

Lyrics – On the Rocks

All of the Hard Days are Gone *(Kevin McKrell, Dráguin Music)*

Chorus: All of the hard days are gone,
It's all beer and whiskey and songs from now on;
We'll laugh at the darkness and dance until dawn;
All of the hard days are gone.

We're all safe and warm here my friends,
The bad times are over, they won't come again;
Raise up your voices and give us a song,
All of the hard days are gone.

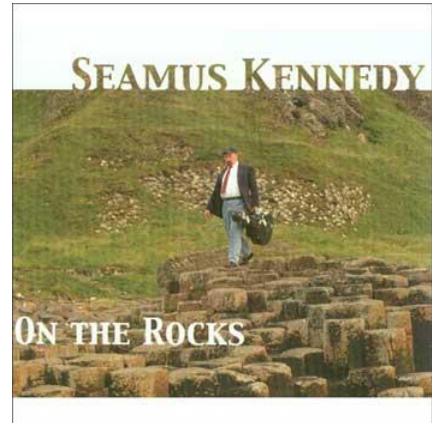
Chorus:

Well, life has been cloudy and gray,
Let's take the bad memories and put them away;
The sun's comin' out, we have waited so long,
All of the hard days are gone.

Chorus:

So raise up your glasses and sing,
All the hard times are gone, sure they don't mean a thing;
If you want to be happy, well just come along,
All of the hard days are gone.

Chorus:



The Beer Song *(R. Rodgers & O. Hammerstein, Williamson Music Co.)*

When you read you begin with A B C,
When you drink you begin with Dough, Ray, Me...

DOUGH, buys beer, it buys me beer
RAY, the guy who sells me beer
ME, the one who drinks my beer
FA, a long way to the john
SO, I'll have another beer
LA-ger, LA-ger, LA-ger beer
TEA, no thanks I'll have a beer
That will bring us back to...
DOUGH, buys beer....
Repeat ad nauseam

You're Always At Home In A Bar *(Chuck McCabe, Scuppernon Music ASCAP)*

I have wandered the whole world around,
Tipperary to old Timbaktu.
I've been lost in the woods,
And in fine neighborhoods
Where the buildings were brick or bamboo.
And you still find the kindness of strangers,
Tho' the street's unfamiliar and new.
There's a place you can go,
When there's no one you know,
Where a welcome is waiting for you....

Oh, you're always at home in a bar, boys,
You're always at home in a bar,
With your elbows at rest,
And a glass of the best,
You always know right where you are.
There's a pub to be found
In every city and town,
No matter how near or how far,
And you're never alone
Till your money's all gone...
Yes, you're always at home in a bar.

For there's a feeling comes over a gent,
When his elbow is comfortably bent,
When the cares of the day
Are all "spirited" away,
Who cares if you can't pay the rent,
Tho' you know that your supper is waiting,
And the children are calling your name,
Tho' your conscience says "No,"
And it's time you should go
Is when your mouth says
"One more of the same"....

Oh, you're always at home in a bar, boys,
You're always at home in a bar.
With your arse on the stool,
And a glass that is full,
You always know right where you are.
If the wife locks you out,
You can wander about,
Call a friend, spend the night in your car,
You can weep, you can moan,
Brother why cry alone?
When you're always at home in a bar.

Come To The Bower *(Trad.)*

Will you come to the bower
O'er the free boundless ocean,
Where stupendous waves
Roll in thundering motion?
Where the mermaids are seen
And the fierce tempest gathers,
Over Erin the green,
The dear land of our fathers,

Chorus: Will you come, will you,
Will you, will you come to the bower?

Will you come to the land
Of O'Neill and O'Donnell,
Of Lord Lucan of old
And the immortal O'Connell?
Where King Brian chased the Danes
And St. Patrick the vermin,
And whose valleys remain
Still most beautiful and charming.

Chorus:

You can visit New Ross,
Gallant Wexford and Gorey,
Where the green was last seen
By proud Saxon and Tory.
Where the soil is sanctified
By the blood of each truemán,
Where they died satisfied
That their enemies would not rule them.

Chorus:

You can visit Benburb
And see storied Blackwater,
Where Owen Roe met Munroe
And his chieftains did slaughter,
You can ride o'er the tide
On the broad majestic Shannon,
You can sail round Lough Neagh
And see storied Dungannon.

