

# Ganggajang, Luck Of The Irish

The luck of the Irish borne of ages past  
Has spawned a cruel history, lets hope that luck don't last  
It came with the longships and from across the Irish sea  
The endless tides of fighting men bought the Ard ris to their knees  
Oh the luck of the Irish, Oh the luck of the Irish

Then came the English with their reforming ways  
The luck of the Irish bore ample fruit in those days  
The land was replanted with the winners of English wars  
And the only crops harvested were famine and plague and the odd lost cause  
Oh the luck of the Irish, Oh the luck of the Irish

One day things will change and then you know you will see  
Just how lucky they can all really be  
When the orange and the green meet on the white in between  
Oh the luck of the Irish, Oh the luck of the Irish

The luck of the Irish still hangs around their heels  
As bombers stop the cities hearts and blood is spilt in the greenest fields  
And the orangemen remember, the old horse is yearly shod  
To ride again with long dead men and kill or be killed for the one same god.  
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