

Molly Maguire, Cheers To Shane

There's a toothless man staring down in his glass
He's the kind of man who never says no to a drink
He hears tunes and words like the wind through the grass
Judged by the look you'd never expect him to think

Cheerio McGowan Cheerio
Cheerio, Cheerio I raise for you a pint Cheerio

We have followed you from "Roses" to "Sodomy and the lash"
You're one of the greatest poets of this day
Your body it tells us you're just about to crash
Believe it we saw on St Patricks day

Cheerio McGowan Cheerio
Cheerio, Cheerio I raise for you a pint Cheerio

Was it ever the Whiskey or the far too many stouts
That made the band decide to kick you out?
Well us being no nobleman we can't tell anyway
We're glad to see you back shure hope you'll stay