

A hand upon my forehead
The joke and then the laugh
Waking up in your arms
A place to call my own

This is all I ever wanted from life
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Ireland in the world cup
Either north or south
The fanclub on the jukebox
The birds and yes the bees

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Words of reassurance
But only if they're true
Just some simple kindness
No vengeance from the gods

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To share what I've been given
Some kids eventually
And be for them what I've had
A father like my dad

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