

## Wolfe Tones "Rock on Rock All"

Visit "[Rock on Rock All](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rock On Rockall

Oh the empire is finished no foreign lands to seize  
So the greedy eyes of England are looking towards the  
seas  
Two hundred miles from Donegal, there's a place that's  
called Rockall  
And the groping hands of Whitehall are grabbing at its  
walls

Oh rock on Rockall, you'll never fall to Britain's greedy  
hands  
Or you'll meet the same resistance that you did in  
many lands  
May the seagulls rise and pluck your eyes and the  
water crush your shell,  
And the natural gas will burn your ass and blow you all  
to hell.

For this rock is part of Ireland, 'cos it's written in  
folklore  
That Fionn MacCumhaill took a sod of grass and he  
threw it to the fore,  
Then he tossed a pebble across the sea, where ever it  
did fall,  
For the sod became the Isle of Man and the pebble's  
called Rockall.

Now the seas will not be silent, while Britannia grabs  
the waves  
And remember that the Irish will no longer be your  
slaves,  
And remember that Britannia, well, - she rules the  
waves no more  
So keep your hands off Rockall - it's Irish to the core.

Visit [Wolfe Tones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.