Chorus:

You can see Dublin City
And the fine groves of Blarney,
The Bann, the Boyne, the Liffey,
And the lakes of Killarney.
Where the lambs sport and play
On the mossy all-over,
From the green glens of Antrim
To enchanting Rostrevor.

Chorus:

Will you come and awake
Our dear land from her slumber?
And her fetters we will break,
Links that long have encumbered.
And the air will resound
With hosannas to greet you,
On the shore will be found
Gallant Irishmen to meet you.

Chorus:

Only Our Rivers Run Free *(Mickey McConnell)*

When apples still grow in November,
When the blossoms still bloom on each tree,
When the leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.
I've wandered her hills and her valleys,
And still to my sorrow I see
A land that has never known freedom,
And only her rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood,
Those men who would rather have died
Than live in the cold chains of bondage.
To bring back their rights were denied.
Oh, where are you now when we need you,
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone like the snows of last winter,
And only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life, but we're crying;
How mellow the wine but we're dry;
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying;
How gentle the breeze but it sighs.
What good is in youth when it's aging,
What joy is in eyes that can't see,
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers,
And still only our rivers run free.

The Errant Apprentice (*Andy M. Stewart, Gerry O'Beirne, Bill Watkins*)

When I was a young apprentice, and less than *compos mentis*,
I took leave of all my senses, with a maid I fell in love.
Her ringlets so entwined me, Aphrodite's smile did blind me,
Cupid's arrow struck behind me, and her father owned a pub.

It was there I met my nemesis in her father's licensed premises,
Like the Seraphim of Genesis sat Mary Ann Maguire,
Arrayed in fine apparel, astride a porter-barrel,
She looked the sort of girl That would fill you with desire.

All the turtle doves were cooin' as I took to my wooin',
Her loveliness pursuin' in the Springtime of that year.
But she thought I should be older, and more gallant and much bolder;
In the uniform of a soldier, 'tis then she'd hold me dear .

In extremis and euphoria, I joined with Queen Victoria
For a spell of death or gloria a-fightin' with the Boers.
To the winds I threw all caution, I'll return with fame and fortune
And together make a portion of matrimony's chores.

On the gravestone of her mother, she swore she loved no other,
But I did soon discover that she played me for a berk,
For Lady Luck had beached me, and intelligence had reached me,
Whilst I'd been overseas that she had married to a Turk.

Well, me, I then deserted to find the girl who flirted.
Back to Ireland I reverted for my jealousy was roused,
In Maguire's pub in Derry, I found him makin' merry
With his arms around my Mary as together they caroused.

So I took my time and waited until his thirst was sated,
And home he navigated through the streets of Derry Town,
At his lodgings he stood knockin', and whilst they were unlockin',
I put a stone into a stockin', on his head I brought it down.

'Twas then the night's serenity was rent with loud obscenity,
And Ottoman profanity I couldn't understand,
With an oath he made to grab me, with full intent to stab me,
But as he tried to kebab me I was screamin' up the Strand.

All around the town's perimeter he chased me with his scimitar
A powerful passion-limiter to an errant in his pride.
Through the Waterside he chased me, to the Bridge of Foyle he raced me,
And at Derry Quay he faced me so I jumped into the tide.

Sure bravery's no virtue when some heathen's trying to hurt you,
And all noble thoughts desert you when you see his curly knife,
For there's many things worth tryin' for, and occasionally worth lyin' for,
But there's bugger all worth dyin' for, so I'll stick to the soldier's life.

God Is From New Jersey (The Tornado Song) *(Seamus Kennedy, Gransha Music)*

I am a wandering minstrel,
And I travel round the land,
With lots of silly stories
And songs to beat the band
Some folks say I'm irreverent
Because of all my jokes,
But I was there at Jack Frost
When the Almighty spoke.
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,
He brought the whole house down.
West Virginia's almost heaven,
But Bayonne's God's home town.

I was poking fun at Jersey
And girls who can't say no,
When suddenly the sky turned black
And the wind began to blow.
I was singing about the Turnpike,
And the rest stops on the way
When the Lord said "That ain't funny."
So he blew the tent away.
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,
He made it very clear;
He tore the tent to pieces
And he sucked up all the beer..

