



HER DEAR OLD DONEGAL

Now that she's so far away from her dear old hills of Donegal

I wonder does she ever think of me at all

On that wet Monday I drove her down to Shannon

We drank brandy and kissed in the airport hall

She said she'd be definitely home by Christmas

But since then not even a word - not even a phone call

Now some of the boys said she's gone a little bit crazy

Said they'd seen her hangin' round the Bronx

Runnin' with a rough crowd

I wonder does she ever think of me at all

'Cause I've got no intention of hangin' round this dump forever

Wonderin' about whether she'll love me or leave me

Or is about to deceive me

So if you see her, you tell from me....

You better sleep tight in New York City

Now you've got a different angel watchin' over you

And you know I tried to ring you but your phone is always busy

And I don't think I'm ever gonna get through again to you

So in the meantime, Dream on in New York City
 Now you've got a different angel watchin' over you.....

She'll be steppin' out down Bainbridge Avenue
 Goin' down to the Village Pub on her nightly crawl
 I wonder does she ever think of me at all
 Just one more Amaretto for fortification
 Then it's "good night you good people one and all
 I've got a girlfriend, I've got to go see her over on Broadway"
 Who does she think she's foolin' at all, at all