

## London Irish

### The Divine Comedy

They sit, and watch the clouds go by  
And make believe it's Irish skies  
They love the sun, but pray for rain  
They drink to take away the pain  
The London streets are paved with gold  
For the London Irish  
You gain the world and you lose your soul  
Well if your picture is seen on the cover of every magazine  
And every TV screen, will there be anything left  
Of the London Irish?  
They say they will return again,  
But they won't say exactly when...