

# Horslips, More Than You Can Chew

Perhaps the best known Irish March, The March of the King of Laois, forms the basic melodic structure of this song - a warning to Maeve from Cu Chulainn.

People say you're dressed to kill.  
You're not a girl to come on slow.  
Once you get the bit between your teeth  
You don't feel like letting go.  
But before you hit off  
Let me say you've bit off  
More than you can chew.  
I recall just how you laughed,  
And you tried to make a fool of me.  
How you thought you could get away  
Without me knowing is hard to see.  
Though things may look doubtful,  
You've got yourself a mouthful  
More than you can chew.  
You can give me back my pride  
And I will trade you all that's due.  
Cos like a spider I'm creeping back  
Gonna spin my web all over you.  
And if you take it in haste  
You're gonna waste  
Aah you can't taste  
More than you can chew.