

## ***TO START A NEW LIFE***

verse 1

My name is Dan Far-rell, from the coun-ty of Gal-way  
At the age of six-teen I de-ci-ded one day  
To get on the first train that was head-ed for Dub-lin  
And I ne-ver looked back once it start-ed a-way!

verse 2

I had saved all my mo-ney to \_ cross the At-lan-tic  
In a big hand-some air-plane all sil-ver and green  
I was bound for New York and the first of my mil-lions  
Which I'd have in the bank by the age of nine-teen!

chorus 1

Now I thought that my home town was small and un-plea-sant  
Its peo-ple too nar-row and gi-ven to strife  
You would think that I'd said on the day I was christ-ened:  
"I can't wait to leave here and start a new life!"

verse 3

Once ar-rived in New York, I ap-plied to the u-nion  
Now I had no green card, but that deed was soon done  
Then I worked pret-ty stead-y and made lots of mo-ney  
But it seemed to dis-solve like a mist in the sun

verse 4

When I'd worked for a year and my back was near bro-ken  
How I laughed at my-self and my dreams on the plane!  
I'd spend twelve hours work-ing, and six hours drink-ing  
Try to sleep for six more, then start over a-gain

chorus 2

Now the town that I come from is small and un-pleas-ant  
Its peo-ple are nar-row and gi-ven to strife  
In the pubs of the Bronx I'd con-vince all who list-ened:  
"I'm damned glad I left there to start a new life!"

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verse 5

Then I met a fine girl from my own town and par-ish  
She had found her own place and asked me to move in  
But with her work-ing nights, and me gone in the morn-ing  
No priest could ac-cuse us of li-ving in sin!

verse 6

But we part-ed at last, and I've heard that she's mar-ried  
To a bright young ac-count-ant half I-rish half-Greek  
He's been learn-ing the fid-dle, and she plays the whis-tle  
I see them at ses-sions three or four times a week

chorus 3

Now the town that I come from is small and un-pleas-ant  
Its peo-ple are nar-row and gi-ven to strife  
She was diff'-rent at first, but then got too im-pa-tient  
With the time I was tak-ing to start a new life!

verse 7

Now a few times a year I count all my mo-ney  
To mea-sure my pro-gress towards ri-ches and fame  
Sure I'll have to pay back all the mo-ney I've bor-rowed  
So the de-bits and cre-dits all come out the same!

verse 8

In a month it's ten years since I came to this coun-try  
And my mil-lion-aire sta-tus is slight-ly de-layed  
When my head is not pain-ing I can't help but won-der  
Was I right to leave Ire-land or should I have stayed?

chorus 4

Now the town that I came from seems not quite as aw-ful  
Its peo-ple no worse than the peo-ple out here  
If I stop going to pubs, and I save all my mo-ney  
I can start a new life back in Ire-land next year!

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