

Brian Kennedy**"The mountains of mourne"**

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Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
With people here working by day and by night
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat
But there' gangs of them digging for gold in the
streets

At least when I asked them that's what I was told
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the
sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you'd expressed
As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball
Sure they don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.

Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth
Tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath
Don't be starting them fashions now, Mary Macree,
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the
sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course
Well he's over here at the head of the force
I saw him one day as he stood on the Strand
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his
hand

And as we were talking' of days that are gone
The whole town of London stood there to look on
But for all his great powers he's wishful like me
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the
sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
With beautiful shapes nature never designed
And lovely complexions of roses and cream
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same

That if at those roses you venture to sip

The colours might all come away on your lip
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting' for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea

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