing
Philip Chevron

the island it is silent now but the ghosts still haunt the waves
and the torch lights up a famished land that fortune could not save
did you work upon the railway did you rid the streets of crime
were your dollars from the white house were they from the five and dime
did the old songs taunt or cheer you or do they still make you cry
did you count the months and years or did your teardrops swiftly dry
oh no says he twas not to be on a coffin ship i came here
and i never even got so far that they could change my name

thousands are sailing across the western ocean
to a land of opportunity that some of them will never see
fortunes prevailing across the western ocean
thier bellies full their spirits free
they'll break the chains of poverty and they'll dance...

in manhattan's desert twilight in the death of afternoon
we stepped hand in hand on broadway like the first men on the moon
and the blackbird broke the silence as he whistled it so sweet
and in brendan behan's footsteps we danced up and down the street
then we said goodnight to broadway giving it our best regards
tipped our hats to mr. cohen dear old times squares favorite bard
then we raised our glass to jfk and a dozen more besides
when i got back to my empty room i suppose i must have cried

thousands are sailing again across the ocean
the hand of opportunity draws tickets in our lottery
postcards we're mailing of stary skies and oceans
from rooms that daylight never sees
where lights don't glow on christmas trees but they'll dance...
thousands are sailing again across the ocean
the hand of opportunity draws tickets in our lottery
wherever we go we celebrate the land that makes us refugees
from fear of priests with empty plates
from guilt and weeping effigies but we'll dance, and we'll dance