

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.
Oh the luck of the Irish, Oh the luck of the Irish

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