

# 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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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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