

SAIL OUT

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Sail Out

light up the candles one by one it's gonna be a stormy night
when I'm with you I'm not afraid and there is no end in sight
cause you are my Queen and I am your King and our kingdom is shining bright
no ball and chain on our feet, we're free as free can be

so sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea
let us sail across the ocean
with the wind in your hair, whiskey in my hand
oh, let us sail out you and me

wide-eyed, hearts on the ground we sail across the 7 seas
look around and tell me, babe, can you find another you and me?
cause you are the sea and I am a fish, I can't breathe without you darling
if we belong together you and me then let us sail out to the sea

sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea let us sail out you and me
sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea like pirates we will be
sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea I'll have milk for my tea
sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea I say oh together we rock the sea

so sail out, sail out, sail out into the sea
let us sail across the ocean
with the wind in your hair, whiskey in my hand
oh, let us sail out you and me

Cloudy Night

we're in a bar called the Merchant's Arch
the pints are quickly gone, we watch the Liffey run into a cloudy night
people are coming, people are going but we will stay until the sun is back again

and you take my hand and I take yours
we take a boat and whistle the blues and it goes like

and you know so many things can happen in a cloudy night

we wake up, the sun is back, we're lying somewhere off the track
the kids are playing, it feels like home
we're just two gypsies on the road, by train, be feet or by boat
we go wherever we wanna go

and in a thousand years when we're grey and old we'll remember the memories
we will look back and smile, hold our hands into the sky
and dance in the pouring rain

and you take my hand and I take yours we take a boat and whistle the blues
and we sail along from Derry to Cork and all the way back to New York
and we know it was worth it from Dundee to Perth
from Boston to Bergen in 1, 2, 3
and you take my hand and I take yours
we take a boat and whistle the blues and it goes like

Happy

the other day after Christmas Eve we woke up, our heads still full of gin
but you smiled and I smiled we both smiled
the hangovers are getting worse but we'll be fine

but you know that I know that you know and I know that you know we are

oh I can hear the river flowing, oh I see many shades of green
and you know I always have been and I swear I'll keep on running
oh darling, can't you see I'm happy now

we share to completely different lives my bonfire is your candlelight
but being in the right place at the right time shouldn't be an art
you only need emotions and feelings topped with a little thing called love

but I know that you know that I know and you know that I know we are

oh darling, can't you see I'm happy now

Broken Wings

she used to be an empty place, the fire in my heart
and the pleasant voice of grace
now she's gone but I am not afraid
cause you know I'm not the kind of man that just wanna gets laid

oh you're gone but I tell you now

you used to be an angel with beautiful white wings
but you fell, became a stranger sitting next to me
so now your wings are broken you put them on a shelf where they gather dust
so I ask where have you gone, my angel?

sometimes I wish I was dead like her or never been here or so
but then she shows me how to turn it back on the right track
the other day I thought I saw her fly
but you told me it was nothing more than just a lullaby

may you're here but I'm gone so let me go

let me go, let me go you're an angel with broken wings
let me go, let me go you're a stranger since you lost your wings

The Way We Go

we're out at sea, we're just some lonely souls
he holds the torch while I stay the course
it's dark and foggy, we may be screwed
but we got our purpose so let's go through

what if we just sail yeah let's just sail into the storm
we're laughing in the rain, we're proud and bold
the end is coming soon I see the fire, smell the smoke
so let's just go way we go

remember when we were young and dumb
I know we're still young but soon we're getting old
and now we're sailing towards a storm
and we have to decide whether we stay or go
we could turn around, well we, we could hide
but then we'd never find out so let's do this thing with pride

sometimes you really feel alone I know
but remember it's always darkest just before the dawn
don't think too long and just do what must be done
maybe one day you're on a boat never coming back again
and then it is too late for you, my friend

that's when we sail out to sea when we sail into the storm
when we're laughing in the rain and we're proud and bold
when the end is coming soon, I see the fire, smell the smoke
that's when we go the way we have to go

Ice In The Whiskey

I'm sitting at the bar and the barmaid's pretty nice
I order a glass of whiskey and a bag of ice
then she walks away to prepare the scotch
I couldn't help but stare and now I'm melting like a hot chocolate fudge

she turns around with a smile on her face
says "cheers darling, my name is Grace"
I'm glad I can sit cause there's a bulge in my pants
the only thing I wanna do is asking for a dance
I take a sip of whiskey to get off of my ass
then my boner is gone cause that bitch put the ice in that glass

with ice in the whiskey you won't ever get me
ice in the whiskey is a no-go my sweetheart
you could be as beautiful as Grace
but if you ever put ice in a whiskey
you won't get me no, won't get me no
no, you won't get me laid

Fiddler's Legacy

he had been heard from Derry to Clare
all over the world to be fair
you could still hear some old tunes if you're close to his grave
in a bleak winter night to put a smile on your face

he was an Irish chap with a heart made of gold
he'd been loved by the lasses, esteemed by the old
the lads they were cheering as he finished his reel
Erin go bragh meant something to him

