

Lennon John

"The Luck Of The Irish"

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Written by John Lennon & Yoko Ono

If you have the luck of
the irish,
You'd be sorry and wish you
were dead
You shold have the luck of
the irish
And you'd wish you was
English instead!

A thousand years of torture
and hunger

Drove the people away from
their land,
A land full of beutty and wonder
Was raped by the british
brigands! Goddman!
Goddman!

If you could keep voices
like flowers
There'd be aharmock all over
the world.
If you could drink dreams
like the irish streams

Then the world would be high
as the mountain of morn

In the Pool they told us
the story
How the english divided
the land,
Of the pain, the death and
the glory
And the poets of auld
Eireland

If we could make chains with

the morning dew
The world would be like
galeway Bay
Let's walk over rainbows
like leprechauns
The world would be one big
Blarney stone

Why the hell are the English
there anyway?
As they kill with god on
their side!
Blame it all on the kids and
the IRA!
As the bastards commit genocide
Aye! Aye!
Genocide!

If you had the luck of
the irish
You should have the luck of
the irish
You'd be sorry and wish you
were dead
And you'd wish you were english instead! Yes you'd
wish you was english instead!!

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