

N 17

Well I didn't see much future  
When I left the Christian brothers school  
So I waved goodbye with a wistful smile  
And I left the girls of Tuam  
And sometimes when I'm reminiscing  
I see the prefabs and my old friends  
And I know that they'll be changed or gone  
By the time I get home again

*Chorus*

And I wish I was on that N 17 (Stone walls and the grasses green)  
Yes I wish I was on that N 17 (Stone walls and the grasses green)  
Travelling with just my thoughts and dreams

Well the ould fella left me to Shannon  
Was the last time I travelled that road  
And as I turned left at Claregalway  
I could feel a lump in my throat  
As I pictured the thousands of times  
That I travelled that well worn track  
And I know that things would be different  
If I ever decide to go back

Now as I tumble down highways  
Or filthy overcrowded trains  
There's no one to talk to in transit  
So I sit there and daydream in vain  
And behind all these muddled up problems  
Of living on a foreign soil  
I can still see the twists and turns on the road  
From the square to the town of the tribes