

Gaelic Storm, Don't Go For "The One"

My friend Harvey married Tracey McColl
by Christ, she was a scary ol' doll
A voice out of hell and with a temper to boot
Arms like a navy and a face like dried fruit

I bumped into Harvey back home last year
Says I to him, "Do you want to go for a beer?"
"No! Me sisters French husband is over," says he
"I've been sent to get snails to impress him for tea."

"I was down in the snail shop she told me to go
Im a little bit late because the business was slow...
If Im not home by six, Ill surely be done
The missus will kill me, Lets just go for the one!"

the one, the one, don't go for the one.
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one
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For the one went down fast the second did too
Three of four followed 't was a fine how do you do!
Harvey looked at his watch and shrieked out with fright
It was twenty past ten, wed been drinking all night!

Well cursing my name, he sped cross the floor
Clutching the snails he ran out the door
"Im a dead man!" he said "Im drunk and Im late!"
As he tore down the road and up to his gate

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Well he opened the gate and he ran down the path
for he knew he was in for the dragons wrath
But he tripped and he fell and up in the air
went the bag and with the snails flying everywhere

Hearing the noise she kicked open the door
Snails and Harvey were spread cross the floor
Youre three hours late!! she screamed, as loud as she could
Whats your excuse? This had better be good!
Well he looks down at the snails and with a confident air
He says Five more feet lads, were nearly there.

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