

Gaelic Storm, Born To Be A Bachelor

Let me introduce meself,
Me name tis Paddy Green
I am me mammys pride and joy
A fine oul buachaillin!
I come from the county Waterford,
Near the village of Tramore,
Ive been living at home since I was one,
And now Im forty-four!

Chorus:

I was born to be a Bachelor,
Ill never walk down the aisle,
Me mam still makes me breakfast,
(Im) Livin it up in shtyle,
Girls, yell never catch me,
Stayin single, thats the plan
I was born to be a Bachelor,
Sure Im yer only man! Hah?

Into town on the Saturday night,
All the bys go on a spree,
If you come down to the dishco,
You can have a drink with me!
With the ladies on the dance floor,
Im a wild and crazy guy,
In me white socks and me black suede shoes,
and me thin red leather tie!

Chorus

Then its off to mass next morning,
Im wearin me Sunday best,
Ive got no wife to fight with,
So Ive no sins to confess!
After church, the married men
go home, oh what a shame!
Cause Im scullin da pints down at the pub
Im watchin the football game!

Chorus

Im a ramblin ranter, Im a rollin stone,
Im a galavanter gwan an leave me alone,
If yer out to get married, youll get no joy,
Cause I was born and bred to be a bachelor boy!
Up in Lisdoonvarna,
Theyve an old matchmakers fair,
The girls all go a huntin
So youll never see me there!
Ive got a Russian sweetheart,
A fine oul thing is she!
Shes out in Vladivostok
And thats close enough for me!

Chorus x2