

Seven Nights In Eire

Reckless Kelly

The first pub we could stagger to was twelve steps from the plane
A Virgin flight to Shannon town the day it didn't rain
The laughin' eyes of Ireland sparklin' blue and green
With hair as black as Guinness stout and barely seventeen
We're back out on the cobble stones, whiskey drunk
and high again
Liquored up and gearin' up for seven nights in Ireland
The corner booth is waitin' for the session to begin
It's quiet as a mother's prayer till we all stumble in
And it's fifty happy voices mixed with whistles made of tin
And a piper man is blowin' like the North Atlantic wind
And an Aran island beauty is sawin' on the violin
I wonder will she miss me after seven nights in Ireland
Well, it's Ladies Day in Galway and we watched the
ponies run
Fifty pounds against the odds and came in six to one
McSwiggin heard the race report, he invited us on in
So we drank Catholic whiskey with all our newfound friends
They raised a glass to all of us and we all toasted
them
Here's to Michael, Tom and Pat and seven nights in Ireland
Well, we kissed all the girls goodbye and gathered in
our gear
And when she walked me to the gate I swear I saw a tear
But then she looked into my eyes, I knew she felt my pain
And only then I realized we were standin' in the rain
So save our places at the pub and when the eyes are dry
again
We'll come back another day for seven nights in Ireland

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