

Pogues, Jack's Heroes

They wear green
And they are beautiful
And their hearts are filled with love
They're as pure as any lily
And as gentle as the dove
They'll sing and cheer in harmony
Till their throats are cracked & sore
But there is no doubt
You'll hear them shout
When Jackie's heroes score
Too-ra-loo Too-ra-loo
And we'll follow Jack's heroes
Whatever they do
They'll come from Dublin
And from Cork, from dear old Donegal,
From London, Boston, & New York,
From anywhere at all,
From Parramatta to Fermoy,
Strabane to Skibereen
(And will) the shout go up
When the World Cup
Is raised on Stephens Green
(Yes it will)
And when we're there in Italy
On Sardinia's sunny shore
We'll be the boys you'll want to see
The boys you'll all adore
We'll play like perfect gentlemen
To win, to lose, to draw
For we're here to take the World Cup
To Paddy's shamrock shore