

Gaelic Storm, Hills Of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin can
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
And then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now keep your eyes well peeled today
The tall, tall men, they're on their way
They're searching for the mountain tea
In the hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin can
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
And then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for Tom
And a bottle for the poor old Father Tom
To help the poor old dear along
In the hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin can
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
And then run like the devil from the excise man

Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now swing to the left, now swing to the right
Sure, the excise man can dance all night
He's drinkin' up the tea 'til the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin can
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
And then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now, stand your ground, and don't you fall
The excise men, they're at the wall
Jesus Christ, they're drinkin' it all
In the hills of Connemara

Gather up the pots and the old tin can
And the mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
And then run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney
(2x)