

John Lennon - The Luck Of The Irish

Tom: G

G G intro

G C G
 If you had the luck of the Irish
 Bm C D
 You'd be sorry and wish you were dead
 G C G
 You should have the luck of the Irish

Bm D G
 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 beauty and wonder
 Was raped by the British brigands! Goddamn! Goddamn!

If you could keep voices like flowers
 There'd be shamrock all over the world
 If you could drink dreams like 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 Galway Bay
 Let's walk over rainbows like leprechauns
 The world would be one big Blarney stone

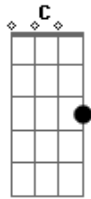
Why the hell are the English there anyway?
 As they kill with God on their side
 Blame it all on the kids the IRA
 As the bastards commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!

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

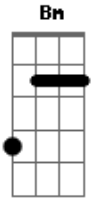
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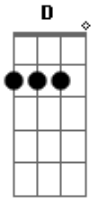
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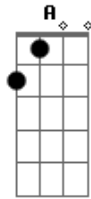
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