

Toor-a-ah

The Irish Rovers

Here we are amongst you,
And we're here because we're here
We're only one year older
Than were this time last year A-Ah

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

The more a man has, the more a man wants
This, I don't think true
I've never met a man with a naggin' wife
Who wished that he had two A-Ah

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

A young Colleen had a husband
Oh, but he was good in bed,
He went straight to sleep and he never snored
And he lay like he was dead A-Ah

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

The farmers wife had children ten
And she didn't know what to do
While the sailors wife had children none
But she knew what to do

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

Well, I've got a girl in Dublin town
I've one in Belfast too
But I never tell the Dublin girl
What the Belfast girl can do

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

Whiskey's fine on a winter's night
If you ask me what I think
But I like beer
For I think it's more than just a breakfast drink

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah
Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah

So now our story's over
And our song is at an end
But if you buy us a pint of stouch,
We'll sing it all again A-Ah

Toor-A-Ah, Toor-A-Ah, Me rightful Toor-A-Ah

Rum da dum, for didl-ly-um on my Toor-A-Ah-A-Ah
(2x)