

## What Makes the Irish Heart Beat

Jerry Lee Lewis

All that trouble, all that grief, that's why I had to leave  
Staying away too long is in defeat  
Why I'm singing this song? Why I'm heading back home?  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

I'm just like a hobo riding a train, like a gangster living in  
Spain  
I have to watch my back, I'm running out of time  
But when I roll the dice again if Lady Luck will call my name  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

Well, that's what makes it beat when I'm standing on the street  
And I'm standing underneath the Wrigley's sign  
Oh, so far away from home but I know I've got to roam  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

And it was off to foreign climes on the Piccadilly Line  
We were standing underneath the Wrigley's sign  
So far away from home, well, I know I've got to roam  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

Just like a sailor out on the foam, any port in a storm  
Where we tend to burn the candle at both ends  
Down the corridor of fame like the spark ignites the flame  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat

But when I roll the dice again, Lady Luck will call my name  
That's what makes that old Irish heart beat  
Oh, that's what makes the Irish heart beat  
That's what makes the Irish heart beat