**Old Tramp Steamer**  
McCallion  
  
I left my home on an old tramp steamer  
Must be forty years ago now  
I left my father, mother and brother  
And never thought once of returning somehow  
  
My youngest son he carries a pistol  
He watches TV and thinks it’s real life  
There might have been something I should have done for him  
He didn’t come home last night  
  
And all the girls were fond of my accent  
From ‘cross the ocean blue  
And I bought myself a fifty-two Chevy  
Everything’s better and everything’s new  
  
My only girl is afr    aid of the darkness  
She holds her car key and runs for the door  
I can recall when I slept on a park bench  
Well what kind of fool would do that anymore  
  
The trade that I learned it served me well here  
And I’m thought successful by most that I meet  
But what good is that when your boy is in trouble  
And your girl is afraid to walk down the street  
  
And I have more things than I’m sure I would have  
Had I not left my own home to come here  
But I can’t help but think as I’m looking about me  
The price of these things is a wee bit too dear  
  
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