

Celtic Woman

"At The CÃ©ili"

Visit "[At The CÃ©ili](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tonight we're going to meet some lads
As girls who dressed up gaily
And we'll be dancing till the dawn
We're going to the CÃ©ili

The lads they come from miles around
From Venice and Comaley
To show us all their fancy steps
We're going to the CÃ©ili

They're playing tunes on everything
From pipes to ukulele
It sounds so good you can't sit down
We're dancing at the CÃ©ili

All the boys we love so well
So handsome, young and charming
They're in New York and Boston now
They should be home here farming
My own true love has sailed away
To be an endless rover
Cause times are tough and he will save
To start a new life over

He writes me letters every week
To say how much he's slavin'
And he promises that he'll be back
Before the hay needs savin'
But it's hard to love somebody
That you're not in touch with daily
So I'm looking for somebody new
Tonight down at the CÃ©ili

The winter nights are long and hard
And time goes by so slowly
I wish my true love he was here
And in his arms I'd go
He'd whisper tender words of love to me
And kiss my lips so sweetly
And quickly I'd surrender to
His manly charms completely

He writes me letters every week
To say how much he's slavin'
And he promises that he'll be back
Before the hay needs savin'
But it's hard to love somebody
That you're not in touch with daily
So I'm looking for somebody new
Tonight down at the CÃfÂ©ili
So I'm looking for somebody new
Tonight down at the CÃfÂ©ili

I only need someone tonight
Who'll make my heart beat fast
A handsome man with laughing eyes
Who smiles as he walks past
The harp may play in old time worlds
He'll twirl me round the floor
He'll promise me that I will be
His girl forevermore
His girl forevermore
His girl forevermore
He'll promise me that I will be
His girl forevermore

I'm somewhat ill and bothered
That is really quite alarming
I have two lads pursuing me
And each of them is charming
One of them is dark and poor
One fair with lots of money
I don't know which one to choose
The flower or the honey

What on earth am I to do
It's driving me half crazy
Tonight I'll make my mind up
When I see them at the CÃfÂ©ili

To be a poor man's wife will be
A life of washin' dishes
When a rich man's wife will surely have
Great luxury and riches

In comfort how I know
It wouldn't be too hard to wallow
And being poor is not much fun;
Which one should I follow?

What on earth am I to do
It's driving me half crazy

Tonight I'll make my mind up
When I see them at the CÃfÂ©ili:

I've been lucky I've found a lad who's handsome and a
neighbor

And me I've met a decent man who's friendship I will
savor

And me I've made my choice as well and in no way was
it easy
But I'd rather have a man for love
Then to be a rich man's lady

And that is how the story ends
Be true and never fail me
We got ourselves three men tonight
And we met them at the CÃfÂ©ili

Visit [Celtic Woman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.