

Reckless Kelly, Seven Nights In Eire

The first pub we could stagger to was twelve steps from the plane
A Virgin flight to Shannontown the day it didn't rain
The laughing eyes of Ireland sparkling blue and green
With hair as black as Guinness stout and barely seventeen

We're back out on the cobblestones
Whiskey drunk and high again
Liquored up and gearing up for seven nights in Ireland

The corner booth is waiting for the session to begin
It's quiet as a mother's prayer 'till we all stumble in
And it's fifty happy voices mixed with whistles made of tin
And a piper man is blowing like the North Atlantic wind

And an Aran island beauty is sawing on the violin
I wonder will she miss me after seven nights in Ireland

It's Ladies' Day in Galway and we watched the ponies run
Fifty pounds against the odds and came in six to one
McSwiggin heard the race report, he invited us on in
So we drank Catholic whiskey with all our newfound friends

They raised a glass to all of us and we all toasted them
Here's to Michael, Tom and Pat and seven nights in Ireland

Well we kissed all the girls goodbye and gathered in our gear
And when she walked me to the gate I swear I saw a tear
But then she looked into my eyes I knew she felt my pain
And only then I realized we were standing in the rain

So save our places at the pub and when the eyes are dry again
We'll come back another day for seven nights in Ireland