**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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