

Irish Boy

Patty Griffin

Well, I danced in the arms of a black haired girl
In Scollay Square after the war
And I drank to get drunk, and sank and I stunk
like a drunk on a subway floor

And I never did marry Cathy O'Shea
She met another and they went their way
To the wind you're a toy
Just a drunk irish boy
Just a face in the crowd
I'll be back around
To show you all something someday

There are some things that must remain secret
You can find no good reason to tell
There's too many men telling their secrets these days
And I'd like to tell them to all go to hell

So I never had dreams, and they never came true
As far as you know anyway
To the wind you're a toy
Just a drunk irish boy
Just a face in the crowd
I'll be back around
To show you all something someday

Gory be, glory be, to the highest of trees
We used to climb, my brother and me
High on her limbs, two laughing hyenas
Over West Roxbury cemetery

To the wind you're a toy, just a thin irish boy
Coming back home from the war
Just a face in the crowd
Just a drunk and out loud
Just you try looking down
'Cause I'll be back around
To show you all something someday
To show you all something someday