

Sinead O'Connor, I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me Ma when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair, they stole my comb,
but that's alright till I go home.

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Belfast city
She is courtin' one, two, three.
Please won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and ring at the bell
Saying "Oh, my true love are you well?"
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Oul Jenny Murray says she'll die,
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
and the snow come tumblin' from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own,
she won't tell her Ma when she goes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus