

Hey Boys Sing Us a Song

The Irish Rovers

Sing us a song of Erin's green isle
One of wild roaming or girls that beguile
Or drinking black porter and going on a spree
Where the mountains of morn sweep down to the sea

Hey boys, sing us a song
One of the old ones, and we'll sing along
None of your protests and struggles and strife
We all need some happiness back in our life

Sing us a song of [m-?] days
Where people are thoughtful of each others' ways
Where bias and bigotry never distort
And the dear unicorns, they're all safe on the Ark

Hey boys, sing us a song
One of the old ones, and we'll sing along
None of your protests and struggles and strife
We all need some happiness back in our life

Sing us a song where people are free
To live as they want from all tyranny
No pestilence, famine, or fires or floods
And no politicians who are out slinging mud

Hey boys, sing us a song
One of the old ones, and we'll sing along
None of your protests and struggles and strife
We all need some happiness back in our life

La-la-la, la, la-la-la, la la-la-la
La la-la-la-la-la la
La-la-la, la, la-la-la, la la-la-la
La la-la-la-la-la la
La-la-la, la, la-la-la, la la-la-la
La la-la-la la-la

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Is it too much to ask for a song of good cheer
Where the words aren't a puzzle and the meaning is clear?
When you can't help but smile at the memory it brings
With a chorus so catchy you just have to sing

Hey boys, sing us a song
One of the old ones, and we'll sing along
None of your protests and struggles and strife
We all need some happiness back in our life

Sing us a song where nobody dies
And the leaders of governments tell us no lies
Our sons and our daughters aren't sent off to war
To die for no reason on some foreign shore

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