

Sound Sham

The Saw Doctors

I prayed for you when I climbed the reek
Me feet in bits, no boots or laces
I prayed for you at the shrine in Knock
I prayed for you at the Galway races
Chicer makes, but not to worry
Always a word for the nuns and priests
Here, shake the hand that shook the hand
Of the holy woman from the east

And I want a G from Pat Mc Gee

Sound sham , sound as a bell
Thunder , youre wide yourself
Sound Sham sound as a bell
Thunder , youre wide yourself

All dressed up and comb the thatcher
The gimp and grace of an honest thief
You wheeze chice and leave it with me
Packets sham that youre corn beef
Pipe the gomey on the laygeft hammer
The dust in his juke is burning a hole
Step right up sir, find the lady
nothing less than a score a go.

And I want a G from Pat McGee

Biros, biros, bingo, biros
Lighters, lighters, four for a pound
Recent photos of Saint Patrick
Virgin burger and a garlic shroud
Deck chairs, deck chairs, rakes of deck chairs.
For when the pope mobile comes round
Were on a beano!
Tom sham , sound sham sound.
Tom sham , sound sham sound

I prayed for you.....

Whos his jills with the valentine slider
Sling him a lush hes a miller to go
Plank the monkey, you can kiss my relic
Button your clawber, your a holy show
And I want a G from Pat McGee

Sound Sham.....