

Blood Or Whiskey, Your Majesty

You came from DunLaoghaire town where the ferry waits to go
Where the wind blows so cold but not so gently off the sea
You came from DunLaoghaire town to the centre of the world
Where you changed the hearts of everyone so easily
Then you crossed the Irish sea to see London and beyond
Where your star it rose and rose until you shone so bright
Then you crossed the Irish sea and you saved a million lives
But you let the ones who caused it all make you their knight
All you had to do, all you had to do was say
All you had to do, all you had to do was say
Your Majesty, your Majesty shove your OBE
Your Majesty, your Majesty shove your OBE
Your Majesty, your Majesty shove your OBE
Shove your OBE your Majesty
Every band with half a note likes to play that rebel card
They like to act so hip and radical but then
Every band with half a note loves to whine about the rich
But you'll still seek their approval in the end
Is it true that all success has the power to corrupt us
Or does everyone become what they've despised
Is it true that all success makes you feel so insecure
That you need to line up and be patronised