## **Irish Celebration**

## **Macklemore & Ryan Lewis**

I'm an Irishman Leather weathered Irish skin Beard orange as the sunset over the flag In the night sky we fly it in Pride for the life we fight to live History, I write with it Spit it with the dialect And this is a celebration of course The green, white, orange And when they pulled up on that shore First generation born Toast to those that made it on a boat to New York And when the English came the colonizer came They filled up bottles of gasoline, turned 'em into balls of flame And hurled 'em to protect what's ours Don't touch these lucky charms Whole bunch of Irish screaming "Fuck the London Guard" I'm kidding not dissin' London, this bloody war But go against the Irish and get a bloody jaw Preaching nonviolence but reminds of the scars And the bias, put a pint up everybody sing a song

We put our glass to the sky and lift up And live tonight 'cause you can't take it with ya So raise a pint for the people that aren't with us And live tonight 'cause you can't take it with ya

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From New England to New Brunswick Galway to Dublin A rebellious nation of freckled face hustlers Heart, blue collared workers and family My heritage, proud to be a Haggerty Now with whiskey in our veins Claiming were the bravest men I drank Old Crow, but pretended it was Jameson Dad sipped Guiness, I sipped Old English 'Til he sat me down at 16 and said "boy, this is what a beer is" I put down the drink, couldn't drink like a gentleman That doesn't mean I can't make a drinking song for the rest of 'em Challenge us in football, yeah we might lose But don't put us next to a bar stool We take the history, script it in song Light the torch then you pass it on That's right I said, lineage through the rhythm we script it from the palm And we give til' Ireland is on Bottoms Up

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