

Gaelic Storm, Kiss Me I'm Irish

Old songs and old stories,
They keep us alive.
Without our past,
We would never survive.
I am my island,
My island is me,
So you know what you can do
If you don't like what you see...

Kiss me, I'm Irish!
I am the wild rover.
My eyes they are smiling,
And I'm seldom sober.
I like my whiskey,
And I love to dance,
So if you're feeling as lucky as me, take a chance,
And kiss me, I'm Irish...

My heart beats a jig,
And me blood, it flows green.
I've been a rogue and a rambler
From ocean to sea.
And I like a Bevy,
Now and then, that I'll never deny.
But I only drink on the days of the week that end with a 'y'.
I'm no saint, I'm no sinner,
Of that there's no doubt.
I'll tell you the truth,
I am the one that your grandmother warned you about...

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And kiss me, I'm Irish...

Dublin, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Cork,
Kerry, Chicago, and my New York,
Belfast and Boston, Donegal and DC,
Raise you glasses and sing, sing, sing, sing with me...

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