

U2, The Ballad of Ronnie Drew

Here's to the Ronnie, the voice we adore
Like coals from a coal-bucket, scraping the floor
Sing out his praises in music and march
And if you are not Irish, that isn't your fault

Raise up our voices like guards in a pack
Thankful for honest man, we never lack
We got them by twenties, we got them by ones
Their men, their daughters, and all of their sons

(Hey! Hey!)

Chorus:

Here's to you (Hey!), Ronnie Drew (Hey!)
Here's to you (Hey!), Ronnie Drew (Hey!)
Ronnie Drew (Hey! Hey!), we love you, yes we do
Here's to you, Ronnie Drew, here's to you

I watched them plenty, through right and 'er wrong
Whether I'm easy or whether I'm sure
But as she lifted her petticoat easy and slow
I rolled up my sleeves for to buckle her shoe

Get up and work from five until five
When the whistle says better, we'll come back alive
He'll sing to the heavens, he's stormy as hell
And wherever he goes, we'll be wishing him well

(Hey! Hey!)

Chorus:

Here's to you (Hey!), Ronnie Drew (Hey!)
(Hey!) Here's to you (Hey!), Ronnie Drew (Hey!)
Ronnie Drew (Hey!), we love you, yes we do
Here's to you, Ronnie Drew, here's to you

The dawn and the dusk, the unwise, the undusk gives and gets him gaze
The unheard, the unseen, the unwashed, and the clean where the streets are handmade
Baggot Street, meets the street right on St. Stephen's Street lovers and loners who can peer on yo
The gods and the rapers, immigrants and traders, sing about him

A man for a man and a hand for a hand
Trust in the music, strike up the band
The more that we sing, the less that we find
Time and again, this is brood to be right

Build you a statue on St. Stephen's Green
No fair or monument there to be seen
A statue of Ronnie Drew, holding the hand
Of a girl with her hair in a black velvet band

(Hey! Hey!)

Here's to you (No stranger to dare), Ronnie Drew (Or angels to devil)
Here's to you (A friend of a friend of a friend of a), Ronnie Drew (A friend to you)
Ronnie Drew (Ronnie Drew), we love you, yes we do
Here's to you, Ronnie Drew, here's to you
Here's to you, Ronnie Drew, here's to you (Ronnie Drew)

I watched them plenty, through right and 'er wrong
Whether I'm easy or whether I'm sure
But as she lifted her petticoat easy and slow
I rolled up my sleeves for to buckle her shoe