

Pogues

"Jack's Heroes"

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They wear green and they are beautiful
And their hearts are filled with love
They're as pure as any lily
And as gentle as the dove

They'll sing and cheer in harmony
Till their throats are cracked and sore
But there is no doubt, you'll hear them shout
When Jackie's heroes score

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

They'll come from Dublin
And from Cork, from dear old Donegal
From London, Boston and New York
From anywhere at all

From Parramatta to Fermoy
Strabane to Skibereen
And will the shout go up
When the World Cup is raised on Stephens Green
(Yes it will)

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

And when we're there in Italy
On Sardinia's sunny shore
We'll be the boys you'll want to see
The boys you'll all adore

We'll play like perfect gentlemen
To win, to lose, to draw
For we're here to take the World Cup
To Paddy's shamrock shore

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do

Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
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