

Quare Things In Dublin

The Wolfe Tones

[G]There's quare things in Dublin between Howth and
Crumlin.
[C]Down in Rings[G]end there's a[Am] five-legged[D] cat,
A three-[G]legged donkey, two-headed monkey.
There's[C] nothing so[G] quare as this[D] four-faced
old[G] clock.
[G]There's a clock in old Dublin that stands on a
steeple,
[C]Proud and er[G]ect with four[Am] faces so[D] tall.
While[G] one of them says you are late, it's deceiving.
The[C] other one[G] says it's a[D] quarter be[G]fore.
You run down the[C] road and he[G] grins as you[D] hurry,
Then[G] just round the[C] corner you[G] look up in
sur[D]prise.
It's[G] not quite the same as it was on the last street.
[C]This bloody[G] blackguard is[D7] telling me[G] lies.
There's a half-hour to spare. Now how will I kill it
I'll nip up the road and nip in for a jar.
With the chimes of four bells, I look back in amazement.
His other side has gone past the hour.
There's a lesson in life to adopt and interpret.
It applies to all people regardless of race.
Don't put your trust or your faith in a person
If sometimes they seem to have more than one face