Celtic Blues

Spinal Tap

When I first laid eyes on county dunne
I was green as the hills so high.
But in later years the streets ran red with
Blood neath the violet sky.I loved me a lass whose hair was long
And brown as the finest stew
And she swore by the stars in the jet black night
She'd be true as the sky so blue.As I look back on the colors of me life
I see them in faded hues.
The red of the blood of the orange and the green
The gray of the sky and the moon's silver sheen
All give me the Celtic blues...

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