

Tones Wolfe

"Rock On Rockall"

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Words and Music: B.Warfield

Oh the Empire it is finished

No foreign lands to seize

So the greedy eye of England

I stirring towards the seas

Two hundred miles from Donegal

There's a place that's called Rockall

And the groping hands of Whitehall

Are grabbing at it's walls.

Chorus:

Oh rock on Rockall you'll never fall

For Britains greedy hands

Oh you'll meet the same resistance

Like you did in many lands

May the Seagulls rise and pluck your eyes

And the water crush your shell

And the natural gas will burn your ass

And blow you all to hell

This rock is part of Ireland

For it's written in folklore

When Finn McCool took a sod of grass

He threw it to the fore
When he tossed a pebble across the sea
Where ever did it fall
For the sod became the Isle of Man
Now the pebble's called Rockall
Chorus...
Oh the seas will not be silent
While Britannia grabs the waves
And remember that the Irish
Will no longer be your slaves
And remember that Britannia well
She rules the waves no more
So keep your hands off Rockall
It's Irish to the core.
Chorus

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