

# John Lennon, Luck Of The Irish

If you had the luck of the Irish  
You'd be sorry and wish you were dead  
You should have the luck of the Irish  
And you'd wish you was English instead!  
A thousand years of torture and hunger  
Drove the people away from their land  
A land full of beauty and wonder  
Was raped by the British brigands  
God damn! God damn!  
If you could keep voices like flowers  
There'd be shamrock all over the world  
If you could drink dreams like Irish streams  
Then the world would be high as the mountain of mourne  
In the 'Pool they told us the story  
How the English divided the land  
Of the pain, the death and the glory  
And the poets of auld Eireland  
If we could make chains with the morning dew  
The world would be like Galway Bay  
Let's walk over rainbows like leprechauns  
The world would be one big Blarney stone  
Why the hell are the English there anyway?  
As they kill with God on their side  
Blame it all on the kids the IRA  
As the bastards commit genocide  
Aye, aye.. genocide  
If you had the luck of the Irish  
You'd be sorry and wish you was dead  
You should have the luck of the Irish  
And you'd wish you was English instead  
Yes you'd wish you was English instead