The Writer

he had the dream to write a book
he loved many writers and how they look
happy as he was he went home
but the paper stayed empty his idea's gone

he had no clue what to write about
and the ink on his feather completely dried out
his eyes were wet all he wanted was to write
and the days passed by and so did the nights

meanwhile he tried out many things
been a singer, been a painter and he made wedding rings
but nothing made him happy and his life's a mess
the only thing that's clean were the pages on his desk

he wandered west and east and north and south
to freshen up his mind and shout the bad things out
but when he came back home he started to write
and the days passed by and so did the nights

when he came back home he started to write
and the days passed by and so did the nights
when he came back home he never stopped to write
and the days passed by and so did the nights

Little Bird

there's a lot of stars but I know where to look
now you're on your way with the one you took
far away from us but so close to us you're gonna stay
it was your time to cross the ocean, time to let go
free as a bird you can reach the other shore
spread out your wings, breathe the air above the sea
my little bird, my little bird

when I was younger I never thought that it would end
but 20 years later I knew there was nothing to pretend
all the memories I keep them in my heart
you got sick but I know you remembered them as well

you had been giving your best day by day
I guess I learned a lesson the day you passed away
love in your heart and a peaceful soul
will open you all doors and finally let you go

"I see birds"
were the last words I heard from you
"I see birds"

there's a lot of stars but only one is shining as bright as yours
back, back together the two of you

there's a lot of stars but I know where to look
now you're on your way with the one you took
so spread out your wings, breathe the air above the sea
my little bird, my little bird

Train

it feels like riding on a train, different stations, people come and go
where will you go, where will you go?
I'm heading nowhere, heading there, pass trees and rivers, I don't care
well, I'll go anywhere, anywhere

the train brings me where I need to go
even if I don't know, it could be right, it could be right or could be wrong
no-one knows what I'll become I'll just ride along
till the train, the train, the train stops tonight

a bottle of whiskey and a match and you is all that I need
now light a fire in my heart
the train keeps on rolling, the train keeps on rolling
I wonder if it ever stops

will it stop tonight? I don't care
I'll just look out of the window, that's enough for me, enough for me

Compass

I could go to the north and I would find my love
I'd have a good job and never reach new lows
I'd be a happy man with a happy life
I'd have big house and a lovely wife

but may I walk to the south, drink a pint of stout
forget all the things I was worried about
route becomes destination
I don't need any friends, I wanna die all alone

where will I find my horizon, where will I find my home?
where will I find my horizon, the middle of nowhere is where I belong
where will I find my horizon, where will I find my horizon

or I could fly to the west, spend time with all the best
people that are surrounding me
I'd never be lazy, be so fucking crazy
and hadn't the time for all the things I should do

or shall I travel to the east, last but not least
I'd play the guitar, become a superstar
90'000 in the crowd singing out loud, drugs and parties all around
but it's too much for me all that fucking fame, I'd take a Beretta and I blow out my
brains

nobody is meant be to walk in every direction
maybe I'm a rolling stone, is that the path I'm chosen for?
wherever I go, whatever I do, I learn and miss and hurt
but I don't believe in dead end roads, I just believe in one thing, so tell me now

My Boys And I

[noise of whiskey in mouth]

[putting glass on the table]

Pat "you right Jonny?"

Johnny „oy"

my boys and I drink at 10 in the morning, at 10 in the morning, at 10 in the morning
cause there's two numbers on the clock, numbers on the clock, numbers on the clock
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I'll have a pint for lunch, a pint for lunch, a pint for lunch
or maybe two or three or four, five or six, seven or eight
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I drink red wine to our meal, red wine to our meal, red wine to our meal
cause we're eating steak and we're not eating fish cause if it was fish it would be
white wine
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I sip whiskey after dinner, whiskey after dinner, whiskey after dinner
what else you think we do?
and we're having a good laugh and a great time together, here comes the next round
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I'll get a midnight gin, a midnight gin, a midnight gin
with a cucumber cause that's how it's served, that's how it's served, that's how it's
served
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I need water in the morning, water in the morning, water in the morning
and some more aspirin tablets, aspirin tablets, aspirin tablets
oh lord it's true, oh lord it's true

my boys and I start again at 10, again at 10, again at 10

oh f**k me I'm too old for this shit

A Sweet Song

I sing a lot about sailing
but I'm sure I'd through up with my first step, my first step on a boat
but I like the idea of breaking out of your life
and I think to sail away is a quite good metaphor

and I swore I'll never ever write cheesy love songs
though recently I did cause it's true
and hanging out with my mates
is the greatest bit I could've ever asked for

now let us sing a sweet song
about you, about me, about anyone of us
let us sing a sweet song, let us dance in the rain
life's too short to fuck it up again

it's like they say "sometimes later becomes never"
that's what's stuck in my mind
I'm a rolling stone, I'm a gipsy, I'm a sinner
I got no home but feel everywhere alright

I got scars, I got bruises and so's got my car
when I really come to life is when I'm strumming my guitar
and when I sing, when I sing there's a motion that gets me
and I catch sight of the ink on my skin