

## Come on Eileen

Skyclad

Poor old Johnny Ray  
Sounded sad upon the radio  
He moved a million hearts in mono  
Our mothers cried and sang along and who'd blame them  
Now you're grown, so grown, now I must say more than ever  
Go toora loora toora loo rye aye  
And we can sing just like our fathers

Come on Eileen, well I swear (what he means)  
At this moment, you mean everything  
With you in that dress my thoughts I confess  
Verge on dirty  
Ah come on Eileen

These people round here wear beaten down eyes  
Sunk in smoke dried faces  
They're so resigned to what their fate is  
But not us, no not us  
We are far too young and clever  
Eileen I'll sing this tune forever

Come on Eileen well I swear (what he means)  
Ah come on, let's take off everything  
That pretty red dress Eileen (tell him yes)  
Ah come on Eileen