

# John Lennon

## "Luck Of The Irish - Elephant's Memory"

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If you had the luck of the Irish  
You'd be sorry and wish you were dead  
You should have the luck of the Irish  
And you'd wish you was English instead

I thousand years of torture and hunger  
Drove the people away from their land  
A land full of beauty and wonder  
Was raped by the British brigands  
Goddamn, Goddamn

If you could keep voices like flowers  
There'd be shamrock all over the world  
If you could drink dreams  
Like Irish springs  
Then the world would be  
High as the mountain of morn

In the 'Pool they told us the story  
How the English divided the land  
Of the pain, the death and the glory  
And the poets of auld Eireland

If we could make chains  
With the morning dew  
The world would be like Galway Bay  
Let's walk over rainbows  
Like leprechauns  
The world would be  
One big Blarney stone

Why the hell are  
The English there anyway  
As they kill us with God on their side  
Blame it all on the kids, the IRA  
As the bastards commit gonocide  
Aye, aye, genocide

{Repeat 1st verse}

Yes you'd wish you was English instead

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