

Gaelic Storm "The One"

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My friend Harvey married Tracey McCall,
By Christ she was a scary old doll.
A voice out of hell and a temper to boot,
Arms like a navy and a face like dried fruit.

I bumped into Harvey back home last year,
Says I to him, 'Do you wanna go for a beer?'
'No, me sister's French husband is over, ' says he,
'I've been sent to get snails to impress him for tea.'

'I was down in the snail shop, she told me to go, '
'I'm a little bit late because business was slow, '
'If I'm not home by six, I'll surely be done, '
'The Mrs will kill me, let's just go for the one.'

The one, the one, don't go for the one,
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one.
The one, the one, don't go for the one,
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one.

For the one went down fast, the second did too,
Three or four followed, twas a fine how-do-you-do,
Harvey looked at his watch, shrieked out with fright,
It was twenty past ten, we'd been drinking all night.

Well cursing my name, he sped 'cross the floor,
Clutching the snails, he ran out the door,
'I'm a dead man, ' he said, 'I'm drunk and I'm late, '
As he tore down the road and up to his gate.

The one, the one, don't go for the one,
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one.
The one, the one, don't go for the one,
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one.

Well he opened the gate and he ran down the path,
But he knew he was in for the dragon's wrath,
But he tripped and he fell and up in the air
Went the bag with the snails flying everywhere.

Hearing the noise she kicked open the door,
The snails and Harvey were spread 'cross the floor,

'You're three hours late, ' she screamed, loud as she could,
'What's your excuse, this had better be good.'

Well he looks down at the snails
And with a confident air
He says, 'five more feet lads, we're nearly there.'

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