

Gaelic Storm, Kelly's Wellies

When I was a young un', I knew a lad from Ballybunion
He hadn't got a single penny to his name, you might say
He had a raggedy coat, and like two rubber boots
He kept his wellington boots on from December to May

Chorus:

It was Kevin Kelly, with his chopped off wellies
In the middle of the summer time he was looking fine!
His pants had holes in the knees but he was proud as you please
With his ol' wellies he keep strolling along

As we got older and slyer and bolder and the girls we had our eyes on they got older as well
With paint on their faces (with paint on their faces) and curves in nice places (curves in nice places)
We were dressed to impress them and we thought we were swell!
Well our duds were in fashion (duds were in fashion!) to kindle their passion (kindle their passion!)
But there was Kevin on the dance floor looking anything but neat
He was tryin' to flirt (he was tryin' to flirt) in his hand-me-down shirt, (in his hand-me-down shirt!) wi

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Well we teased him and we mocked him, but sure that never shocked him, he painted on some lac
He was poor but he had style, he made everybody smile
He wore his ol' wellies!
He wore his ol' wellies!
He wore his ol' wellies!
Like he'd nothin' to lose!

The next time we found him, (next time we found him) well the girls were all around him (Girls were
He was busting the moves, he was happy as can be
One of the girls came near, (One of the girls came near) and whispered in my ear...
"Only boys who wear their wellies have a chance wit' me."

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His pants had holes in the knees but he was proud as you please
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