

# Song of Ireland

## Eddie Rabbitt

I remember daddy playing on the violin, jigs and reels that he brought from Ireland.

And I'm the first born in America, my friend.

I have never been there but someday I'll take a trip. I'll cross the ocean on a big long silver ship. Hear them sing  
those songs I learned from Mama's knee;

I just close my eyes and I can almost see, those shamrock hills and those forty shades of green.

And the roots that tie me to a land I've never known...are calling me home, are calling me home. Sun shines  
through my window here in Tennessee. God sure made this a pretty place to be. But sometimes it just don't feel  
like home to me. So I close my eyes and I can almost see those shamrock hills and those forty shades of green.  
And the roots that tie me to a land I've never known are calling me home. Are calling me home. Are calling me  
home.

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