

Reboot The Robot

"Seven Nights In Eire"

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The first pub we could stagger to was twelve steps
from the plane
A Virgin flight to Shannontown the day it didn't rain
The laughing eyes of Ireland sparkling blue and green
With hair as black as Guinness stout and barely
seventeen

We're back out on the cobblestones
Whiskey drunk and high again
Liquored up and gearing up for seven nights in Ireland

The corner booth is waiting for the session to begin
It's quiet as a mother's prayer 'till we all stumble in
And it's fifty happy voices mixed with whistles made of
tin
And a piper man is blowing like the North Atlantic wind

And an Aran island beauty is sawing on the violin
I wonder will she miss me after seven nights in Ireland

It's Ladies' Day in Galway and we watched the ponies
run
Fifty pounds against the odds and came in six to one
McSwiggin heard the race report, he invited us on in
So we drank Catholic whiskey with all our newfound
friends

They raised a glass to all of us and we all toasted them
Here's to Michael, Tom and Pat and seven nights in
Ireland

Well we kissed all the girls goodbye and gathered in
our gear
And when she walked me to the gate I swear I saw a
tear
But then she looked into my eyes I knew she felt my
pain
And only then I realized we were standing in the rain

So save our places at the pub and when the eyes are
dry again

We?ll come back another day for seven nights in
Ireland

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