

The Divine Comedy, London Irish

They sit, and watch the clouds go by
And make believe it's Irish skies

They love the sun, but pray for rain
They drink to take away the pain
The London streets are paved with gold
For the London Irish

You gain the world and you lose your soul
Well if your picture is seen on the cover of every magazine
And every TV screen, will there be anything left
Of the London Irish?

They say they will return again,
But they won't say exactly when...