

In a smoke filled room in a back ally bar
with a fiddle in song against Paddy's guitar
the stakes get raised where the black stuff's praised
Those were my Celtic days

My second hand shoes aint got no value
But a part ime job will bring in what I need
coz my school books I had to steal or borrow
so my school days, were few and far between

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Lismoe-ahan some days would seem so empty
We'd watch the longboats bringing in the grain
We three brothers sitting down and plans aplenty
the end resuld we all agreed would be the same

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The three of us somehow we made the distance
The rolling hills afar the sea is getting near
The war is over work is what we're seeking
not long now we'll be sat down sipping bear

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