What Makes the Irish Heart Beat

Van Morrison

All that trouble all that grief That's why I had to leave Staying away too tong is in defeat Why I'm singing this song Why I'm heading back home That's what makes the Irish heart beat

I'm just like a hobo riding a train I'm like a gangster living in Spain Have to watch my back and I'm running out of time When I roll the dice again If lady luck will call my name That's what makes the Irish heart beat

Well that's what makes it beat When I'm standing on the street And I'm standing underneath this Wrigley's sign Oh so far away from home But I know I've got to roam That's what makes the Irish heart beat

And it was off to foreign climes On the Piccadilly line We were standing underneath the Wrigley's sign So far away from home Well I know I've got to roam That s what makes the Irish heart beat

Just like a sailor out on the foam Any port in a storm Where we tend to burn the candle at both ends Down the corridors of fame Like the spark ignites the flame That's what makes the Irish heart beat

But I roll the dice again If lady luck will call my name That s what makes the Irish heart beat Oh, that's what makes the Irish heart beat That's what makes the Irish heart beat