

Nouvelle Vauge

"Come on eileen"

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Poor old Johnny Ray
Sounded sad upon the radio
He moved a million hearts in mono
Our mothers cried
Sang along and who'd blame them
You've grown, so grown
Now I must say more than ever

Toora Loora, Toora Loo-Rye-Aye
We can sing just like our fathers

Come on Eileen
Oh I swear what I mean
At this moment you mean everything
You in that dress
Oh my thoughts I confess verge on dirty
Oh come on Eileen

These people round here
Wear beaten down eyes sunk in smoke dried faces
So resigned to what their fate is
But not us, no, not us
We are far too young and clever

Toora Loora, Toora Loo-Rye-Aye
Eileen, I'll hum this tune forever

Come on Eileen
Oh I swear what I mean
At this moment you mean everything
You in that dress
My thoughts I confess verge on dirty
Oh come on Eileen

Come on Eileen
Oh I swear what I mean
At this moment
Oh come on Eileen

