

## **Bing Crosby - That Tumbledown Shack In Athlone**

**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**