Now, I can pick on Pottsville
And no one really cares,
'Cause I saw cans of Yuengling
Go swirling through the air.
And the moral of the story
That I have learned is this:
Thou shalt not pick on Jersey,
'Cause the Lord gets really pissed!
(Repeat)

God is from New Jersey,
He brought the whole house down,
West Virginia's almost heaven,
But Bayonne's God's home town.

Concrete Road *(J. Denver, B. Danoff, T. Nivert Danoff, Cherry Lane Music Pub.)*
(New Lyrics: C. Goff, S. Kennedy)

Almost fatal, north New Jersey,
Newark Airport, Pulaski skyway,
Pollution's old there,
Killed off all the trees,
Trash piled up in mountains,
Blowing in the breeze.

Chorus: Concrete Road, take me home
To the place I belong,
Jersey City, Bayonne Mama,
Take me home Concrete Road.

All the horseflies gather 'round her,
Refinery lady, stranger to clean water;
Dark and dirty,
Floating in the sky,
Disgusting smell of sewage,
Cinders in your eye. **Chorus:**

I hear her voice,
From the cheap motel she calls me,
Sirens remind me
That the cops aren't far away,
And drivin' down the road
I get the feelin'
I ain't got the toll
Again today, again today...**Chorus:**

Molly Pitcher, Richard Stockton,
Vince Lombardi, Admiral William Halsey,
Clara Barton, Woodrow Wilson, too.
J. Fenimore Cooper, John Fenwick,
Joyce Kilmer I love you,
And old Walt Whitman, too,
Grover Cleveland, too, Alexander Hamilton, too,
And Thomas A. Edison, too.
And when Bruce Springsteen dies,
he'll have a rest area named after him too -
In the end-zone, next to Jimmy Hoffa.) **Chorus:**

The Manchester Rambler *(Ewan MacColl, Stormking Music, Inc.)*

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon
I've camped by the Waynestones as well
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder
And many more things I can tell
My rucksack has oft been my pillow
And the heather has oft been my bed
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

Chorus: I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler
From Manchester way
I get all my pleasure the wild moorland way
I may be a wage slave on Monday
But I am a free man on Sunday.

The day was just ending and I was descending
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper Thong
When a voice said "Hey you" the way gamekeepers do
He had the worst face that ever I saw
Now the things that he said were unpleasant
But in the teeth of his fury I said
That sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse"
Well I thought, but I still couldn't see
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout
Couldn't take both the poor grouse and me
He said "All this land is my master's"
At that I stood shaking my head
For how can a man own a mountain
Any more than the deep ocean bed? **Chorus:**

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade
She was fair as the Rowan in bloom
And the blue of her eye matched the May morning sky
I wooed her from April to June
On the day that we should have been married
I went for a ramble instead
For sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead. **Chorus:**

So I'll walk where I will over mountain or hill
I'll lie where the bracken is deep
I belong to the mountain, the clear running fountain
Where the grey rocks lie rugged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gully,
And the curlew fly high overhead,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead. **Chorus:**

The Diet Song *(Shel Silverstein, Evil Eye Music, Inc.)*

For breakfast, black coffee,
One slice of dry toast,
No butter, no jelly, no jam;
For lunch, just some lettuce
And two celery stalks,
No beer, no potatoes, no ham.
For dinner, one chicken wing –
Broiled, not fried
No gravy, no biscuits, no pie.
This dietin', dietin', dietin', dietin',
Sure is a slow way to die.

For supper, two pieces of cauliflower – raw,
A beefsteak the size of a nail,
One slice of tomato,
A dab of coleslaw,
I swear I'd eat better in jail.
Stop eatin' that pizza right under my nose,
Girl, that's the least you can do;
And put down that candy-bar while I am singin'
And starvin' my ass off for you.

So pass me a carrot stick,
Peel me a prune,
One glass of skim milk and that's all;
Turn off the TV
For the Big Mac commercials
Are drivin' me straight up the wall.
I'm thinkin' of French fries,
And sausage and waffles,
Spaghetti and cookies and cake,
And each night I'm dreamin'
Of chocolate ice-cream,
And I'm starving to death when I wake.

You're fixin' the kids
All those creamed mashed potatoes,
But it's bouillon and water for me,
And you have a lock on the refrigerator,
Lord knows where you're hidin' the key.
And while I am starvin' for food late at night,
I'm starvin' for lovin' from you,
But you say that when I can see my own willie,
You'll be glad to look at it too.

