

St. Patrick's Day "The Leprechaun (You're No Irish Laddie!)"

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There's a Leprechaun in me head, and I wish that I
were dead
For I don't think he'll e'er let me be.
Oh, he tempts me with his gold, and if I were e'er so
bold,
I'd strangle him and leave him in the street.

Well, he says to me, "Ah, you're no Irish Laddie!
And ye call that thing a harp?"
But each time I share the lore that I am learning.
He hides in shame while my friends they chant.

La ta tee, da diddley dee, la ta tee ta tee da
La ta tee, da diddley diddley dai
La ta tee, da diddley dee, la ta tee ta tee da
La ta tee, da diddley diddley dai

There's a leprechaun in my room. He swats me with a
broom.
That's the reason I forget the words of this song.
Well, he shows me a four-leaf clover, and before me
song is over,
It's buried in a bowl of Lucky Charms.

There's a leprechaun on the floor, and he says that I'm
a bore.
He yawns aloud as I sing my song.
He feigns one last breathe stolen, but I see his eyes are
open.
And he's watching me with envy deep inside.

There's a leprechaun on a hill, and his gold is buried
there.
So I grab him by the neck 'fore he gets away.
The pot's too heavy, he giggles, so I pinch me just a
little,
And he thinks he's fooled me as I run away.

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