

# Black And White

## The O'Reillys and the Paddyhats

He's the oldest guy i've seen, but he dances like a king without a queen

That man steps on the streets once more, screaming out no longer he's lives whore  
See the smile upon his face and you'll forget all your hardest days.

Map of skies adowns his face but he never, never fell from grace  
Sure his beard is bloody gray but thats the price that he has got to pay  
Not throwing a dance to anyone he's just jogging to get his last show done

His age is just a number its in black on white  
No pity on him his eyes are shining bright  
Let him dance right here every night and day  
Down in a corner scratching(?) flies away

His age, just a number written on black and white  
Look at the reaper, he's loosing the fight  
His age, just a number written on black and white  
Down in the corner fencing through the night

Drinking is what you should do, better listen to irish folk punk too  
I miss the sound of my old dancing shoes, oh dear god I need more of that booze  
Oh yes my life is full of work, I never rest, instead I'm getting dressed  
Not throwing a dance to anyone hes just jogging to get his last show done

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Lyrics Submitted by ntp

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