

Holylands, Belfast

The Hatfield bar is jammed smell of perfume and fake tan from the girls that come down from the country
To Saint Marys, Polly, Queens all searching for degrees and the craic all starts on a Sunday
There's girls here from Tyrone it's the first time they've left home you can tell cause there going
bloody mad
They're throwing back the Halfings like there going out of fashion in the holy lands Belfast

CHORUS

In the holy lands in the Holylands be no immaculate conception in the holy lands
All the student loans are in and the whole things on the binge in the 'Bot' in Renshaws and the union
They will party until morning playing football and hurling from Fitzroy right down to Jerusalem
Met a girl called Mary Joe last night she took me home this morning she had gone to class
Turning water in to wine in a street called Palestine in the holy lands Belfast

CHORUS

Now depressions kicking in cause the moneys running thin and the landlord he's beating at the door
This house is bloody freezing we can't afford the heating don't think I can stick it anymore
So it's up the Ormeau Road I'm heading now for home to get myself a feed and get to mass
For I'll need Jesus on my side to get out of here alive in the holy lands Belfast

CHORUS

