

Celtic Rocker

Black 47

She fell hard for a Celtic rocker
Turned her whole life upside down
Her old man don't know what to do with her
Out drinkin' Guinness, buyin' her own round
She tossed her J. Crew in the garbage
She sportin' tartan, Doc Marten boots
She wear her scally, oh, so stylish
Told her old man she's discoverin' her roots
She know the songs and the bands that sing 'em
The Murphys, the Mollies, 47, the Dubs
She readin' Tim Pat Coogan biographies
Showin' off her tattoos down the pub
She moshin' hard at all the concerts
Know the names of all the boys in the band
The rhythm section dreams about her
Lady fiddle player wants to hold her hand
Someday she goin' back to Ireland
Scotland, Wales, the isle of man
Find out exactly where she come's from
At least when she's drinkin' that's the plan
She got her eyes on the Uilleann Pipes player
Meet him later at the hotel bar
They're gonna do some serious drinkin'
Like all them Celtic rock and roll stars
She's rockin' hard at all the festivals
Dublin, Milwaukee, Chicago too
From New York City to San Francisco
She's a part of the Celtic who's who
She takin' lessons on the guitar
She can dance the walls of limerick too
Someday she be on stage here with us
She be a Celtic rocker too
She know the songs and the bands that sing 'em
The Murphys, the Mollies, 47, the Clash
So don't go messin' with the lady
N beidh a leithad ann ars
Oh yeah, little Celtic rocker
Meet me backstage at the van
C'mon little Celtic rocker
Gonna show you what it's like
In a rock and roll band

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