

Ireland

Paulette

PAULETTE (SPOKEN)

Elle, do you know the number one reason behind all bad hair decisions? Love!

(SUNG)

You're lost without your love,
you're heart is on the floor,
I can help you, I've been there before.
When I need to relax,
I just put on some tracks
from this CD I bought for the store.

Celtic Oooh's
(SPOKEN)

Isn't that relaxin'? It's called CELTIC MOODS!
(Sung)

When I'm lonely or feeling dejected,
I play this and it never fails.
I pretend like I'm in Ireland,
with Enya and the whales.

When my telephone gets disconnected,
or I spend ev'ry night alone,
I pretend like I'm in Ireland
where the Irish bagpipes drone.

Smell the grass as a rainstorm has ended,
people smile as I stroll pass their farms
With a red-headed sailor named Brenden,
and we dance without moving our arms.

In bar once I met this guy Dewey
and he bought me like, fourteen beers.
then he told me that he was from Ireland,
so I lived with him ten years.

If I squinted he looked like my sailor,
through my boozey delusional fog.

But he dumped me for some slut named Kayla,
took my tailor and took my dog.

In Ireland they know how to love you,
you embrace in the misty Irish breeze

And if your Irish boy tires of you,
you're allowed to shoot him in the knees.
Hey! You look like that poster for Ireland,
long blonde hair and that sweet sunny face.

Oh no wait, that's the poster for Sweden,
Oh screw it I'll never see either place.
But a girl sweet as you has a future,
you have hope as each new day dawns.
Girls like you always get to see Ireland,
give my love to the leprechauns.

Lyrics provided by
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