

That Tumbledown Shack In Athlone

Bing Crosby & John Scott Trotter and His Orchestra

I'm a long way from home and my thoughts ever roam
To ould Erin far over the sea,
For my heart it is there, where the skies are so fair
And ould Ireland is calling for me. There are eyes that are sad, as they watch for a lad,
In the old fashioned town of Athlone,
And I pray for the day, when I'm sailing away,
To ould Ireland, and mother, my own. Oh! I want to go back to that tumble down shack,
Where the wild roses bloom 'round the door,
Just to pillow my head, in that ould trundle bed,
Just to see my ould mother once more.
There's a bright gleaming light, guiding me home tonight,
Down the long road of white cobble stone,
Down the road that leads back, to that tumble down shack,
To that tumble down shack in Athlone.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>