

Michael Conway
Solas

[Capo on II]

G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Oh my name is Michael Conway, in old Ireland I was born
G **G/B** **C** **D**
Near the lake of Cloonacolly on a bright summer s morn
G **C** **G/B** **C**
But soon came cruel winter to break and scatter my poor home
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
Soon came the harsh day that forced me to roam.

G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Well I reached old Philadelphia in the brave land of the free
G **G/B** **C** **D**
Where I met with my two brothers; There was Pat, James, and me
G **C** **G/B** **C**
We were destined for the rich land fate owes us all from birth
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
We were bound for Butte, Montana, the richest hill on earth

C **C** **G** **G**
Where their pockets they bulge heavy, when copper s running high
C **C** **Em** **D**
Where the hill rewards her brave sons, it s fortune or die
G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Where they tread on silver dollars on the crowded barroom floor
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
While they strip the granite mountain of her precious copper ore.

G **G/B** **Em**
Well we leaped down off that steam train, and stepped out into the yellow
C
mist

G **G/B** **C** **D**
With holes still in our hearts then, and a fight in either fist
G **C** **G/B** **C**
No kind face to lead us up to where the dirty smelter spat
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
And it s there I took to hard labor as a Butte mining rat

C **C** **G** **G**
Where we trade the hours of daylight for the smell of copper ore,
C **C** **Em** **D**
Where it s whiskey and the cow pats to cure our copper sores
G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Where half the town it labors while the other half it sleeps

G **C** **G** **D** **G**
Where upon the granite mountain, a mile high and deep.

[Break--same as chorus]

G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Oh they know me down in Dogtown, bare knuckle I would go
G **G/B** **C** **D**
For there s not a man could best me while standing toe to toe
G **C** **G/B** **C**
But I defied the crooked sheriff, for I wouldn t throw his fight away
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
He should have laid it on at 5 to 2, and backed the bold Conway

G **G/B** **Em** **C**
I was lifted in Con Peoples, with the beer and music flowing free
G **G/B** **C** **D**
Where my brothers had just left me, Oh bad fortune for me
G **C** **G/B** **C**
Dragged out by crooked cowards, their batons knocked me off my feet
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
And they left me to die there, like a dog in the street.

C **C** **G** **G**
Far from the Anaconda, the mine with seven stacks
C **C** **Em** **D**
Far from the ashen faces of young men with crooked backs
G **G/B** **Em** **C**
Far from the granite mountain and the dusty grave in which I lie
G **C** **G** **D** **G**
My spirit chases starlings round a clear Mayo sky.

(outro) **C** **G** **D** **G**