

Sinead Oconnor

"The Women of Ireland"

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There's a woman in Erin who'd give me shelter and my
fill of ale;
There's a woman in Ireland who'd prefer my strains to
strings being played;
There's a woman in Eirinn and nothing would please
her more
Than to see me burning or in a grave lying cold.

There's a woman in Eirinn who'd be mad with envy if I
was kissed
By another on fair-day, they have strange ways, but I
love them all;
There are women I'll always adore, battalions of
women and more
And there's this sensuous beauty and she shackled to
an ugly boar.
There's a woman who promised if I'd wander with her
I'd find some gold
A woman in night dress with a loveliness worth more
than the woman
Who vexed Ballymoyer and the plain of Tyrone;
And the only cure for my pain I'm sure is the ale-house
down the road.

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