But when I am dead and the insurance is paid,
You'll look down at me and you'll grin,
You'll say, "Well, the boy tried,
And he starved and he died,
But don't he look good when he's thin!"

The Sons Of Molly *(Chuck Rogers)*

When the wind blows wild at night,
Past the breaker melancholy,
If you stand in the dark with your ear to the wind,
You can hear the sons of Molly.
Deep in the dark of the old mine-shaft,
You can smell the smoke and the fire,
And the whisper low in the mines below,
Is the ghost of Molly Maguire.

Now I'll tell you boys,
Mickey Doyle is my name
And I come from Carbon County.
And I shot the boss of the Lansford Mine,
And my soul is up for bounty,
But I will die with my head held high,
For I fought for the men below.
The men who slave and sweat and die
Down in that black hell-hole.

Now I'll tell you boys,
Edward Kelly is my name,
And I'm hanging in the morning.
For I shot Jack Jones for skinnin' my bones
And I curse the sounds of mournin',
But I will die with my head held high,
For I fought for the men below.
The men who slave and sweat and die
Down in that black hell-hole.

Now I'll tell you boys,
Alex Campbell is my name,
And no pistol did I fire,
But I will fall from the gallows wall
Just for bein' a Molly Maguire,
But I will die with my head held high,
For I fought for the men below.
The men who slave and sweat and die
Down in that black hell-hole.

Repeat first verse

O'Shaughnessy's Lament (*Aengus Finnan SOCAN*)

Oh, the sun is setting low
O'er Scranton and the mines.
And I've come here again
To touch and read the lines
Of your name here on the stone,
No longer flesh and bone,
Oh, my sweet Rosella May,
I miss you dearly.

When I was but a lad,
I signed on with the crew
For a life below the earth,
What more was I to do?
But as the years went by,
You'd wait along the path;
I soon lived for your smile
And to hear your tender laugh.

Well we courted long and dear
While McCarthy was your name,
And when you untied your hair,
All the flowers were put to shame.
So the fellas spruced me up
For the first time in my life;
How I felt that I was someone
When you became my wife.

For you took this hard-coal man,
So poor in grace and charms
And gave to me a world
Lying in your arms,
Soon, from the sound of heartbeats,
"Twins," the doctor said;
But their birth left this house empty,
And I alone in bed.

Oh, we miners live in fear
Of the price that we might pay,
To never come back up
Or see the light of day.
But ne'er a one did warn me
A life might cave in too,
And Sacred Heart, that happened
When God from me took you.

So I'll chip away my days,
Deep beneath the ground,
Pickin' at the seams
Where the anthracite is found.
But oh, it's all for naught
And I'd throw it all away,

If I could have you near
And hold you one more day.

For the sun is setting low
O'er Scranton and the mines,
And I've come here again
To touch and read the lines
Of your name here on the stone,
No longer flesh and bone,
Oh, my sweet Rosella May,
I miss you dearly.

My Father Was a Miner

(Seamus Kennedy, Gransha Music)

My father was a miner
As his father was before him,
Hacking out the anthracite
From the Pennsylvania clay,
He left school at fifteen,
Was down the mines at sixteen,
At nineteen he was married
And soon I was on the way.

At seven every morning,
My mother made him breakfast,
Then he'd walk down to the pithead
With all the other men.
He'd swing his old lunch bucket,
As she watched him from the window,
Wond'ring if this was the day
That she would not see him again.

His name is Jim Cunningham,
from Lackawanna County,
Like all his childhood buddies
He toiled at digging coal.
Risking black-lung and cave-ins,
And flying red-hot splinters,
And bleeding ruptured eardrums
After "Fire in the hole!"

While crawling in a shaft one day
To hew a brand-new coalface,
He didn't hear the timbers creak
Or the rumble overhead,
But a hand reached in and grabbed him,
And pulled him from the tunnel,
Just another second later
And my dad would have been dead.

Well, he finished out his shift,
There was no time off for dyin',
That night he told my mother,

And she began to keen and moan,
She threw his supper on the table,
Her eyes were red with cryin'.
Saying, "If you go down tomorrow,
I won't be here when you come home."

So now he drives a truck
For a bakery here in Scranton,
And once a week I help him
With deliveries round the town.
He lived to see us growin',
And it keeps my mother happy,
But sometimes I think for one more day,
He'd love to go back down.

