

# Irish Song Lyrics

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Patsy Fagan

I'm working here in Glasgow and I've got a decent job  
I'm carrying bricks and mortar and me pay is 15bob  
I get up in the morning and I rise up with the lark  
And when I'm walking down the street you can hear the girls remark

Chorus...Hello Patsy Fagan you'll hear the girls all cry  
Hi there Patsy Fagan you're the apple of me eye  
You're a decent boy from Ireland and there's no one can deny  
You're a hair-um, scare-um, devil may care-um decent Irish boy

The day I left old Ireland sure it was many years ago  
I left me home in Antrim where the fields of Praties grow  
And since I left old Ireland it's always been me plan  
For to let the people see that I'm a decent Irish Man

Chorus...Hello Patsy Fagan you'll hear the girls all cry  
Hi there Patsy Fagan you're the apple of me eye  
You're a decent boy from Ireland and there's no one can deny  
You're a hair-um, scare-um, devil may care-um decent Irish boy

.....instrumental.....

And if there's one among you that would like to marry me  
I'll take her to me little home a cottage by the sea  
I'll dress her up in satins and I'll please her all I can  
And I'll let the people see that I'm a decent Irish Man

Chorus...