

## **Rock On Rockall**

<sup>C</sup>  
Oh the empire it is finished,no foreign lands to seize,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
So the greedy eye of England is turning towards the seas,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Two hundred miles from Donegal,theres a place thats called Rockall,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And the groping hands of Whitehall are grabbing at it's walls.

(Chorus)

<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
Oh Rock on Rockall you'll never fall,for Britains greedy hands,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Or you'll meet the same resistance as you did in many lands,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
May the sea-gulls rise and pluck your eyes,and the water crush your shell,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And the natural gass will burn your arse and blow you all to hell.

This rock is part of Ireland,for it's written in folklore,  
When Finn McCool took a sod of grass,and threw it to the fore,  
Then he tossed a pebble across the sea,where ever did it fall,  
For the sod became the Isle Of Man,now the pebble's called Rockall.

Oh the sea's will not be silent,while Britannia,grabs the waves,  
And remember that the Irish will no longer be your slaves,  
And remember that Britannia well,she rules the waves no more,  
So keep your hands off Rockall it's Irish to the core.