One morning having coffee
In a nearby Dunkin' Donuts,
An older man came in
And sat down not too far away.
My father brought me over,
And said, "Shake hands with Ray Hinkley,
If it hadn't been for him, son,
I would not be here today."

I whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Hinkley."
As I took his hand and shook it.
My tears fell hot and heavy,
So I could scarcely see.
He put a big hand on my shoulder,
And pulled me close beside him,
Saying, "Your dad and I are miners,
He'd have done the same for me."

My father was a miner,
As his father was before him,
Hacking out the anthracite
From the Pennsylvania clay.

The Isle Of Innisfree *(Richard Farrelly, Universal-MCA Music Pub.)*

I've met some folks who say that I'm a dreamer
And I've no doubt there's truth in what they say
But sure a body's bound to be a dreamer
When all the things he loves are far away.

And precious things are dreams unto an exile
They take him o'er the land across the sea,
Especially when it happens he's an exile
From that dear lovely Isle of Innisfree.

And when the moonlight peeps across the roof-tops
Of this great city, wondrous tho' it be
I scarce can feel it's wonder or it's laughter
I'm once again back home in Innisfree.

I wander o'er green hills thro' dreamy valleys
And find a peace no other land could know
I hear the birds make music fit for angels
And watch the rivers laughing as they flow.

And then into a humble shack I wander
My dear old home, and tenderly behold,
The folks I love around the turf fire gathered
On bended knees the rosary is told.

But dreams don't last tho' dreams are not forgotten
And soon I'm back to stern reality,
But tho' they paved the footways here with gold dust
I still would choose the Isle of Innisfree.

Erin the Fair, Hibernia the Brave *(Chuck McCabe, Scuppermong Music ASCAP)*

My name is Kennedy, but it might be O'Carroll,
McCrudden, McCabe or Magee,
I'm your neighbor today, but I'm from far away,
From an island that's over the sea.
To the ends of the earth I've been driven by hunger
And hope and the madness of kings;
And I've left the fair land that I love for another
With freedom wherever it rings.

I'm a singer, a soldier, a beggar, a bandit,
A prisoner but never a slave.
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

In peacetime a builder, a writer a farmer,
A scholar of learned degree,
I have marched off to war like my father before me,
That my son a poet might be;
I have raised up my hand and I've laid down my body
In all of the wars you can name,
And I've carried the colors of many a country
To glory again and again.

I have pledged my allegiance and fought to defend it
With a pride that I'll take to my grave,
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

With troubles around me and sorrows behind me,
I'm bound to get down on my knees
And pray for a time when all men shall be brothers

And the weeping of widows shall cease.
And if duty calls me to fight one more battle,
I'll pray that it might be the last,
And maybe I'll find some peace in the future,
For God knows there's none in the past.

If there's a fight to be fought I'm the one who can end it,
The one who could take all they gave.
I'm the wandering warrior-poet descendant
Of Erin the fair, my Hibernia the brave.

You're Not Irish

(Robbie O'Connell, Slievenamon Music BMI)

When first I came to the USA with my guitar in hand
I was told that I could get a job singing songs from Ireland
So I headed up to Boston, I was sure it would be alright
But the very first night I got on the stage, I was in for a big surprise
They said...

Chorus

You're not Irish, you can't be Irish, you don't know "Danny Boy"
Or "Toora Looa Looa" or even "Irish Eyes"
You've got a hell of a nerve to say you came from Ireland
So cut out all the nonsense and sing "McNamara's Band"!

To tell the truth I got quite a shock and I didn't know what to say
So I sang a song in Gaelic, I thought that might win the day
But they looked at me suspiciously and I didn't know what was wrong
Then all of a sudden they started to shout " Now sing a real Irish song"
They said...

Chorus

The next day I was on my way, for Chicago I was bound
I was ready to give it another try and not let it get me down
From the stage they looked quite friendly but I'd hardly sung one word
When a voice called out from the back of the room and what do you think I heard?
They said...

Chorus

Now I've travelled all round the country, but it's always been the same
From LA to Philadelphia, and from Washington to Maine
But sometimes now I wonder if it's a secret society
And it doesn't matter wherever I go, they'll be waiting there for me
Saying...

Chorus