

Lassie N The Lads - The Storyteller

Tom: G
Intro: D F G A
D F G C Em

I was travelling through the wastelands, one dark and windy day

When I met a travelling gypsy, with his cart along the way

He was a storyteller, and he seemed to be the last

So I asked him please to tell me a story from the past

He said to me I'll tell you the story of a man

Who was the last survivor, of a big and glorious clan

He was out to seek his fortune, and strike the pot of gold

But he ended up a tyrann, who was out to rob them all

(C D)

Singin aydiadelaiydi, aydiaydiay

I'll tell you all about the man, who left the righteous side

Singin aydiadelaiydi, the story of a man

Who went out to seek his fortune, in the blood of fellow man

It was in the weary outskirts, of a town near Dingle Bay

This giant of a man, came out one winters day

He raped, sieged and plundered, all around the southern land

And he utilized the trust, he had gained from fellow man

He came in the door a gentleman, before they knew his rage

Who went out to seek his fortune, in the blood of fellow man

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He courted with the women, found the craiq with all the mates

But when the craiq was over, and he found the pot of gold

He was quick to grab the lot, then he raped and killed them all

(C D)

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Who went out to seek his fortune, in the blood of fellow man

(Em D Em G D)

(C D)

(Em)

Well, He made his way to the capitol, to proceed his dirty deeds

But there he met the Garda, the Irish, strong police

He went down in a blast of smoke, and was never seen again

But the stories always tell us, he will plunder once again

(C D)

Singin aydiadelaiydi, aydiaydiay

I'll tell you all about the man, who left the righteous side

Singin aydiadelaiydi, the story of a man

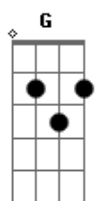
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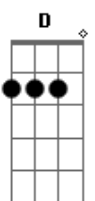
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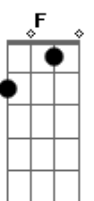
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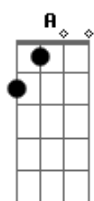
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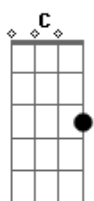
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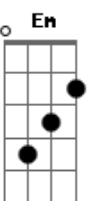
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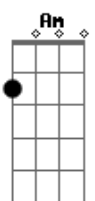
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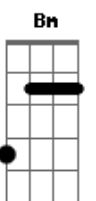
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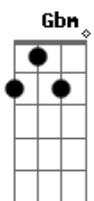
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