

Shot In The Dark

Fiddler's Green

A rambling rover comes to town somewhere in the county Down
He was only passing through, somehow feeling blue
So many faces he had met and left without regret

Still waiting for the chimes to ring and his soul to sing

He found a pub where he could play, only for one night
When suddenly he saw her eyes, desire at first sight

Shot in the dark
One step away from me

And when he saw her pretty face, it was a castle in the clouds
His aching heart was burning now and he felt no doubts
He didn't dare to talk to her and so he fiddled for the crowd
She stood first row in front of him his eyes were shining proudly

He played a lovely fiddle tune and swept her off her feet
And while he looked into her eyes his heart began to beat
Collywobbles and the creeps, he went straight to the bar
And when he had a lot of pints he sang Whiskey in the jar

She drives him round the twist
And now he can't resist
Drunk as a fiddler's bitch
And so he goes to make his stitch