**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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