

Come On Eileen (ft. Jools Holland)

Badly Drawn Boy

Poor old Johnny Ray
Sounded sad upon the radio
Moved a million hearts in mono
Our mothers cried
Sang along, who'd blame them
Now you're grown, so grown, now I must say more than ever
Go toora loora toora loo rye aye
And we can sing just like our fathers Come on Eileen, oh I swear (what he means)
At this moment, you mean everything
With you in that dress my thoughts I confess
Verge on dirty
Ah come on Eileen These people round here wear beaten down eyes
Sunk in smoke dried faces
They're so resigned to what their fate is
But not us (no never), no not us (no never)
We are far too young and clever
Remember
Go toora loora toora loo rye aye
Eileen I'll hum this tune forever Come on Eileen oh I swear (what he means)
Ah come on, let's take off everything
That pretty red dress Eileen (tell him yes)
Ah come on let's, Ah come on Eileen
That pretty red dress, Eileen (tell him yes)
Ah come on let's, ah come on Eileen
Please Come on Eileen too-loo rye-aye
Come on Eileen too-loo rye-aye
Toora toora-too-loora Now you have grown, now you have shown, oh Eileen
Come on Eileen, these things they are real and I know
How you feel
Now I must say more than ever
Things round here have changed
Too-ra loo-ra too-ra loo-rye-aye

Songwriters

PATERSON, JAMES / ROWLAND, KEVIN / ADAMS, KEVIN Published by

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