

# Sinead O'Connor, The Women Of Ireland

There's a woman in Erin who'd give me shelter and my fill of ale;  
There's a woman in Ireland who'd prefer my strains to strings being played;  
There's a woman in Eirinn and nothing would please her more  
Than to see me burning or in a grave lying cold.  
There's a woman in Eirinn who'd be mad with envy if I was kissed  
By another on fair-day, they have strange ways, but I love them all;  
There are women I'll always adore, battalions of women and more  
And there's this sensuous beauty and she shackled to an ugly boar.  
There's a woman who promised if I'd wander with her I'd find some gold  
A woman in night dress with a loveliness worth more than the woman  
Who vexed Ballymoyer and the plain of Tyrone;  
And the only cure for my pain I'm sure is the ale-house down the road.