

Old Port

The winds begin to blow and the sea starts to swell
The boats start to rock but so far all is well
The pub door flies open as the winds get higher
We talk and drink our beer all round the fire.

No-one will be out tonight, the wind is far too cold
You can hear the rattle of a dustbin lid rolling down the road
The old houses in the harbour were built to last forever
But some of the new ones up the top won't stand this sort of weather.

Mike O'Brien