

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