

Fiddler's Green, Irish Air

In Irish air you smell the sea
The taste of turf and tasty tea
The scent of stout will ever be
A part of Ireland's heart

A Blacksmith down from Dingle Bay
He lived his life a special way
He lost his wife and house I'd say
But still the best is left

A carpenter from Inishee
Discovered his ability
To live from love and air, you see
A quit his boring job

A Businessman from Waterford
Sat on his ship completely bored
Till someone threw him overboard
He shivered in the cold
...but he was well!
...got strong like hell!
...he found his way!
...swam all the day!

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In this air
The clouds glow red in the sky ahead and
Everywhere
You'll find a place to start

A fisherman from Killybegs
A grumpy man, he always nagged
Till he turned out to be a wag
And laughed his life away

A teacher from the eastern Hills
He smoked like hell, took lot of pills
Till he discovered the real thrills
He bummed around and bawled

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A lawyer from the western coast
He was a lousy party host
But then he stopped with all his boast
And changed into a mate

A baker boy from Donegal
A weedy guy, extremely small
Ate soda bred till he was tall
And grew right to the sky

An engineer from Galway Town
Was fat and clearly upside down
He went around wearing a gown
He didn't give a damn
...he loved his dress!
...felt happiness!
...he danced around!
...and lost eight pounds!

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