

# Irish Boy

Patty Griffin

Well, I danced in the arms of a black haired girl  
In Scollay Square after the war  
And I drank to get drunk, and sank and I stunk  
Like a drunk on a subway floor And I never did marry Cathy O'Shea  
She met another and they went their way  
To the wind you're a toy  
Just a drunk Irish boy  
Just a face in the crowd  
I'll be back around  
To show you all something someday There are some things that must remain secret  
You can find no good reason to tell  
There's too many men telling their secrets these days  
And I'd like to tell them to all go to hell So I never had dreams, and they never came true  
As far as you know anyway  
To the wind you're a toy  
Just a drunk Irish boy  
Just a face in the crowd  
I'll be back around  
To show you all something someday Gory be, glory be, to the highest of trees  
We used to climb, my brother and me  
High on her limbs, two laughing hyenas  
Over West Rocks Berrys Cemetery To the wind you're a toy, just a thin Irish boy  
Coming back home from the war  
Just a face in the crowd  
Just a drunk and out loud  
Just you try looking down  
'Cause I'll be back around  
To show you all something someday  
To show you all something someday

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