

Michael Conway
Solas

[Capo on II]

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

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

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

Well we leaped down off that steam train, and stepped out into the yellow
mist

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

Where we trade the hours of daylight for the smell of copper ore,
Where it s whiskey and the cow pats to cure our copper sores
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**