

## Come In

The Irish Rovers

Come in, come in I'll do the best I can  
Come in, come in bring your whole bloody clan  
Take it slow and easy and I'll shake you by the hand  
Sit you down I'll treat you decent, I'm an Irishman

I've traveled East, I've traveled West, I've roamed  
from town to town  
I've cut the harvest down in Clare, met people of  
renown  
Where ever I went the welcome mat was always waiting  
me'  
So fill your glass along with us and old Ireland free

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When I am gone some other place and my memories going  
dim  
Raise your glass and join the toast, invite the  
colleens in  
Then think about the good old times and you'll remember  
me  
When good old songs were roaring out and the porter  
flowing free

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