

Plastic Paddys

I lie alone as morning breaks on this Spanish island
It's not for love of sunshine that takes me from old Ireland
Nor is it love for women nor the taste of the auld swallow
"no" the pennies pave the way and the pound it makes me follow

CHORUS

And there's plastic paddy's and fireside provos
Freeing Ireland to songs that we all know
Like low lie the fields St John what have you done
Ah Jesus Christ of almighty wont you get me out of here

I'll strum along this six string I'll sing a song or two
Talk shite for a while then I'll sing another few
I watch the paddy's knock them back and stumble out the door
I watch the biddy's comb their hair and dance around the floor

CHORUS

Some people come with tanning oils to soak the Spanish sun
Others come for family breaks others come for fun
Others come for piss ups to smoke a bit of blow
But most of them they come along to try and get their hole

CHORUS

