

# Yoko Ono, The Luck Of The Irish

Ok, one, two, three, one two, three

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!  
Goddamned!  
Goddamned!

If you could keep voices like flowers,  
There's be shamrock all over the world.  
If you could drink dreams like irish streams,  
Then the world would be as high as the mountain of morn.

In the 'pool they told us the story  
How the english divided the land.  
Of the pain and 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 and the i.r.a.  
As the bastards commit genocide!  
Aye! aye!  
Genocide!

Okay!

You should have 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.

One more time!

You should have 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,  
Hey, yes, you'd wish you were english instead.

- &quot;thank you!&quot;