

# Gaelic Storm, I Miss My Home

When I was a baby boy,  
Me mammy said to me,  
"Don't mess around with them Irish Girls,  
They'll never let you be!"  
I went off to Dublin,  
To see what I could see...  
They filled me up with whiskey, boys!  
They never let me be!

Chorus:

I miss my home!  
The chimney stacks and the cobbled streets I roam,  
Wherever I go, when I find myself alone,  
I just close my eyes and the memories take me home.

When I was a little boy,  
Me mammy said to me,  
Don't mess around with them French girls, they'll never let you be,  
I took a trip to Paris, France,  
To see what I could see...  
They filled me up with Ooh la la!  
They never let me be!

Chorus

When I was a young man,  
Me mammy said to me,  
Stay away from all those Yankee girls,  
They'll never let you be,  
So I went to New York City,  
To see what I could see,  
They put mustard on me hot dog, boys!  
They never let me be!

Chorus

It's finally plain to see,  
They'll never let you be,  
I should have listened to all the things,  
Me mammy said to me!

Chorus:

And now I am an old man,  
At the age of 93  
I'm on my way to heaven, boys,  
To see what I can see,  
St. Peter's at them pearly gates,  
And as he opens up the door,  
He says you're not finished yet me b'yyyy!  
You're goin' back for more!

Chorus