

## **Irish Folksongs**

### **"A Pair Of Brown Eyes"**

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One summer evening drunk to hell  
I sat there nearly lifeless.  
And old man in the corner sang  
where the water lilies grow.  
And on the jukebox Johnny sang  
about a thing called love.  
And it's how you are kid and  
what's your name.  
and how would you bloody know.

In blood and death 'neath a  
screaming sky  
I lay down on the ground.  
And the arms and legs of other men  
were scattered all around.  
Some cursed some prayed,  
some prayed then cursed.  
The prayed then bled some more.  
And the only thing that I could see  
was a pair of brown eyes that was  
looking at me.

But when we got back  
labelled parts one to three  
there was no pair of brown eyes  
waiting for me.  
And a rovin' a rovin' a rovin' I'll go  
for a pair of brown eyes.  
I looked at him he looked at me  
all I could do was hate him.  
While Ray and Philomena sand  
of my elusive dreams.  
I saw the streams the rolling hills  
where his brown eyes were waiting.  
And I thought about  
a pair of brown eyes  
that waited once for me.

So drunk to hell I left the place  
sometimes crawling sometimes walking.  
A hungry sound

came across the breeze  
so I gave the walls a talking.  
And I heard the sounds of long ago  
from the old canal.  
And the birds were whistling  
in the trees  
Where the wind was gently laughing.

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