THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

Moderately

G

1. If you had the luck of the Irish, you'd be sorry and wish you were dead.

G G G Bm

D7

G G C G

You should have the luck of the Irish
and you'd wish you was English instead!

A thousand years of torture and hunger drove the people away from their land.

A land full of beauty and wonder was raped by the British brigands! Goddamn! Goddamn!

If
you could keep voices like flowers there'd be shamrock all over the

world. If you could drink dreams like Irish streams then the

world would be high as the mountains of morn.

In the 'Pool they told us a story how the
English divided the land, of the pain and the death.

and the glory and the poets of auld Eire-land.

If we could make chains with the morning dew, the world would be

like Galway Bay. Let's walk over rainbows like leprechauns, the
world would be one big Blarney stone.

Why the hell are the English there any way, As they

kill with God on their side? Blame it all on the kids...

and the I. R. A. As the bastards commit genocide...
Aye, Aye! Gen-o-cide!
If you had the luck of the Irish,
you'd be sorry and wish you were dead.
You should have the luck of the Irish, and you'd wish you was English instead!

Yes, you'd wish you was English instead.