

**Filght Of The Earls**  
**Misc Traditional**

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From: Wes Jester

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The Flight of Earls  
CAPO none

**C** **G7** **C** **G** **C**  
I can hear the bells of Dublin, In the lonely waiting room  
**F** **Gsus4** **G**  
And the paper boys are singing in the rain  
**C** **G7** **C** **G** **C**  
Not too long before they take us, to the airport and the noise  
**F** **G7** **C**  
To get on board that transatlantic plane

**G** **F** **C**  
We ve got nothing left to stay for, We have no more left to say  
**F** **G**  
And there isn t any work for us to do  
**C** **G7** **C** **G** **C**  
So farewell ye boys and girls, another bloody flight of Earls  
**G7** **C**

Aaragh, this passage is our best export too

It s not murder, fear or famine, that makes us leave this time,  
We re not going to join McAlpines fusiliers  
We ve got brains, and we ve got visions, we ve got education too,  
But we just can t waist these precious years

So we walk the streets of London, and the streets of Baltimore,  
And we meet at night at several Boston bars  
We re the leaders of the future, but we re far away from home  
And we dream of you beneath the Irish stars

As we look on Ellis island, and the Lady in the Bay  
As Manhatten turns to face another Sunday  
We re wondering what you re doing, for to bring us all back home  
As we look forward to another Monday

Because it s not the work that scares us, We don t mind an honest job  
And I know things will get better once again  
So a thousand times Adieu  
We ve got Bono and U2  
All we re missing is the Guinness and the rain

So switch off your new computers, for the writings on the wall  
We re leaving as our fathers did before  
Take a look at Dublin airport, or the boat theat leaves North Wall  
There ll be no youth unemployment anymore

Because we re over here in Queensland, and parts of New South Wales  
We re on the seas and airways and the trains  
But if we see better days, those big airplanes go both ways  
And we ll all be coming back to you again  
Yes, we ll all be coming back to you again

f

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Wes Jester

.....Technological progress is like an axe in the hands of  
.....a pathological criminal.      Albert Einstein