

Gaelic Storm

"Pina Colada In A Pint Glass"

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La, La La La, La, La la la
La, La La La, La, La la la
She's working as a waitress in Dublin,
Filling up the tourists with beer,
Stashing away a little cash every day,
For a ticket to ride out of here,
Every night she feels a little bit older,
Every day a little wetter and colder,
No more rain for this Irish Rose,
She's gonna go (She's gonna go!) where the palm
trees grow.

Chorus:

She wants a Piña Colada in a pint glass...
She wants to be where the summer won't stop,
She wants gin clear water and milk white sand,
A sunburned nose and a drink in her hand
With a pink umbrella on top!

She's standing in line at the chipper,
Waiting for her curry and peas,
But dying for some of that papaya and rum,
And the kiss of a coconut breeze,
Every night she feels a little bit older,
Every day's a little wetter and colder,
She's bought a thong bikini and a big straw hat
She's gonna go and she's not coming back!

Chorus

Every night she feels a little bit older,
Every day's a little wetter and colder,
She's cleaning up the tables on Sunday,
But she's dreaming of the tropical night,
Another five or ten in her pocket and then,
She'll be closer to the price of a flight!
Every night she feels a little bit older,
Every day's a little wetter and colder,
She plays Beach Boys records and she dances alone,
And before (before) before she goes home...

Chorus x2

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