

Van Morrison

"What Makes The Irish Heart Beat"

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(Van Morrison)

All that trouble all that grief
That's why I had to leave
Staying away too long is in defeat
Why I'm singing this song
Why I'm heading back home
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

I'm just like a hobo riding a train
I'm like a gangster living in Spain
Have to watch my back and I'm running out of time
When I roll the dice again
If lady luck will call my name
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

Well that's what makes it beat
When I'm standing on the street
And I'm standing underneath this Wrigley's sign
Oh so far away from home
But I know I've got to roam
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

And it was off to foreign climes
On the Piccadilly line
We were standing underneath the Wrigley's sign
So far away from home
Well I know I've got to roam
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

Just like a sailor out on the foam
Any port in a storm
Where we tend to burn the candle at both ends
Down the corridors of fame
Like the spark ignites the flame
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

But I roll the dice again
If lady luck will call my name
That's what makes the Irish heart beat
Oh, that's what makes the Irish heart beat
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

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