

C F G C
 In the pub around the corner Billy Callahan was known
F C G C
 As a ne'e-do-well who ne'er did have two pennies of his own
C G C
 In between his drunken ravings and the hustling for a pint
F C G C
 He'd tell how he will be leaving and leave Ireland behind

He said "listen up I'll tell ye how the streets are plated gold
 and a man can buy for money what for money can be sold.
 They'll call me the king of Boston and you lot is gonna say:
 God I wish I too was leaving for the shores of Americay!"

Am Em
 So he bade goodbye, to Erin's isle
Am G
 Heard him shout across the bay:
C F C
 "Fare the well, me boys I'm leaving
F G C
 For the shores of Americay"

So we took him to the harbour and we got him a one-way fare
 And amidst the people's clamour Billy Callahan stood there
 With a weepin' eye he said: "You lads take good care of my isle.
 For if I ever should return, still it's gonna be a while"

Chorus

Chorus

Instr over Chorus

We didn't send bill Callahan to the shores of Americay
 But as we shook hands on the dock, we didn't dare to say
 For he didn't have a ticket to the shores of Americay
 But a one-way for a ferry, across the Galway bay

Chorus

Instr over Verse