

St. Patrick's Day "Satisfied"

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It was twelve days ago in a pub. Night was near.
I was on me fourth pint of their best Irish beer
When a thought quickly struck me of all I hold dear.
So I went on outside to the hill with my beer.

Well, I smelled all the flowers all the flowers.
I've left none to behind.
I've told more the truth than I've told fib or lie
And I hope when you find me in the hills where I'll lie
That it'll always be said that I died satisfied.

Well, I took both the good and the bad in me life.
And I made the most of it in a home with me wife.
And I raised me two kids both a girl and a boy.
And they made all me life, oh, a gift to enjoy.

As for friends I've had many I ne're walked alone,
And a few were like family just as much as me own
They helped in times troubled and made happiness
known.
And they gave me a young heart I've never outgrown,

Well, the evening was leaving and the sun said
goodbye.
I thought of me past and I smiled with a sigh.
Oh, I had no regrets nay a reason to cry.
So I drank me beer down 'till the glass all was dry.

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