

Conal Gallen "Horse It Into Ya Cynthia"

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Chorus

Horse it into ya Cynthia, fer yer the girl for me,
Yer the finest looking filly that I did ever see,
Yer the onions in me burger, yer the sugar in me tea,
So horse it into ya Cynthia fer yer the girl fer me.

Verse 1

I saw her in the bar room in the town of Kilshamuch.
She was sitting at the counter knocking double vodkas
back,
She wore a low cut Gansey and a skirt above her knee,
Says I, horse it into ya Cynthia, fer yer the girl fer me.

Chorus

Verse 2

When I ask her what are you having,
Well you should of heard her shout,
I'll have another double vodka and another pint of stout
And a bag or cheese and onion and then I'll have a
pee,
Says I, so horse it into ya Cynthia fer yer the girl fer me.

Chorus

Verse 3

There never was a woman that could better fill the
gloves,
You should see her biceps bulging when she's milking
my old cows.
She could shovel dung for Ireland and sure you'd all
agree,
So horse it in to ya Cynthia fer yer the girl fer me.

Chorus

Verse 4

Now we're 40 years together and wer living on me farm
And I never have to worry about how she'll keep me
warm.
She still wears the low cut Gansey and her skirt above

her knee,
So horse it in to ya Cynthia fer yer the girl fer me.

Chorus

So horse it into ya Cynthia fer yer a fine looking
woman, yeah!

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