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Author's note:

There's a downside to everything, even for cocky space pirates. Back in the late '70s, I read a quote from Harrison Ford saying basically the same thing, that if Han had not met Luke and Leia, he probably would have been lost for good. Sigh — he's probably right and there goes my fantasy of roaming through space forever in a ship big enough to carry all my books with me. Here's my take on that other side of the romance of roaming through space in a hot-rod frieghter.

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Orig: "Dan Malone" (McCarthy)
Version used for this filk: *Best of Irish Folk Music*, Gemma Hassen

NO PLACE TO CALL MY OWN

by [Maggie Nowakowska](#)

Oh, m'name is Darcy Ohne,
I've no place to call m'own.
I'm an outcast from the proud world that bore me.
I've got scars and I've got debts;
I've got lifetimes of regrets;
and the endless spaces reaching out before me.

I am known in many ports;
I'm no novice in the Courts.
I'm a stranger to the proud world that bore me.
I've had lovers; I've had friends.
I've known fools and wiser men
But Tomorrow's all you own when you're an Indie.

Long ago, outside of Vail,
I met Jef, fresh from Corell.
His laughing face and smile forever charmed me.
But he couldn't stand the pace
of the outlaw life in space.
Now his ashes are but dust deep in Mos Eisley.

And someday I'll buy it all
in some drunken Downport brawl
and leave one will to those of you who burn me:
Take my ashes, take my name
to the folk who bear the same--
to Corell, and I'll no longer be an Indie.

Oh, m'name is Darcy Ohne,
and I've spent my life alone.
I made my choice when young to be a rover.
But I'm weary of the fight
and some dark and rowdy night,
I'll go to sleep; my roaming will be over.

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