**Walking Down the Road**
*N. McCallion*

Well I’m walking down the road with my big heavy sack
I left London town and I’m never going back
I’m a wee bit short of luck my man
So buy me a drink and I’ll tell you where I stand

I was born on the banks of the river Clyde
Me ma left Donegal with me father at her side
And the tenement where they lived they called the Dublin Flats
And they thought to stay on summer but they never did go back

By trade I am a joiner as me father was before
I went to London town to work after the war
And I’ve never been to Ireland but I’ll tell you all the same
The English called me Paddy sure but Neil it is me name

Well I’ve quite a temper when the drink’s on me
I took my first pay and I went on a spree
When the big man called me Paddy I said “shut your bloody gob”
And I took my empty bottle and I broke it on his mug

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