

John Lennon

"Luck Of The Irish [Live]"

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Okay, one, two, three, one, two, three

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

A 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 streams
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 Ireland

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 with God on their side
Blame it all on the kids and the I R A
As the bastards commit genocide, genocide

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

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

Hey, you'd wish you was English instead

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