

Gaelic Storm, Punjab Paddy

I said farewell to Erin, only seven years ago,
When asked where I was headed, I said: Jaysus, I dunno!?
I stepped ashore near Bangalore, not a tosser in me hand,
By the time I hit Darjeeling, I was feeling mighty grand!

Chorus:

You can keep your forty shades of green, they only make me blue,
You can stick your eggs and bacon, boys, Ill have a Vindaloo,
I found a place in India, so far across the foam,
You can call me Punjab Paddy, boys, Im never comin home.

I dreamed I got a letter from me darling Josephine,
She asked me would I marry her, back home in Skibbereen,
But the girls out here have almond eyes and jasmine-scented hair,
And theres things in the Kama Sutra that they never do in Clare!
So Ill spend me days relaxing in me Punjab paradise,
No more Ill dig the praties, Ill stick to tea and rice.
Ill be sippin mango lassi with the lassies in the shade,
While yer man called Ravi Shankar plays The Boys of the Oul Brigade!

Chorus:

You can keep your Miltown Malbay, you can chuck yer Galway Bay,
Youll never see the sun go down on Delhi or Bombay,
I found a place in India, so far across the foam,
You can call me Punjab Paddy, boys, Im never comin home.

From Bohola to Benares, Inchigeela to Lahore
Kamakura, Siliguri, Peshawar, Sahrnapore
Amritsar to Sanawar, Simla, and Pinjore
I got trolleyed on Dewali, and I'm going back for more!
Someday Ill be a holy man with saffron on me nose,
Ill shave my head like Gandhi and Ill never wear no clothes,
To see the Irish Guru, theyll come from near and far,
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Whiskey in the Jar!

Chorus:

You can keep your Michael Flatley with his tattoos on his chest,
Fare thee well, Sweet Anna Liffey, its the Ganges I love best,
I found a place in India so far across the foam,
You can call me Punjab Paddy, boys, Im never comin home,
Im never comin home!
Im never comin home!