

Reckless Kelly "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 Shannon town the day it didn't rain
The laughin' eyes of Ireland sparklin' blue and green
With hair as black as Guinness stout and barely
seventeen

We're back out on the cobble stones, whiskey drunk
and high again
Liquored up and gearin' up for seven nights in Ireland

The corner booth is waitin' 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 blowin' like the North Atlantic wind

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

Well, 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 standin' 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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